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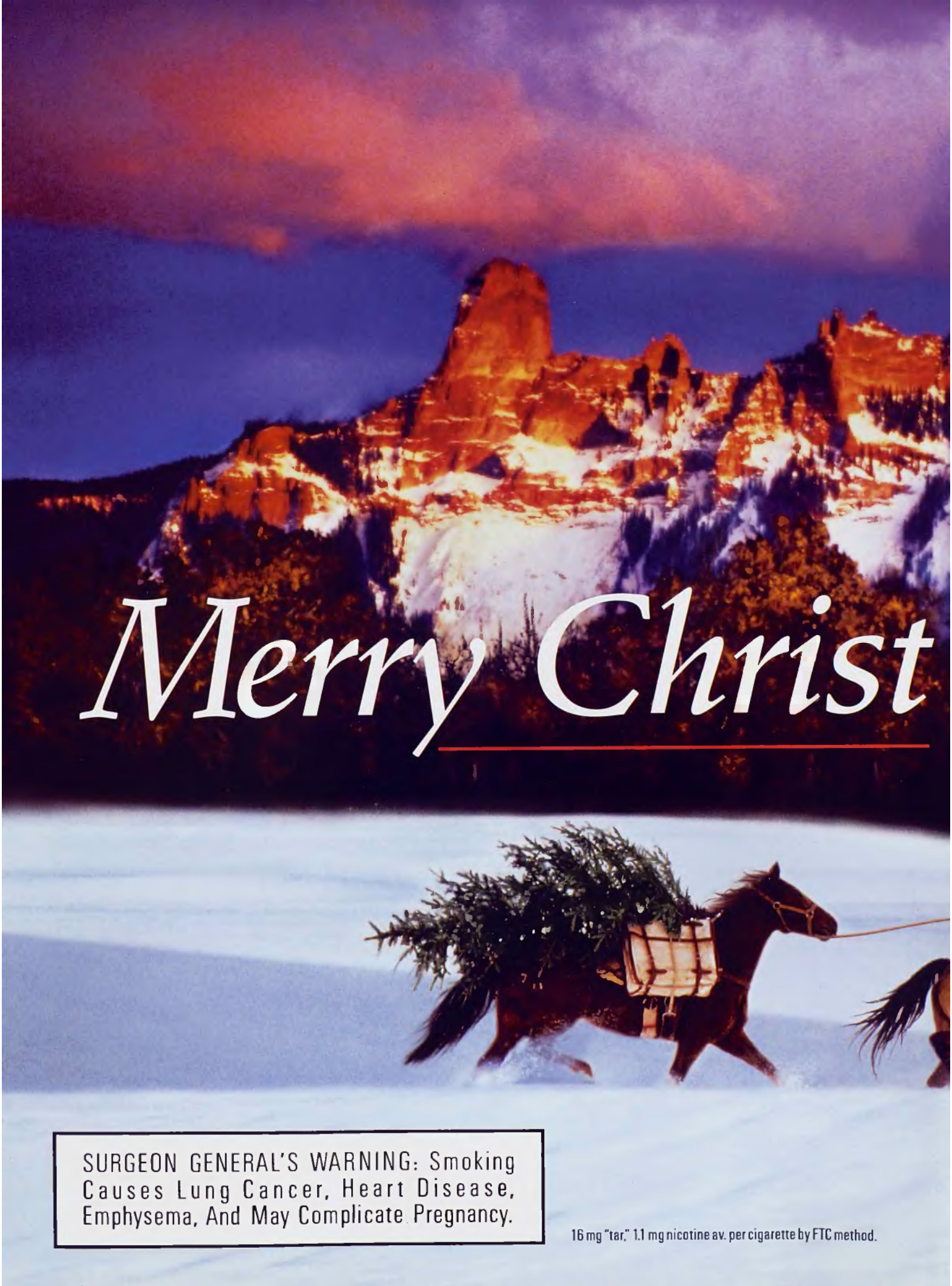

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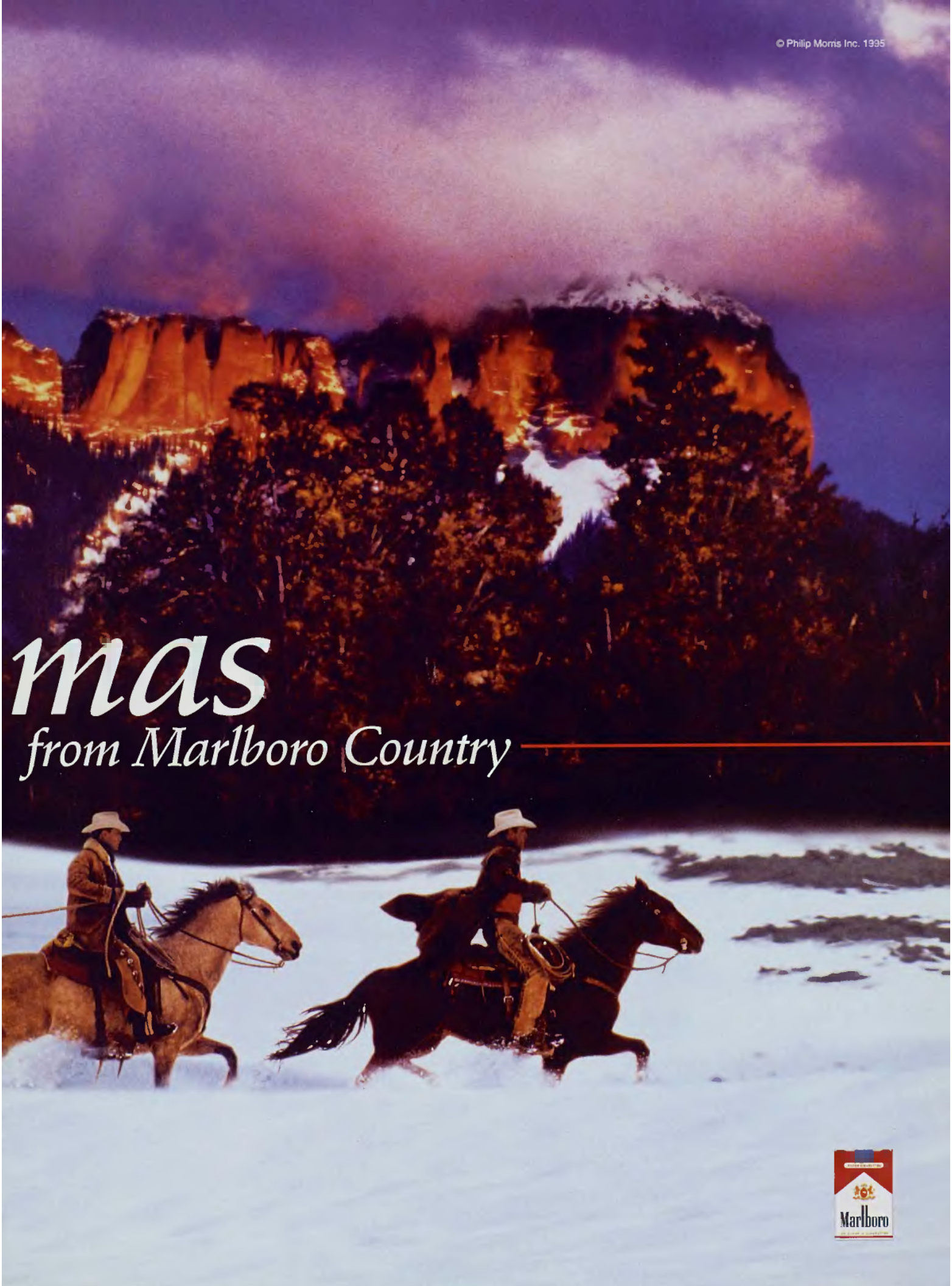

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YOUR NEIGHBORS do it. Coeds do it. Even foreigners abroad do it. They watch *Baywatch*, the show that has transformed the planet into a global beach club. To grasp its allure, one need go no further than **Pamela Anderson Lee,** who, as C.J., possesses two of the show's primary ingredients: beauty and athleticism. Check out *The Power of Pamela*. In *It's a Baywatch World*, our two favorite channel surfers from the shores of Lake Michigan, **Brendan Baber** and **Eric Spitznagel,** describe the formulas that have made the show bigger than, well, the Beatles. It has to do with how Americans run along the beach in slow motion, beat up sharks and stare pensively at the ocean. **Nina Berkson** drew the art.

Then we jump into the Depp end of the pool. **Johnny Depp** has built a stellar career by playing such weirdos as Edward Scissorhands and Ed Wood. Offscreen, he is a grungy sex symbol who co-owns a wild club, romances serious babes and never loses his cool—even while throwing a fit in a New York City hotel. Read the remarkably personal *Interview* with **Kevin Cook. Dennis Rodman** is truly the brother from another planet. Before the NBA's best rebounder moved to Chicago, **Mark Seal** followed him around Dallas' gay district, watched him get two tattoos and heard about his pierced scrotum. The photos for *The Bad Boy of Basketball* were shot by **Harry Benson.**

Speaking of hardwood, *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, by our hoops-happy Sports Editor **Gary Cole,** will prepare you for March madness. Cole even picked the 64 teams that will make the NCAA postseason tournament—so you don't have to. This month we've also included three year-end wrap-ups: Send in your swing votes for the *Jazz & Rock Poll*, vote again (and often) in our *Playmate Review* and suspend your belief for an incredible *Year in Sex*. Remember? Everybody who was anybody got nabbed, from Calvin Klein to Hugh Grant to Barbie.

Wild sex news, part *deux*: *The Dick Clinic* is the firsthand account of a new impotence treatment by upright **D. Keith Mano,** a man who beat off the perils of a never-ending hard-on. **Thomas Sciacca** did the towering artwork.

For a more sensual take on sex, turn to our fiction. Recently, a slim volume surfaced in England that contains long-lost stories by erotica pioneer **Anaïs Nin.** From that collection (reissued as *White Stains* by Anaïs Nin and friends [Delectus Books]), we're proud to present *Alice*, a bawdy tale of a four-way tryst. We also looked to foreign shores—Belgium—for the story's illustrator, **Benoit.** In a way, best-selling author **Harold Robbins** carries on the tradition of Henry Miller and Nin. Robbins' excerpt from *The Stallion* (Simon & Schuster's sequel to *The Betsy*) pumps life into a series of high-octane seductions by an Italian American automaker. The art is by **Mel Odom.**

Though overshadowed by her boss Howard Stern, **Robin Quivers** is one sharp woman. Last year, she exercised her freedom with a frank autobiography—and breast-reduction surgery. Now she pushes the envelope further in a *20 Questions* with **Warren Kalbacker,** in which she jumps on Linda Ronstadt and describes the perfect bubble bath. Bubbly? Hey, it's New Year's! And since **Conan O'Brien** no longer is sweating a contract renewal, he sat down with New York writer **Brooke Comer** to work out *Conan O'Brien's New Year's Resolutions* (the artwork is by **Anita Kunz**). In his future: a scandal and a pan flute. As always, the Mafia gets the last laugh. In *Axioms of the Mafia Manager* by V (an excerpt from the book *The Mafia Manager* [St. Martin's Press]) you'll find irrefutable rules to live or die by. As your pulse fades, save a beat or two for Playmate **Victoria Fuller,** this month's *Art Throb*. As an artist, she's always thinking of new ways to use her oil paints.

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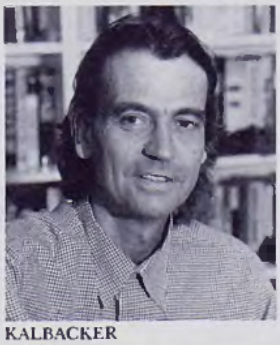
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PLAYBOY®

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
MUSIC		17
WIRED		20
STYLE		22
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	24
VIDEO		28
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	30
MEN	ASA BABER	32
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	33
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		35
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		37
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	47
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHNNY DEPP—candid conversation		49
THE STALLION—fiction	HAROLD ROBBINS	62
POWER OF PAMELA—pictorial		66
BAYWATCH WORLD—culture studies	BRENDAN BABER and ERIC SPITZNAGEL	78
THE DICK CLINIC—article	D. KEITH MANO	84
THE PLAYBOY LOOK—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	86
ROMANCING THE NEW YEAR—modern living	JOHN OLDCASTLE	92
PLAYBOY GALLERY: JENNY MCCARTHY		95
BAD BOY OF BASKETBALL—playboy profile	MARK SEAL	98
AXIOMS OF THE MAFIA MANAGER—advice	V	103
ART THROB—ployboy's playmate of the month		106
PARTY JOKES—humor		118
ALICE—fiction	ANAÏS NIN	120
ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA—modern living		123
CONAN O'BRIEN'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS—humor		126
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—sports	GARY COLE	129
THE YEAR IN SEX—pictorial		134
AUTOSTEREOGRAM: LET THE FEMLINS HELP YOU FIND THE RABBIT		143
20 QUESTIONS: ROBIN QUIVERS		144
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW—pictorial		148
PLAYBOY JAZZ & ROCK POLL		166
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		179
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		197

Praise Pam P. 66

Horsepower P. 62

Art Throb P. 106

Erector Set P. 84

COVER STORY

James Brown is the hardest-working man in show business. On our cover this month is Miss February 1990, known to the world as the hardest-working womon in the bikini-stuffing business. It's no wonder Pamela Anderson's marriage to Tommy Lee has made a billion men jealous. We attribute it to the Power of Pamela. Thanks to Stephen Wayda for shooting our sexy cover. Our Rabbit, fickle as ever, was overheard muttering, "Hare today, gone tomorrow."

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SNOOP SCOOP

Like many white, upper-middle-class Americans, I figured Snoop Doggy Dogg (*Playboy Interview*, October) was just an idiot from the ghetto who lucked into a record deal. After reading the interview, I realized I would probably never understand where he comes from, but at least I can respect what he and others have gone through just to stay alive. I will no longer snicker when I hear Snoop. I'll play him loud and proud.

Jimmy Ryser
jryser@indiana.edu
Bloomington, Indiana

You guys really blew it with your Snoop Doggy Dogg interview. I don't understand how a talentless lowlife can be an object of your attention. What is so important about a guy who can insert four-letter words into nearly every sentence he speaks? If people who enjoy rap music consider him their spokesman, so be it. But it's beyond my comprehension why PLAYBOY would bother with him.

David Binder
dbinder@delphi.com
Manalapan, New Jersey

Some raw data:

By my count, the number of times Snoop Doggy Dogg uses the word shit in his *Interview*: 73.

Number of times he says motherfucker: 57.

Number of times he says fuck: 37.

Number of times he says nigger: 9.

Number of times he says love: 3.

Thank you for giving us a clearer picture of this eloquent artist.

D. Paul
Clarksburg, Pennsylvania

I am not a mainstream American. I grew up poor and turned to the gangster lifestyle, but I never blamed it on society, nor did I think taxpayers should solve my problems. Snoop says white society wants to control black men and keep them in the ghetto. Maybe white society doesn't want the ghetto lifestyle brought into its communities. The black community has to start solving its own problems. Why doesn't Snoop do a rap about getting off your ass and getting a job? I plan to work my ass off to make sure my kids have better opportunities than I had.

Steve World
Oakland, California

The *Interview* highlighted the many intriguing facets of Snoop Doggy Dogg—from his youth experiences to his political insights. Thanks to PLAYBOY for doing us justice.

George Pryce
Director of Communications
and Media Relations
Death Row Records
New York, New York

Can motherfucker Snoop motherfucker Doggy motherfucker Dogg say anything else?

Dean Zappia
Cleveland, Ohio

Please don't refer to rap as music. I'm not musically inclined, but even I could scream profanity into a microphone, which would probably be hailed as groundbreaking coming from a 37-year-old white Republican.

Rich Andrews
Hartford, Connecticut

I grew up in the Oakland ghetto. I just read your Snoop Doggy Dogg interview while sitting in my hotel room in France. Snoop's music is popular here, even though many people don't understand his lyrics. What is unfortunate, though, is that David Sheff doesn't seem to understand the lyrics either. Sheff concentrates his interview on their negative influences, but Snoop renders them all positive in his replies. For my part, I will encourage people to listen to Snoop and to all those who rap the truth. You can take the man out of the ghetto, but you can't take the experience of the ghetto out of the man.

Anthony Gilliam
Vence, France

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

I look forward each year to *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* (October), and as a Big Ten alum, I read it with particular interest. This year you left off two of the 11 Big Ten teams from your comments, Indiana and Northwestern (Northwestern beat your overall number 11 pick, Notre Dame). Nine teams out of 11 gets a B- from me.

Terry Boyd
Beverly Hills, Florida

RICKTER SCALE

I felt the earth move when I saw October Playmate Alicia Rickter (*Earth Shaker*, October). She is a definite 20 on my Richter scale.

Jerry Low
Whittier, California

Not only is Alicia Rickter the 500th Playmate, but she's also the most incredible of all.

Josh Hayes
Johnson City, Tennessee

BEDTIME STORIES

A girlfriend criticized me for having a copy of PLAYBOY on the bedstand. I told her I was reading original fiction by Vladimir Nabokov (*Razor*, October). She didn't know what to say. Thank you for continuing to share the work of the world's best writers.

Harry Glen Matthews
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

IVY LEAGUE WOMEN

One look at the *Women of the Ivy League* (October) makes me wish I had prepared a little better for my SATs.

J.N. Nichols
Jnnicho@univscvm
Columbia, South Carolina

Thanks for a heart-stealing, loin-stirring pictorial. Please ask Yale's Amy Nabors back for her own feature.

Mark Mazzuchi
Cleveland, Ohio

I find it ironic that the female protesters in the Ivy League pictorial ended up appearing in the magazine.

Mark Melvin
West Covina, California

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20 QUESTIONS

In a talk-show world full of freaks, gang members and fat conservatives, Bill Maher's *Politically Incorrect* stands out as the only show with any purpose. Watching Maher and his guests debate current issues is more meaningful than watching a 40-year-old man complain that he has nightmares about circumcision.

Brent-David Bly
Toledo, Ohio

THE SPIN ON LESBIANS

As a gay female who subscribes to PLAYBOY, I read those ridiculous articles *Lesbian Chic* and *Lesbians for a Day* (October). For the record, authors Brendan Baber, Eric Spitznagel and Myles Berkowitz are most deserving of their own category: Bored Straight Dudes Writing for PLAYBOY Who Can't Get Any.

Amy Hanna
QueerGirl2@aol.com
Cleveland, Ohio

Myles Berkowitz needs to look beyond his penis to write objectively. I am an attractive young woman married to a wonderful man, but I also have sex with women. *Lesbians for a Day* perpetuates the notion that despite all the advances women have made, we are still objects of pleasure desperately seeking men to make us whole.

Anne Smith
Phoenix, Arizona

Aren't these articles on lesbians really about bisexuals? I'm disappointed that PLAYBOY doesn't acknowledge that there are differences.

Dan Stager
Milford, New Hampshire

I can relate to the women in *Lesbians for a Day* because I am a heterosexual who is also attracted to beautiful women. I agree with Berkowitz when he says women don't continue lesbian relationships because they can't fall in love with a woman or because it was just a phase. But I also know that some women who have great sex with their male partners get bored. Maybe some people just like to have a little variety.

Julie Yee
San Francisco, California

I'd like to spot another trend. I think heterosexual chic is really starting to come out into the open. I've seen men and women kissing each other in public. I even know some people who without shame or fear have announced they're getting married. This is really blowing my mind.

H.N. Phillips
Outer Banks, North Carolina

Do you dopes know what you have done? By putting our way of life in the same category as flower children in bell-bottom jeans, you have caused lesbians to run and hide in shame. If we were only trendy, would we be fighting for the right to love and live as we want?

Janicjua Hicks
Tampa, Florida

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTES

The October issue is a treat for any man who loves brown-eyed brunettes. It was great to be greeted by Lisa Boyle on the cover. Imagine my elation when I also discovered the piercing mocha eyes of Alicia Rickter.

Dane Spearing
dane@rescomp.stanford.edu
Sunnyvale, California

What are my chances of seeing cover girl Lisa Boyle without that blanket?

Brian Johnson
Maple Grove, Minnesota

How could you be so cruel? When I saw the October cover, my jaw dropped. Lisa Boyle is just unbelievable. I went through the magazine ten times looking for some revealing photos only to be disappointed. Where else can I find Lisa? Please help raise my spirits.

Timothy Ross
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

She's in PLAYBOY Newsstand Specials' March–April 1995 "Book of Lingerie." Order at 800-423-9494.

The model on the October cover is worth every cent I've ever paid for your magazine. I would be in heaven if you would dedicate an entire pictorial to the lovely Lisa Boyle.

Dan Carter
ZZRQ99A@prodigy.com
Annapolis, Maryland

As a buyer of PLAYBOY's Newsstand Specials, I am no stranger to Lisa Boyle's stunning beauty, but the picture on the October cover was incredible. Thanks to Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley for his sexy cover, and to Lisa for posing.

David Lawson
Brook Park, Ohio

SOLDIER MCVEIGH

I can't believe PLAYBOY would publish such crap as Jonathan Franklin's article (*Timothy McVeigh, Soldier*, October). Franklin displays such an obvious lack of knowledge about the Army that it casts doubt about the authenticity of the remainder of the article. If everything Franklin reports is true, why hasn't McVeigh been charged with violating the Geneva Convention and following unlawful orders?

E.C. Altvater IV
Fort Huachuca, Arizona

We checked out Franklin's piece with Army officials. It passed muster.

Timothy McVeigh is the best example of what not to be in today's military. When my father served in the Army he discovered that the military recruits the young because the young aren't old enough to recognize fear or to argue with authority figures. We will always have wars as long as we have youths to fight them.

William Perkins
White City, Oregon

ELIZABETH BERKLEY

I can't stop staring at the beautiful photos of Elizabeth Berkley (*Showgirls*, October). She is a standout as the young stripper in the movie. Didn't she also play Jessie, the feminist teenybopper on *Saved by the Bell*? I'd say she has moved to the top of her class.

John Zumbro
JZumbro@aol.com
Hermitage, Tennessee

I used to watch Elizabeth Berkley on *Saved by the Bell*. She has taken a giant leap from high school girl to erotic showgirl. I'm glad she's still heating up a screen somewhere.

Jay Walker
walkerp@uwindsor.ca
Windsor, Ontario

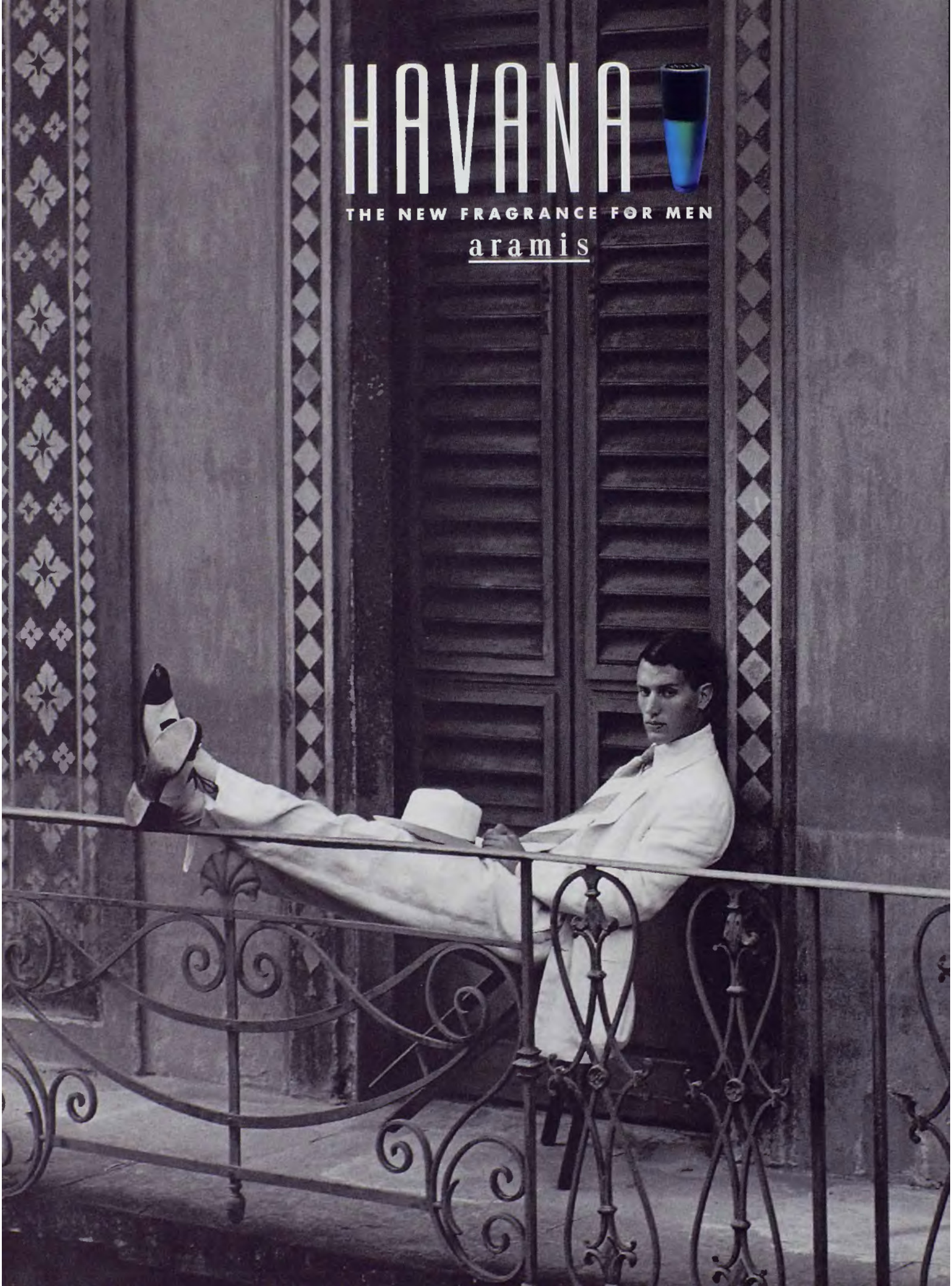
BRETT BUTLER

Although Brett Butler plays an unsentimental woman on her television series, she's not unsympathetic. It never occurred to me that she could be such a tough guy behind the scenes (*Grace Under Pressure*, October). But is there anything wrong with that?

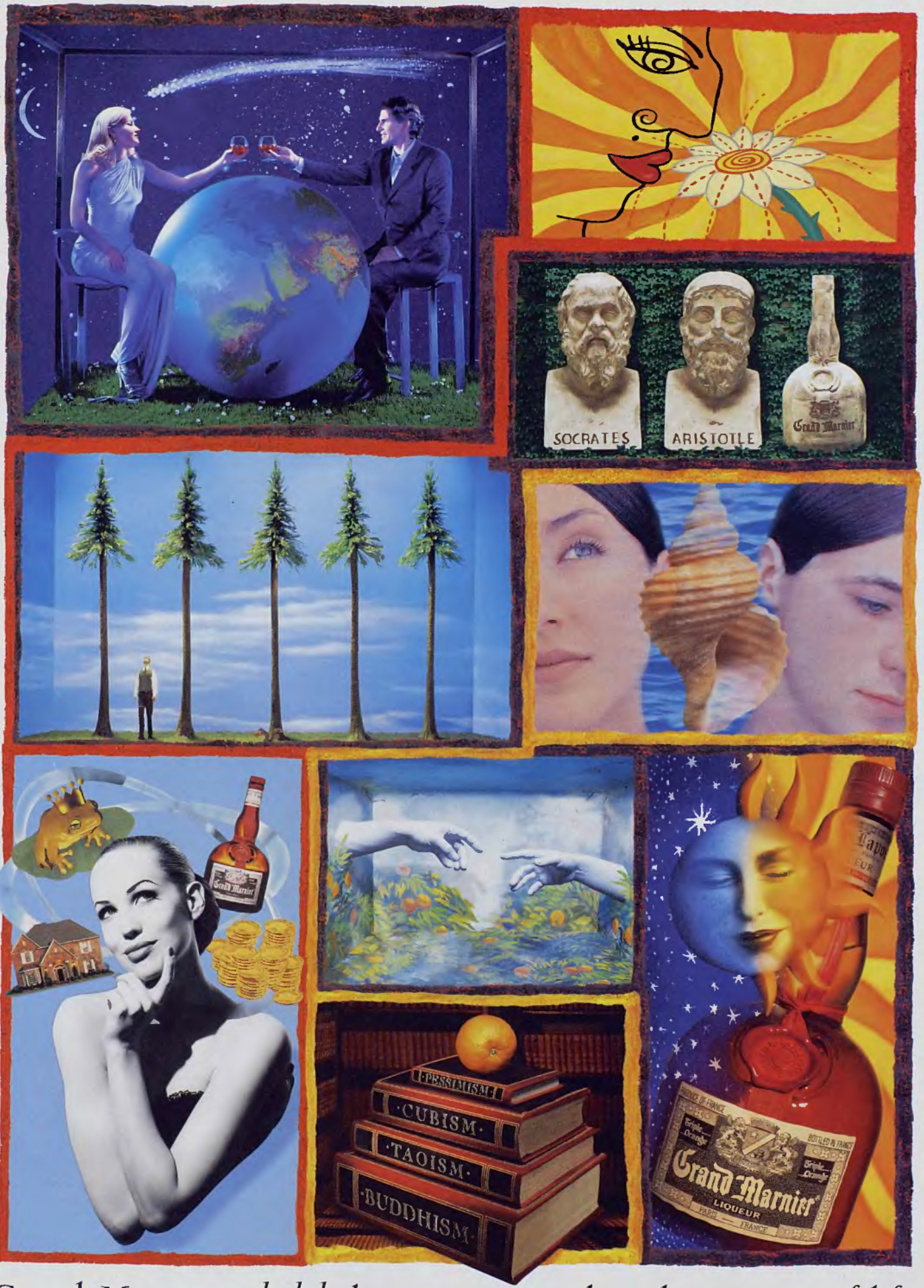
Al Curry
Atlanta, Georgia

Ow! My balls hurt!

Brett Butler
Studio City, California

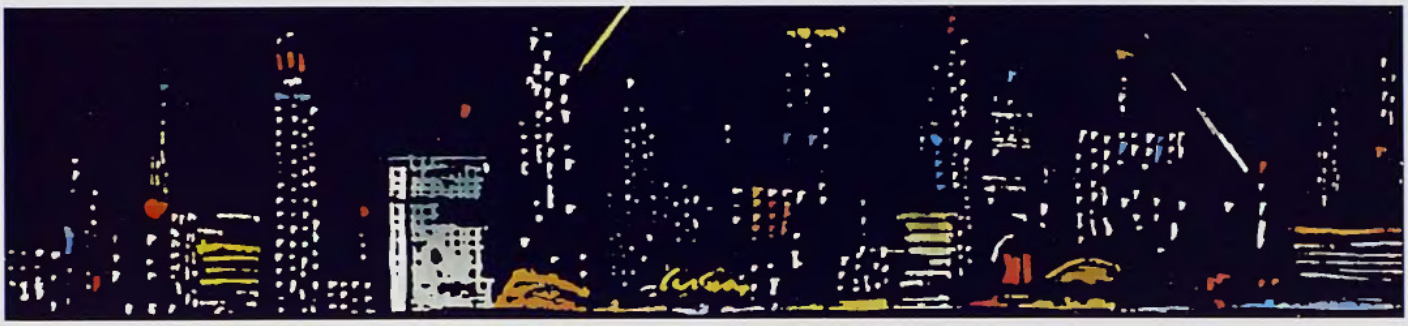

HAVANA
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN
aramis

© 1999 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY. Grand Marnier® Liqueur 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)



Grand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than the meaning of life.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CON FUSION

To illustrate the frivolous lawsuits filed by prisoners, the National Association of Attorneys General has compiled a list of outlandish constitutional demands, such as the right of prisoners to wear sunglasses and the right to have *Rolling Stone* delivered to isolation cells. However, at least one of the demands does seem to have merit: the right to use soap-on-a-rope. On this matter, perhaps the authorities should be the ones to bend.

LATHER, RINSE MOUTH, REPEAT

Discerning women can now give their hair a spermament. A key ingredient in Kevis, one of the most expensive shampoos on the market, is a synthesized form of hyaluronic acid, a vital component of human sperm. In theory, the goop gives hair more volume by helping the shampoo penetrate hair cuticles in the same way that it helps sperm enter an egg. We imagine the shampoo also stings twice as badly when you get it in your eyes.

FUNNY FINNISH

When Pasi Kuoppamaki isn't studying the effects of global warming on Finland's industries, he's collecting jokes about economists on his Web site (http://www.etla.fi/pkm/joke.html). Example: "If an economist and an IRS agent were both drowning and you could save only one of them, would you have lunch or read the paper?" And: "How many Chicago School economists does it take to change a light bulb? None. If the bulb needed changing, the market would have done it already."

PARTS AND LABOR

Probate court judge Clayton Preisel of Lapeer County, Michigan denied mechanic John Jakubowski's request to change his name to Kiss My Ass. Jakubowski sought the name change as a way to protest years of struggle with property taxes and rights. "I'm not sure it serves any real purpose to legitimize the provocative name," the judge said, explaining his ruling. But given the kind of attitude we've endured from several mechanics, the legitimate purpose may well fall under the truth-in-advertising statutes.

ANOTHER INNOVATION FROM NASA

On to the sound barrier: Ultra Tech Products of Houston is offering the Tootrapper Chair Cushion, a mat filled with a "superactivated carbon filter" that, the firm claims, absorbs passed gas before it can escape into the atmosphere.

FUNDAMENTALIST FABIO

Born-again Christians like to read romance novels as much as the rest of us. Guidelines sent to aspiring writers for the Heartsong Presents line of steam-free Christian romances include: "The hero and heroine should not be divorced"; "Drinking [alcohol] is unacceptable for Christian characters. However, for non-Christians this conflict can be explored"; "Do not be overly descriptive when describing how characters feel in a particularly romantic moment, for example, when kissing, embracing and so on"; and our favorite, "Characters, especially female characters, should be modestly dressed." Guess that takes care of Genesis.

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

WILL WORK FOR FOOT

Ronald Hannon has invented a product that enables people to clean between their toes without bending over: It is a string held taut from the shower floor. Toe floss, anyone?

A BLOW TO *THE NEW YORKER*

You can be sure they're cracking the whip at *The New Yorker* after the weekly printed the following retraction: "Editor's note: In criticizing the political views of Patrick Buchanan, Mr. [William] Bennett said, 'It's a real us-and-them kind of thing,' not, as we reported, 'It's a real S&M kind of thing.'"

THE MESSIAH FORMERLY KNOWN AS JESUS

Last Easter, the Church of England ran advertisements that avoided all verbal or visual references to the cross. An official of the church's advertising network said, "The cross carries too much cultural baggage."

THIN BLUE LINES

Copspeak: The Lingo of Law Enforcement and Crime (John Wiley & Sons), by Tom Philbin, documents more examples of police slang than your typical Compton rap record. Chief among them:

Adiosis, state of: A jocular expression from New York's Long Island to describe a victim of a fatal car wreck, as in, "How is he doing? He's in a state of adiosis."

Bag bride: A prostitute hooked on crack cocaine. Also known as *skeegers*.

Canoe, make a: An autopsy. During an autopsy a body is cut open and the organs are removed, leaving a hollowed-out shell.

Chalk fairy: Photographs that are taken at a crime scene after chalk lines are drawn are sometimes thrown out of court—the lines are evidence that the crime scene had been disturbed. The

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The tiny *Drosophila bifurca*, or fruit fly, has the largest sperm of any animal. Its sperm is 2.3 inches long, which is about 20 times the length of its body, and makes up 11 percent of its body weight.

QUOTE

"I thought 70 percent of the people I met were idiots. Half of those were fools and the other half were vile. The other 30 percent were nice, though."—ESTÉE LAUDER MODEL ELIZABETH HURLEY ON HER RECENT TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

CORPORATE APPETITE

Number of employees laid off at IBM during the past decade: 186,000. Salary paid to the private executive chef for IBM chairman Louis Gerstner: $87,500 plus $30,000 signing bonus. Amount of Gerstner's recent bonus: $2.6 million.

GOING POSTAL

The number of Richard Nixon stamps printed by the U.S. Postal Service: 80 million. Number of LBJ stamps: 150 million. Number of Elvis stamps: 500 million.

RATES OF INTEREST

In a survey of 600 business leaders in the U.K., percentage who came close to knowing the Bank of England's key lending rate: 27; percentage who knew the cost of a pint of beer: 90.

STUPID STICKUPS

According to the FBI, average number of bank robbers who are nabbed each year because they wrote their holdup notes on the backs of deposit slips for their own accounts: 45.

PYRAMID SCAM

Percentage of total wealth in the U.S. that is controlled by the richest 1 percent of the population: 40. Percentage of the nation's wealth controlled by the richest 20 percent of the population: 80.

FUNDAMENTAL SHIFT

Percentage of U.S. households that owned mutual funds in 1980: 6; in 1990: 25; that own them today: 31. Number of mutual funds in the U.S.: 7607.

DIAPER POOP

Size of the U.S. market for disposable diapers: $3.9 billion. Percentage of share controlled by Proctor & Gamble: 35; by Kimberly-Clark: 31. Number of diapers the average baby will use: 6400.

SHAVING ACCOUNT

According to Gillette, percentage of American women who shave their legs daily during the winter: 8; percentage who shave two or three times a week: 32; percentage of once-a-weekers: 31. According to Schick, number of times the average woman will shave her legs in a lifetime: 6336.

BENCHMARKS

Number of black federal judges appointed by Bill Clinton: 31; by George Bush: 2; by Ronald Reagan: 1; by Jimmy Carter: 9. Number of female judges appointed by Clinton: 44; by Bush: 8; by Reagan: 4; by Carter: 6.

SILENT MINORITY

Percentage of Americans who don't know anyone in a militia: 90.

CHUNNEL VISION

In 1987, projected cost of building the Eurotunnel that connects Britain and France: $7.7 billion. Actual cost: $15.5 billion. In 1994, projected number of cars traveling through the tunnel daily: 20,000. Actual: 4493. Number of minutes saved by traveling through the tunnel rather than by ferry: 40.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

goof is blamed on the chalk fairy.

Cluckhead: A Los Angeles gang term for crackhead.

Donorcycles: Motorcycles. Fatalities from bike accidents often are the result of head injuries. Body organs usually remain intact.

Dry dive: Chicago term for committing suicide by jumping.

Finger wave: Digital examination of an inmate's rectum.

Flight deck: Hospital ward for drug users suffering nervous breakdowns.

Get the button: To become a made man in the Mafia.

Grounder: An easy case.

Maytag: A weak prisoner who, for protection, does favors that are mostly sexual but can also include doing laundry.

Ray people: Mentally unbalanced people who falsely admit to committing murder.

Shoulder surfing: Sneaking a look at someone's ATM info in order to rob the account later.

Smurfing: Laundering money into smaller denominations through multiple transactions at many banks—a flurry of activity done by busy underlings, or "smurfs."

TRAIN LINES

Hard-line graffito found in a New York City subway: "Death to those who differ." Scrawled below: "Sounds good to me!"

DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Postmaster General Marvin Runyon recently announced that any postal clerk who takes a gun to work will be fired on the spot. Although we heartily approve of the intent of the new rule, it raises one significant question: If a postal clerk takes a gun to work, who does the firing?

COLD-PLATE SPECIAL

Everybody gripes about the weather, but Minnesotans apparently resent theirs so much that many pay $100 just for the satisfaction of expressing their discontent on vanity license plates. Among those currently in circulation: BRRR, BRRRR, BRRRRR, 2 COLD, TOOCOLD, IM COLD, IMCOLD and the plaintive NOMOSNO.

COMMUNITY JEST

When Jorge Rodriguez went before a Kenosha, Wisconsin judge on charges that he drove into a parked car while intoxicated, he handed his honor a Monopoly-style "Get Out of Jail" card. The judge issued a fine and probation.

INITIAL PUBIC OFFERING

Rick's Cabaret International has become the first chain of topless bars to go public with a listing on Nasdaq. We want just enough shares to sit at the board of directors' table.

Cool cars shouldn't have frozen fuel lines.

No matter what kind of car you drive, STP Gas Treatment helps remove the water that leads to gas line freeze. And unlike gas line antifreeze, our unique gas treatment formula works to reduce intake valve deposits and prevent clogged injectors. Just one bottle in your tank every time you fill up is the perfect antidote to winter. Whether your car is cool, not-so-cool, or just really cold.

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WHEN YOU CAN'T SMOKE.

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SKOAL FLAVOR PACKS.

Skoal Flavor Packs give you great tasting tobacco satisfaction. They're small, discreet pouches that are easy to use and control. With long lasting flavor in either cool mint or refreshing cinnamon. And because they're a smooth blend of tobacco, they'll never taste harsh or bitter.

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A SAFE ALTERNATIVE TO CIGARETTES

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MUSIC

ROCK

THE GREAT falsetto voices in rock and soul were in place by the end of the disco era. This tradition produced Little Richard's ecstatic gospel "wooo," and Sylvester's drag-queen scream. Other stops along the way would include the Stylistics' Russell Thompkins, Little Willie John, Jimmy Scott, Sam Cooke, Curtis Mayfield and Smokey Robinson. On ***Dare to Love*** (London), Jimmy Somerville drags the falsetto tradition out of the closet and uses it, buttressed by powerful postdisco beats and soul ballads, to express the triumphs and tragedies of gay love.

Somerville does this quite matter-of-factly, though on the title track he rages against homophobia. It's a passionate, compelling musical statement. But on the album's other strong tracks, such as the covers of *Hurts So Good* and *Someday (We'll Be Together)* and the Originals' *A Dream Gone Wrong*, *Heartbeat* and *Cry*, Somerville sings about universal feelings—love, hope, freedom, fear, heartbreak, despair. If you can't get off on that, it's your own damn fault.

Evil Stig (Warner Bros./Blackheart) is both a tribute to the Gits' Mia Zapata, who was raped and murdered three years ago in Seattle, and the new Joan Jett album. And it's one of Jett's best: Ferocious and nonstop, it highlights a set of excellent Gits tunes. The proceeds from the album will fund the continuing investigation into Zapata's death; the music reminds us who was the first great female rocker of her generation.

You could make a case for Billy Lee Riley as the third greatest voice at Sun Records, after Elvis and Jerry Lee. On ***Red Hot: The Best of Billy Lee Riley*** (Avi), he's raw, joyous, crazed and untamable.

—DAVE MARSH

Pop quiz, hotshot: You're a Southern musician, smothered by rigid social traditions and enough dysfunctional family history to fill two Pat Conroy novels. What do you do? You move to Athens, Georgia and play traditional, folksy music, but sabotage it with some truly weird lyrics. It worked for R.E.M. Now the town's cult-hero songwriter, Vic Chesnutt, has joined with homeboys Widespread Panic in a Dylan-meets-the-Band scenario. They call the collaboration Brute, and their brilliant debut, ***Nine High a Pallet*** (Capricorn), instantly establishes Brute as the most talented band to emerge from south of the Mason-Dixon line since Stipe and Co. Chesnutt's sardonic tunes are eerie and slightly loony. His bandmates provide the muscle and focus to flesh out his wry rants.

Blue Rodeo hail from Canada. ***Nowhere to Here*** (Discovery) is another of their pristine country-rock albums that outclass their American cousins. They do rebel on some mesmerizing jams that capture the spirit of their live shows.

—VIC GARBARINI

Postdisco Somerville.

Jimmy Somerville dares to love, Joe Satriani shows off and Omar croons.

Joe Satriani deserves a following beyond the cult of guitar magazine readers, of which I count myself a member. His jazz-classical approach to rock guitar on ***Joe Satriani*** (Relativity) can drop your jaw to the floor. He's a virtuoso who doesn't show off unless he has something to show.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Over the past few years, pop has tamed some of grunge's more dangerous sonic ideas—such as dirty guitars, found noise, industrial samples and low-fi recording—to create tuneful but messy music.

Now, two international pop groups exploit the idea of the female singer. Whale is a Swedish trio made up of producer Gordon Cyrus, talk-show comic Henrik Schyffert and Sweden's first-ever VJ, Cia Berg. Garbage puts Shirley Manson, formerly of the Scottish band Angelfish, in front of three Midwestern musicians, including drummer Butch Vig—producer of Nirvana's *Nevermind*.

These acts are far too calculated and professional to qualify as garage bands. But both do their damnedest to rough-and-tumble it, and the effect is delightful, even charming. Whale's ***We Care*** (Virgin) is happier, goofier and much sexier than Garbage, as on *I'll Do Ya, Young, Dumb n' Full of Cum* and *Hobo Humpin' Slobo Babe*. *Only Happy When It Rains* suggests the depth of the pessimism on ***Garbage*** (Almo Sounds/Geffen), and its cleverness doesn't come off clichéd.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

REGGAE

Jackie Mittoo is reggae's answer to Jimmy Smith. A lot of the organ grooves on ***Tribute to Jackie Mittoo*** (Heartbeat/Studio One) will remind you of James Brown's great mid-Sixties instrumentals. Not for organ fans only.

—DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

The curious legacy of Roger Miller is a dandy subject for a boxed set, especially since so many retrospectives are overdone. Miller, who died in 1992, is generally remembered as the writer of the wacky mid-Sixties hits *Dang Me*, *Chug-a-Lug* and the mother of all trucker songs, *King of the Road*. But the three-CD, 70-song ***King of the Road: The Genius of Roger Miller*** (Mercury Nashville) is a project of depth, delight and, most of all, discovery. Miller's exaggerated delivery often caused listeners to overlook the way he framed lyrics around precise, hard-driving rhymes and rhythms.

Celinda Pink has come out of the blue. For the past 18 years, the Nashville-based country-blues belter has been singing in the funky lower Broadway taverns of Music City. Her second American release, ***Unchained*** (Step One Records, 1300 Division St., Nashville, Tennessee 37203), reveals a bawdy talent more appropriate for a Texas dancehall than for Nashville. Material such as the silky *I've Changed Since I've Been Unchained*, illustrate Pink's promise. Yet *Hound Dog* shows how she understands the rural snarl of Big Mama Thornton, who sang the Leiber and Stoller tune before Elvis got it.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

All aspiring musicians with leftist political sentiments should listen to the song *Plenty Tough Union Made* on the album ***To the Last Dead Cowboy*** (Bloodshot) by the Waco Brothers. It's a perfect model of how to hit the basic points about economic justice without coming off as an overearnest weenie. It has a wonderfully catchy sing-along melody. The Waco Brothers play "hard country," which seems to mean country rock without the slightest influence from the Eagles. Sort of a side project by members of the Mekons, Jesus Jones and the Wreck, the Waco Brothers favor lots of reverb, a touch of tremolo, serious twang and a looseness of approach that stops short of

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Brute *Nine High a Pallet*	8	8	7	7	8
Omar *For Pleasure*	4	8	9	6	7
Jimmy Somerville *Dare to Love*	5	6	7	8	6
Waco Brothers *To the Last Dead Cowboy*	8	6	8	5	8
Whale *We Care*	9	6	7	4	8

REST IN SPACE DEPARTMENT: The **Grateful Dead** turned down an offer from the National Space Society to launch **Jerry Garcia's** remains.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Doors** keyboardist **Ray Manzarek** is working on two film projects: directing *Art of Murder* and co-producing *The Master and Margarita*. . . . **Isaac Hayes** is scoring *War Zone*, starring a group of blaxploitation actors who appeared in Seventies movies: **Fred Williamson, Jim Brown, Pam Grier** and **Richard Roundtree**. . . . **Selena's** life will be brought to the big screen by director **Gregory Nava**, who made *Mi Familia*. . . . **Bette Midler** is executive producer of the TV sitcom based on her old backup singers, the **Harlettes**. She'll make periodic guest appearances. . . . **Michael Stipe** has purchased a script by a high school student for his production company. **Jessica Kaplan's** screenplay, *Powers That Be*, details what happens when a group of Beverly Hills high school students copy the behavior of their counterparts in the inner city. *Powers That Be* is the third film Stipe has in development.

NEWSBREAKS: A **Willie Nelson** tribute CD is coming from alternative rockers. **Krist Novoselic, Kim Thayil** and **Sean Kinney** back **Johnny Cash** on *Time of the Preacher* and **Waylon Jennings** is expected to add his vocals to **L7's** version of *Three Days*. . . . **Green Day's** latest is a follow-up to *Dookie*. . . . The first-ever pay-per-view rap concert starred **Cypress Hill, Naughty by Nature** and **Method Man**. Some of the proceeds went to Hale House in Harlem, which cares for homeless and abused babies. . . . *Music Monitor*, the monthly magazine designed to explain lyrics to parents, plans to broaden its scope to include the Internet, electronic games, TV and movies. It will now call itself *Entertainment Monitor*. . . . **Paul Simon's** musical, *Capeman*, will open in Chicago in the fall of 1996, then make its way to Broadway. . . . The Ultimate Rhythm and Blues Cruise will depart from Florida this month. **Taj Mahal, J. Geils** and **Magic Dick**, among others, will be on board. . . . Get Homespun Tapes' piano lessons from Beach Boys keyboardist **Billy Hinsche**. Call 800-33-TAPES for good vibrations. . . . Reprise Records celebrates **Frank Sinatra's** 80th birthday with a 20-disc set, including 70 selections previously unavailable. No word yet on price. . . . Disney is releasing a series of concept albums from its classic TV shows, and **Linda Ronstadt, Bobby McFerrin** and the **Chieftains** are among those participating. . . . **Don Was** is trying to convince **Brian Wilson** to turn the fabled unfinished **Beach Boys** album *Smile* into a CD-ROM. Was says, "He could load up an interactive CD with seven hours of stuff from those sessions and just tell the people who buy it to finish it." . . . Jerry Garcia's widow, **Deborah Koons Garcia**, is completing the visual autobiography he was working on when he died. *Harrington Street* contains handwritten anecdotes and reminiscences and computer-generated art and sketches. Delacorte will publish it. . . . **Hootie & the Blowfish's** *Cracked Rear View* is the best-selling debut album in the history of Atlantic Records. **Darius Rucker** says, "It's very cool. I hope everyone will still be talking about it ten years from now." . . . Lastly, country music legend **Merle Haggard** on music in the Nineties: "In order to be played nowadays you have to be singing about air. It's got to have that goddamn line-dance tempo to it and you've got to be under 40."

—BARBARA NELLIS

sloppy. The Waco Brothers don't limit themselves to union issues. They do particularly well describing how alcohol can help with crushed aspirations. But the main point they're making is this: It's the final cattle call for the true cowboys, "while the bankers and the lawyers drive our country to the wall." Yipe.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

WORLD

I had no idea that I loved Norwegian fiddle music until I heard the glorious meditative melodies of ***Felefeber (Norwegian Fiddle Fantasia)*** (Shanachie) by Annbjørg Lien. Guaranteed to turn off the "monkey mind" of normal consciousness and to put you in touch with your deepest self. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Sufi academic Orüj Güvenç's ***Ocean of Remembrance*** (Interworld, RD 3, Box 395A, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301) could soothe anybody's troubled breast. And the flutes on ***Brian Jones Presents the Pipes of Pan at Jajouka*** (Point Music) are wild enough to start rumors about where all the original Dionysian revels ended up. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

R&B

Omar is a smooth crooner with a few ingratiating rough edges. Like most U.K. soul men, he has a deep appreciation for Motown and other traditional forms of hook-laden black pop. His CD ***For Pleasure*** (RCA) introduces him to America. Among his collaborators are ex-Motown staff members Lamont Dozier (*Outside*) and Leon Ware (*Can't Get Nowhere*).

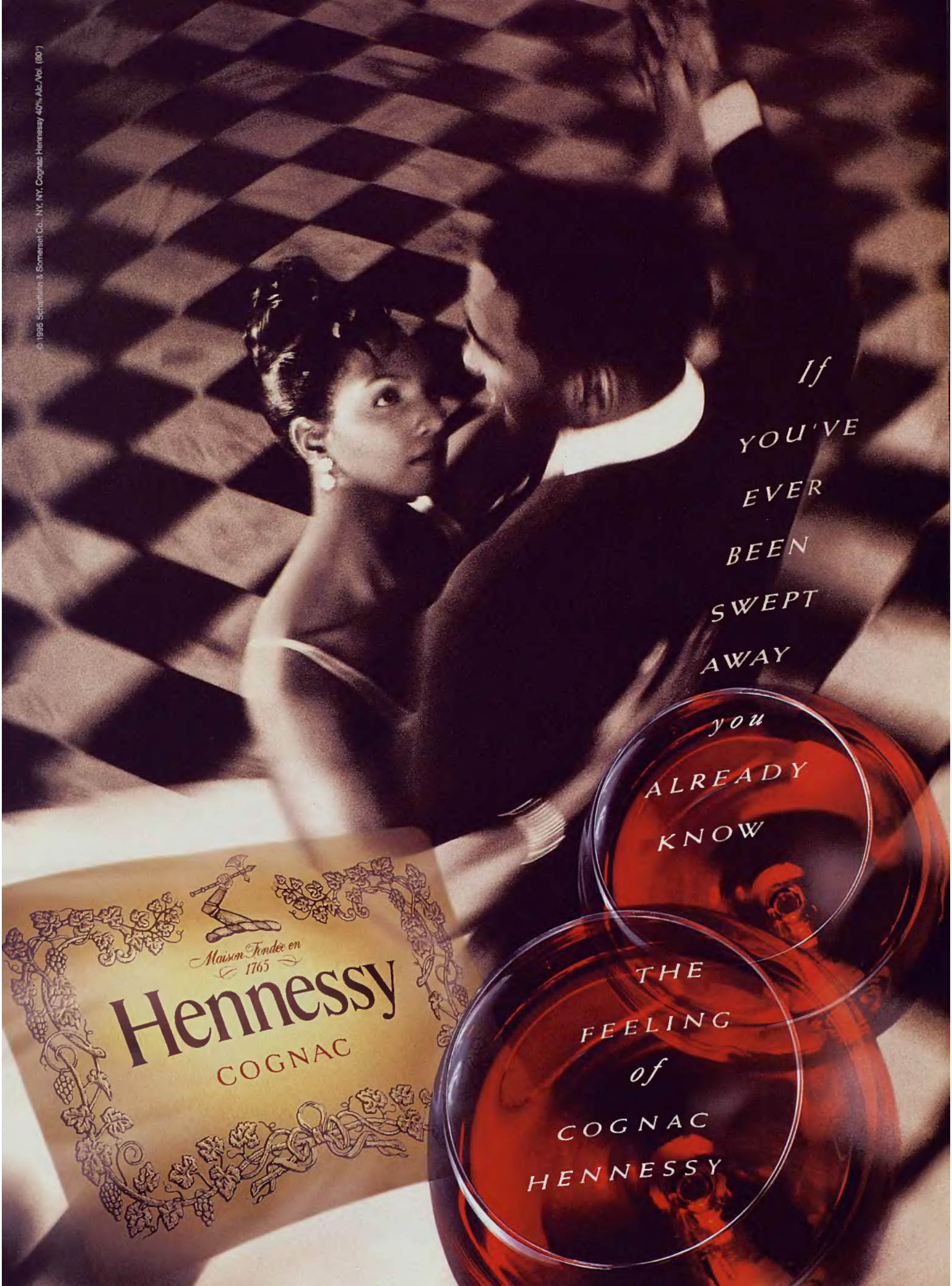
While no single song will knock you out, Omar never irritates, and he makes clever musical choices. The philosophical *Making Sense of It* and the introspective *Little Boy* show a keen sensitivity few American R&B singers can match.

Brooklyn Funk Essentials is a Seventies-style ten-piece aggregation complete with horn section and Latin percussion. ***Cool and Steady and Easy*** (Groovetown/RCA) collects 12 cuts that are heavy on jamming and light on melodies. Although BFE features a singer and two rappers, it's the chunky backing rhythms and swirling arrangements that merit special attention. —NELSON GEORGE

CLASSICAL

Paul Lansky, America's foremost electronic composer, has a new CD. ***Folk Images*** (Bridge) is a peculiar but endearing confrontation with American folk music. A professor of music at Princeton, Lansky beguiles us with his reassessments of everyday sounds as music.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH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COGNAC

WIRED

MIND FUN AND GAMES

Imagine moving players in a computer game with brainpower instead of with a joystick, keyboard or mouse. Simply think your man left and he moves that way. Change your mind and he'll change directions. Mind-boggling? No, it's Mind Drive, a PC peripheral developed by Ron Gordon, one of the powers behind the original Atari video game company of the Seventies. Gordon's new business, The Other 90% Technologies (which refers to how much of your brain goes unused), will launch Mind Drive early this year. An infrared computer accessory expected to cost less than $200, it consists of software, a wireless ring you wear

MELINDA GORDON

on your finger and a special control console that connects to the back of your IBM-compatible PC. Gordon claims you use your thoughts to control on-screen action by pointing the ring at the monitor. It functions on the principles of biofeedback, he says, adding that the device will be available initially for computer and later for video game systems, but can be adapted to control any digital gear. We'll believe this when we see it.

EAR THIS

Three-dimensional audio is touted as one of the hottest new technologies in home entertainment electronics. Designed to provide fuller, richer sound from standard stereo speakers, it currently comes in two forms—Spatializer 3-D Stereo and Sound Retrieval System. The former (offered in Panasonic's high-end VCRs, Sharp and Hitachi TVs, Labtec multimedia speakers and Compaq's Presario PCs) was originally developed to enhance movie and music recordings. At home, it gives stereo speakers a power boost, creating a sense of dimension without requiring an elaborate home-theater setup. Sound Retrieval System, developed by Hughes Aircraft, goes a step further by actually restoring spatial sound lost through the stereo signal process. What's more, with SRS in a home-theater mix, there's no such thing as a sweet spot—you can sit anywhere in the room and enjoy a dramatic surround-sound experience. Likewise, SRS intensifies computer gaming by making you feel as though you're in the center of the action. SRS circuitry is included in top-of-the-line RCA and Sony television sets, home audio products by Kenwood, Nakamichi and Nureality, and Packard Bell multimedia computers.

SMOKEY AND THE BANDITS

For years radar detector manufacturers and traffic cops have been locked in a game of one-upmanship—as soon as Smokey comes up with a new weapon to zap lead-footed drivers, detector makers counter with technology to sniff it out. In an odd twist, the latest radar-detector innovation has the opposing camps working together to make sure detector-toting motorists are well aware of police presence. Transmitters are being mounted in cop cars and emergency vehicles such as ambulances and fire trucks to send out safety alert signals warning of road hazards. Escort's Passport 5000 ($179) and Cobra's RDL-712SW (less than $200) detectors display messages such as "Emergency Vehicle" and "Road Hazard" on an LCD screen. The cordless, battery-powered Escort Solo 5 ($200) and Cobra RDL-8000SW ($200) use specific beep tones and LEDs to indicate trouble ahead. And later this year, BEL-Tronics, Whistler, Uniden and Sanyo Tecnica plan to introduce detectors that receive as many as 64 messages. Of course, these detectors still notify speed freaks of a cop in the bushes.

ROBERT HYLES

WILD THINGS

Sony has hatched a winner. Its egg-shaped RM-V30 Universal Remote Control (pictured below) weighs a mere 4.6 ounces, fits comfortably in the palm of your hand and can be programmed to operate most TVs, VCRs and cable boxes. Best of all, it provides up to six months of uninterrupted surfing on a single lithium battery. The price: $35. • To make sure your home and car audio gear are tuned to perfection, pick up TDK's *Ultimate Guide to Great Sound*. This almost-free CD (you pay $5 for shipping) contains 74 minutes of listening tips, diagnostic tests and musical selections designed to maximize your system's performance. • Seiko's new smart calculator, the SC-1650 ($30), crunches numbers and words: Similar in size to a paperback book, it provides thousands of spellings, definitions and synonyms from the *American Heritage Dictionary*.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 179.

great gift!

new!

The road beckons...

cordless freedom Solo 5 is an exceptional radar/laser detector. Cordless design offers total driving freedom. Pop it on the windshield with the suction cup mount, turn it on and go. No power cord hassle makes Solo 5 the perfect choice for trips, when using rental cars or just everyday driving. Four alkaline batteries keep Solo 5 fully powered for up to 80 hours. Plus you get long range radar *and* laser detection.

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GETTING DOWN

On a brisk winter day, a feather-filled vest can keep you as warm as a bulky parka can—and you won't look and feel like the Michelin Man. Ralph Lauren's Polo Sport line includes a down-filled powder vest (about $200) that stands out thanks to a shiny gunmetal shell that can attract both snow bunnies and the rescue patrol. Nautica's parka (down filled for $325 or Nautex for $315) converts to a bright-orange-and-yellow vest when you remove its zip-out microfiber shell and zip-off sleeves. Powder buffs will appreciate the functional Killy Excel vest ($280) that is filled with Thermulate, a material designed to keep you warm and dry in the snow and slush. It features a drawstring bottom and storm flap over the zipper for wicked-weather protection. DKNY's down-filled vest ($225, pictured here) has a bright-blue shell that snaps in front plus just enough black to keep you stylish among the moguls of Manhattan. But the most downtown look this year comes from Austyn Zung, who has used reflective charcoal-gray nylon to create a down-filled vest ($470) with a faux-fur collar that's both fashionably and politically correct.

HOT SHOPPING: PALM SPRINGS

January marks the official start of the season in this posh desert town that plays host to golf and tennis tournaments as well as the Palm Springs International Film Festival, which runs from January 5 through 21. Dillon's (320 North Palm Canyon Drive): Exclusive beach and casual men's and women's fashions. • Sports Fever (73360 Highway 111, #5): Cool skateboard threads and in-line skate gear. • The Estate Sale (4185 East Palm Canyon Drive): Resale collectibles that once were owned by celebs such as Gene Hackman. • Spectacular Shades (73-910 El Paseo, Palm Desert): More than 2000 optical choices, including far-out frames by Matsuda and Gaultier.

CLOTHES LINE

Peter Weller, best known as the half-mechanical Robocop of the Eighties, is glad to be all man again on-screen in *Screamers* and Woody Allen's *Mighty Aphrodite*. For his Saturday night Los Angeles jazz gigs with Jeff Goldblum, the actor-musician swears by Armani suits: "Giorgio is both a genius and a great guy." He also "digs Kenzo ties and shirts" and rounds out his slick look with Bennis/Edwards footwear, "the best shoes in the world." But the real scoop is his cologne: "For years I've worn a not-too-sweet body cream for women by Jil Sander that happens to smell great on men," he confessed with a grin. "I've never told anyone before."

GETTING FLEECED

Polar fleece, the fluffy, lightweight fabric that wicks away moisture from the skin, has made its way off the slopes and into the latest menswear. Columbia Sportswear's heathered Berber pullover, for example, can be worn instead of a sweater. Offered in birch or charcoal with a heavy pile texture, it features a high convertible zip collar, rib-knit trim and a split hem ($80). M.N.W. Wardrobe, an Italian sportswear collection, refers to its gray polar-fleece V-neck pullovers and zip-front polos and cardigans ($100 to $115) as "luxury sweats." Verso offers a pullover in gray-and-navy polar fleece with a quilted yoke and a zip collar (about $80), while Tommy Hilfiger's "performance pullover" comes in red or black fleece-type fabric with a drawstring waist, adjustable cuffs and a logo insignia ($175). New Boxer has introduced a wide-ribbed overshirt with a zip collar ($150). It comes in strong colors such as claret, moss green and amber.

THE BOOST

Thinning hair this time of year is often a sign that winter weather is drying the life out of your locks. To compensate for the cold, try a body-building shampoo to clean and plump up your follicles. Stylists at New York's Oribe Salon use Phytovolume shampoo with lobster-shell extract and other natural ingredients to dilate the hair shafts and add thickness. Nexxus Diametress, another salon favorite, uses panthenol to moisturize and increase the diameter of the hair shafts. Garden Botanika's Hair Thickening Shampoo combines panthenol and soy protein to build moisture, strength and fullness within individual hair shafts. Herbal-scented Vivagen Enrichment Shampoo promises to strengthen thinning hair with cationic protein polypeptides. And for control without heavy conditioning, use Charles Booth's Light Thickening Tonic, a body-building gel.

STYLE METER

TUXEDOS	IN	OUT
STYLES	One- or two-button single-breasted or six-button double-breasted jackets	Boxy jackets; triple-pleated trousers that balloon at the thighs; banded-collar shirts
COLORS AND FABRICS	Solid black worsted wool trimmed in satin, silk faille or grosgrain	Powder blue, navy or light gray; head-to-toe white; 100 percent silk or polyester
DETAILS	Medium-size black bow ties; vests; narrow-pleated shirtfronts	Clip-on bow ties with matching cummerbunds; ruffled shirts

Where & How to Buy on page 179.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of engagement ring *anxiety*?

❶ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs.* They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-341-6214.

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

Diamond Information Center
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Barkin and Bridges: She's *Wild Bill*'s Jane.

The president takes a lady, Woody takes on the classics and Mia takes a powder.

INTRODUCING A costumed Greek chorus to chant, dance and mock human frailty in a modern romantic comedy might spell disaster for any moviemaker other than Woody Allen. In ***Mighty Aphrodite*** (Miramax), F. Murray Abraham heads the chorus and Allen calls the shots in his starring role as a sportswriter named Lenny, who shows up intermittently at an ancient amphitheater to question his fate. After Lenny and his wife (Helena Bonham Carter) adopt a baby, he feels compelled to locate the child's birth mother. She turns out to be Linda Ash, a.k.a. Judy Cum, an aspiring porn actress and prostitute played with giddy poignancy by Mira Sorvino. "You didn't want a blow job," she tells Lenny as their friendship progresses, "so the least I could do is get you a tie." Sorvino virtually walks away with the picture. There hasn't been a more winsome blonde bimbo on the screen since Judy Holliday. Woody may be a tad old for his part, but who cares? *Mighty Aphrodite* is light as a feather, and any fun-loving Allen fan would be crazy not to catch it. ¥¥¥¥

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Jeff Bridges, perhaps the most underappreciated male star in Hollywood, rides high again in ***Wild Bill*** (United Artists). Writer-director Walter Hill's biographical drama about the final days of Wild Bill Hickok is a Western as dark and cerebral as Clint Eastwood's *Unforgiven*. Together, Bridges and Hill are less concerned with action and violence than with the rueful burden of celebrity carried by a gunslinger who's on his last legs. Bridges looks worn and scruffy as Wild Bill, doomed by young Jack McCall (David Arquette), a gunman with a grudge and an itchy trigger finger. Diane Lane is effective as a woman from Bill's past, matched by John Hurt as his best friend. Ellen Barkin as Calamity Jane seems a bit 20th century in these Old West surroundings, as does Christina Applegate as a saloon call girl. Hill adapted *Wild Bill* from Thomas Babe's play *Fathers and Sons*, which probably accounts for some residual staginess in the movie. Such minor flaws don't seriously damage a conscientious, gritty character study that pumps warm blood into a myth. ¥¥¥

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The American President (Columbia/Castle Rock) is a timely political comedy that is more commercial than cutting edge. Director Rob Reiner's wry look at a widowed U.S. president (Michael Douglas) and his new lover (Annette Bening) hits enough notes to be thoroughly entertaining—if not for Christian Coalition types. The cast includes Martin Sheen as the prexy's chief of staff and Michael J. Fox as a feisty White House advisor. Other aides are deftly played by David Paymer (see "Off Camera"), Samantha Mathis and Anna Deavere Smith. Richard Dreyfuss drips venom as a Gingrich Republican who launches his own run for the White House by attacking the president's love life as an insult to family values. Screenplay author Aaron Sorkin (who adapted *A Few Good Men* for Reiner) lets his liberal leanings tip precariously toward fantasy at times, especially at a news conference where Douglas has his staff, a cynical press corps and Bening cheering his forthright defense of gun control and an environmental-protection bill. Bening, of course, is a pro-environment lobbyist waiting for the lusty president to become worthy of her respect. Despite some corn, Bening and Douglas waltz through their courtship with assurance and flair. Asked what happened after the chief executive first made a pass at her, Bening replies dryly: "He had to go attack Libya." ¥¥¥

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As one of those daft, eccentric Irish yarns, ***Frankie Starlight*** (Fine Line) introduces a literate dwarf (played charmingly by Corban Walker) who has written a book about his life. The titular Frankie recalls his mother, Bernadette (Anne Parillaud), a French stowaway who was put ashore from an American transport ship after World War Two. An Irish immigration officer named Jack (Gabriel Byrne) becomes Bernadette's lover and enchants her stunted son (Alan Pentony as the child Frankie) by talking about the cosmos. Then Jack moves away, and director Michael Lindsay-Hogg somehow loses control of his story, his stars and every vestige of credibility. Bernadette becomes a glum, uncommunicative martyr who marries an admirer from Texas (Matt Dillon) who takes her home. That sequence dwindles into emptiness because Parillaud and Dillon behave as if they have hardly been introduced. How Frankie finally returns to Ireland to write it all down puts a real dimmer on *Starlight*. If you can buy all that, sit back and treat yourself to a bushel of pure blarney. ¥¥

•

The usual rules of logic are bent way out of shape in ***Reckless*** (Samuel Goldwyn), which may be the kinkiest Christmas movie of all time. The stockings are hung by the chimney with care when a goody-goody named Rachel (Mia Farrow) hears her guilt-ridden husband (Tony Goldwyn) confess that it's not Santa who is coming—it's the hit man he hired to kill her. Rachel escapes into the snow and embarks on a series of misadventures involving a suspicious social worker (Scott Glenn), his apparently deaf, paraplegic wife (Mary-Louise Parker) and sundry other weirdos. Director Norman René and writer Craig Lucas may have gone overboard in this malice-in-wonderland farce when Rachel loses the power of speech. She is subsequently shocked back to reality and becomes a therapist, ministering to a confused young man (Stephen Dorff) who may be her long-lost son. Go figure. After a sprightly start, it's a hit-or-miss show, titled *Reckless* for good reason. ¥¥

•

Writer-director Henry Jaglom—with his wife, Victoria Foyt, as co-author and star—is at it again with ***Last Summer in the Hamptons*** (Rainbow Films), another group gala that plays like a slightly synthetic home movie. This time, Jaglom focuses on a weekend at the East Hampton country house owned by a vain, aging movie star (Viveca Lindfors, to the manner born) and occupied by her rambunctious family and friends. Scene-chewers all, they tend to be sexual manipulators, overanalyzed and under stress. Sharing camera time with Foyt and Lindfors are Roscoe Lee Browne, André Gregory, Brooke Smith and a guest list of prime hams—some of them rehearsing an outdoor performance of *The Sea Gull*. Even

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Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

Paymer: Enough of nice guys.

OFF CAMERA

After his 1993 Oscar nomination as Billy Crystal's loyal, misused brother in *Mr. Saturday Night*, **David Paymer** had a brief career slump. "The movie put me on the map, but I didn't get a lot of work after that—until *Quiz Show*." His role as the conniving TV entrepreneur Dan Enright seemed to prove that bad guys do fine. Since *Quiz Show*, Paymer has been busy playing power politics and generally pushing the envelope as a son of a bitch. "That movie opened a whole new range of parts for me," he says. Paymer plays Michael Douglas' manipulative White House pollster in *The American President*, press secretary Ron Ziegler in Oliver Stone's *Nixon* and chief of staff to New York mayor Al Pacino in *City Hall*. Lest he be typecast forever as a political plaything, in *Get Shorty* he's "a sleazeball who chases women and lives it up after he hits it big with an insurance scam." He'll be suspect again in *Unforgettable* with Linda Fiorentino. "That's sort of a red-herring role. I'm an assistant coroner, and possibly a killer." Paymer also co-stars with Tom Arnold in *Carpool*. "I play a good man but a bad father who is driving the kids to school when Arnold highjacks us. We're basically the odd couple."

In real life, 41-year-old Paymer is married to actress Liz Georges and has a baby daughter. His first job on Broadway was in *Grease*. "I could sing a little and I could act. But I was a terrible dancer, a total klutz." He moved to Los Angeles, got cast as a mad cabdriver in *The In-Laws* and then did more than 80 TV roles. His work as an ice-cream mogul in Crystal's *City Slickers* led to *Mr. Saturday Night* and his subsequent gigs on the dark side. "I never had stars in my eyes. I knew I didn't look like Redford. Anyway, these weaselly characters are more fun. Who wants to be vanilla all the time?"

Chekhov as a side dish offers far richer rewards than Jaglom's amiable but self-indulgent garden party. ¥¥

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The befuddled heroine of ***When Night Is Falling*** (October Films) is Camille (Pascale Bussières), whose unexpected attraction to a circus performer named Petra (Rachael Crawford) disrupts the lusty affair she is having with Martin (Henry Czerny, who played the abusive priest in *The Boys of St. Vincent*). Already on the carpet for misbehavior with Martin, a fellow theologian at the college where they both teach, Camille faces a tussle with her conscience before choosing between the man she loves and the woman she wants. Writer-director Patricia Rozema's celebration of pleasure should intrigue viewers, whatever their sexual orientation. ¥¥½

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Director Zhang Yimou and gorgeous superstar Gong Li, his favorite leading lady, have become a major force in modern Chinese cinema. Though no longer an offscreen duo, both bump up their reputations in ***Shanghai Triad*** (Sony Classics), a Thirties gangster saga that opened last year's New York Film Festival. The movie is shot from the viewpoint of 14-year-old Shuisheng (Wang Xiao Xiao), who's apprenticed to his uncle—a powerful Shanghai godfather. It focuses on the boy and his relationship with a vain, bitchy nightclub singer and resident mistress (Gong Li, radiant as usual) of the avuncular yet ruthless gang lord Tang (Li Boatian). After a slow beginning, *Triad* rises to a fever pitch when an assassination attempt sends the boy and the faithless woman into exile on a remote island. There, the plot twists, turns and reveals every character's fear, passion and treachery. A chillingly poetic screen spectacle on a familiar theme, it's beautiful to watch. ¥¥¥½

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The title role in ***Georgia*** (Miramax) is played with cool pungency by Mare Winningham as a pop music star who sings up a storm of sibling rivalry. Despite her amazingly fine voice, Winningham is second fiddle to Jennifer Jason Leigh. Director Ulu Grosbard lets Leigh bloom as Georgia's wayward sister Sadie, who is into drinking and drugs and her own, stunted, singing career. Although she has no voice, a will of iron keeps her screeching out her anger with pickup bands booked everywhere from crummy bars to Jewish weddings. The screenplay—written by Leigh's mother, Barbara Turner—allows some fine showcase performances, especially by Max Perlich as the starstruck delivery boy whom Sadie marries. Mostly, however, it's Leigh's turn to shout, strut and spin right into an Oscar nomination. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The American President (See review) More White House hanky-panky. ¥¥¥
Blue in the Face (Reviewed 12/95) The stars improvise but shine dimly. ¥½
Carrington (12/95) Through the Twenties with some bohemian Brits. ¥¥¥
Coldblooded (11/95) Would-be hit man Jason Priestley learns as he earns. ¥¥¥
Devil in a Blue Dress (10/95) Denzel dominates a deft Forties thriller. ¥¥¥
Frankie Starlight (See review) Life, love and malarkey of a dwarf hero. ¥¥
Georgia (See review) Sibling rivalry simmers on the pop music scene. ¥¥¥
Get Shorty (12/95) Elmore Leonard's wry Hollywood caper comedy done to a perfect turn by Hackman, Travolta & Co. ¥¥¥¥
The Grass Harp (12/95) Southern-fried eccentrics, Truman Capote style. ¥¥
How to Make an American Quilt (12/95) Earnest sessions of girl talk. ¥¥
Kicking and Screaming (11/95) It's the guys' turn to talk—grads wondering wittily what comes after college. ¥¥¥
Kids (10/95) Teen sex in the city in Larry Clark's raw slice of life. ¥¥¥¥
Last Summer in the Hamptons (See review) Party time again for some of director Jaglom's showbiz chums. ¥¥
Leaving Las Vegas (12/95) Cage as a hopeless drunk and Shue as a streetwalker make for a winning pair of losers. ¥¥¥
Les Misérables (11/95) A revisionistic modern update of the classic—saved in part by a fine French cast. ¥¥
Mighty Aphrodite (See review) Clearly on a roll, Woody backs urban angst with a rollicking Greek chorus. ¥¥¥¥
Reckless (See review) Mia Farrow portrays a matron in wonderland. ¥¥
Restoration (Listed only) Balls in the court of Charles II. No score. ¥
The Scarlet Letter (Listed only) A Demi disaster out of Hawthorne. ¥
Shanghai Triad (See review) Far East gangdom starring Gong Li. ¥¥¥½
Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead (12/95) Crooks go West and pay for a fiasco with their lives. ¥¥½
To Die For (10/95) As a bitch seeking TV fame, Kidman zooms. ¥¥¥½
Unstrung Heroes (11/95) Director Diane Keaton's tearjerker really works. ¥¥¥
The Usual Suspects (9/95) A lineup of wrongdoers that you won't soon forget. ¥¥¥¥
When Night Is Falling (See review) A man and a perplexed woman who prefers a woman. ¥¥½
Wild Bill (See review) Give Jeff Bridges another notch on his gun. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

Jerry Lewis acts nine, looks 50 and is the proud papa of a three-year-old—yet he's been in the business so long that Chaplin was *his* fan. "I'm far from modest, but I'm uncomfortable with the word genius," insists the 69-year-old nitwit savant. "Chaplin and Stan Laurel, they were geniuses. Now Robin Williams is the only reason the word is in the dictionary." Lewis is frank about what he considers unfunny video fare ("*Monty Python* should be put to sleep—immediately"), opting instead for "heavy-duty filmmaking" such as *The Sting*, *Victor/Victoria* and *Steel Magnolias*. But the Kipling yarn *Captains Courageous* (1937) is his all-time favorite because of the "impeccable perfection" of its story. So out with it, Jer: What's the best Lewis lunacy on vid? "*The Nutty Professor* was a ten-year labor of love," recalls the man who invented dumb and dumber. "It's my best work." We agree. —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

Straight from its bow on public TV last fall comes ***Berlin: Journey of a City*** (Think Media), a one-hour documentary celebrating the storied German metropolis—from its destruction during the Nazi regime to the infamous Berlin Wall partitioning to reunification in 1990. The program includes historic footage and an interview with German president Richard von Weizsäcker ($19.98; 800-655-1998). . . . Cheap thrill of the month: Night Vision's ***Stripping for Your Lover*** ($19.95), a 60-minute vid tease (and payoff) featuring peelers Julie Ann and Janine, who claim to be "the most famous stripping duo in the world." Highlight? The climactic, dirty pas de deux: a "blondage" routine. . . . The home-vid version of Time Life's ten-part ***Lost Civilizations*** features scenes the buttoned-up execs at NBC never let you see when the network broadcast the epic last year. Among the restored items in this four-continent crash course on the world's vanished cultures: sexually explicit frescoes used by Pompeian prostitutes to boost sales, erotic Moche and Greek pottery and a reference to alcohol enemas taken by the Maya. NBC had also electronically reclothed a nude model who was filmed to accompany the reading of an Egyptian love poem. Time Life has undressed her again, thank you ($159.99; 800-846-3843).

QUIRKY CHRISTMAS

Is *It's a Wonderful Life* permanently tattooed onto your Yuletide spirit? Would you rather choke on mistletoe than watch *Miracle on 34th Street* again? Here are some holiday selections that will add a little tonic to your nog.

The Nightmare Before Christmas (1993): Bizarre residents of Halloween Town take over Christmas in Tim Burton's spooky puppet fantasy. Top stop-motion animation, clever songs by Danny Elfman and loads of macabre humor.

Silent Night, Deadly Night (1984): Slasher Santa goes on a slay ride, bringing Christmas stalkings. Low-budget horror with good script, decent acting and a nun who looks like Marcia Clark.

Scrooged (1988): Hilarious *Christmas Carol* parody with Bill Murray as a vile TV-network executive who learns the true meaning of Christmas. All-star cameos, great special effects.

Pee-wee's Playhouse Christmas Special (1988): Surreal season's greetings from the playhouse gang. Who else could bring together Grace Jones, Charo and Annette Funicello? Where else could you hear someone announce: "It's Little Richard—on ice"?

Three Godfathers (1948): John Wayne stars in an oater version of the Three Wise Men tale, set in an Arizona desert. Sappy but beautifully shot by John Ford.

The Ref (1994): Harried thief plays captor—and shrink—to world's most annoying couple on Christmas Eve. Motormouth Denis Leary is the crook who disses the dysfunctional duo.

Santa Claus Conquers the Martians (1964): Aliens kidnap Santa. A cheesefest loaded with cheap sets, popgun weapons and costumes that look like plumbing supplies wrapped in green felt. Young Pia Zadora is a Martian child.

A Christmas Story (1983): Little boy longs for the best present ever—a Red Ryder BB gun—in landmark dark comedy. Loaded with poignancy, bite and childhood angst. Norman Rockwell meets the Simpsons. —REED KIRK RAHLMANN

LASER FARE

What makes a laser disc "deluxe"? Depends on the manufacturer. MCA/Universal's special edition of Steven Spielberg's ***Schindler's List*** includes a soundtrack CD, a souvenir booklet and a superb CAV, letterboxed transfer of the film. Meanwhile, the Voyager Criterion Collection edition offers running commentary by the movie maestro himself, along with script treatments, outtakes and stills. You make the choice. . . . Hot stuff—and cold—from Lumivision: ***Ring of Fire*** is a field trip to the volatile volcanoes of the Pacific Rim, enhanced by daunting aerial photography and computer animation; and ***Antarctica*** is a crisp, award-winning travelog of the frozen continent, from a crystal water cave inside the Chaos Glacier to the awesome sunsets of the South Pole. Although both films were shot in Imax format, they're still breathtaking on your laser player—just smaller. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
BLOCKBUSTER	***Apollo 13*** (to the moon—almost; Ron Howard tells ill-foted mission's true tole with grit, polish ond Honks), ***Batman Forever*** (no, just seems like it; Kilmer's cowled debut and Correy's rubber-foced Riddler keep it flying).
SLEEPER	***Species*** (homicidol stunner turns into olien before striking; scory, but not os sexy os the ods), ***Search and Destroy*** (Griffin Dunne is obsessed with filming TV guru Dennis Hopper's book; Scorsese-produced oddity hos its moments).
DRAMA	***My Family*** (soopy epic of Lotino brothers Smits, Moroles ond Olmos; coll it *Avalon in East L.A.*), ***The Underneath*** (chorming gombler Peter Gollogher thinks he hos devised the greot scom; slick coper by *sex, lies* director Soderbergh).
FOREIGN	***Belle de Jour*** (bored French housewife Deneuve tokes o brothel doy job; Buñuel's erotic Sixties classic on video ot lost), ***Strawberry and Chocolate*** (Hovono: goy ortist hips straight student to life beyond the Porty; primo sexuol politics).
X-RATED	***The Erotic Artist*** (eoger couples screw for studio sketcher; flot plot, but kinky different strokes), ***Candy Factory*** (cute confection compony sweeties prove mouthwotering; torrid sex interrupted by poinfully long "octing" scenes).

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

AN AMERICAN musical giant turned 80 on December 12 and his daughter, Nancy Sinatra, came up with one hell of a package. A holiday gift book and birthday present, ***Frank Sinatra: An American Legend*** (General Publishing Group) is an exhaustive chronology of his long and extraordinary career. With hundreds of intimate photographs and touching personal commentaries, it is also available in a special collector's edition that includes four CDs. You read, he sings.

This season has a long list of oversize books on music. ***The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*** (St. Martin's) by onetime fiancée Monika Dannemann features New Age paintings of the guitarist by Dannemann, along with her reminiscences and photographs. In 260 photographs and exuberant prose, trumpeter Wynton Marsalis conveys the joys of music in ***Marsalis on Music*** (Norton), an intelligent accompaniment to his PBS TV series. ***The New Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock & Roll*** (Fireside), edited by Patricia Romanowski and Holly George-Warren, is a fresh, well-illustrated revision (with 500 new entries) of the 1983 classic rock reference. *Life*'s ***Elvis: A Celebration in Pictures*** (Warner), by Charles Hirshberg, contains 128 pages of remarkable photographs of the King, many unseen before. Forget the dirty boogie or the twist: The ***Tango*** (Thames and Hudson) is the sexiest dance, and Ken Haas' sizzling photographs prove it.

Marc Chagall's Russian Jewish heritage floats through ***Chagall: A Retrospective*** (Hugh Lauter Levin Associates), edited by Jacob Baal-Teshuva, with art reproductions and an excellent text. ***Andrew Wyeth: Autobiography*** (Bulfinch) presents 138 of the artist's most famous watercolor, tempera and dry-brush paintings, accompanied by interviews with retired Met Museum director Thomas Hoving about the interaction of Wyeth's art and life. Tom Feelings vividly evokes the horror of slavery in his paintings of the journey from Africa to America in ***The Middle Passage: White Ships/Black Cargo*** (Dial). The sensual and sometimes shocking photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe sparked a national debate over federal funding for the arts. ***Altars*** (Random House), a full-color companion volume to an earlier black-and-white collection, ought to give Senator Jesse Helms cause for a new rant.

Eve Arnold: In Retrospect (Knopf) is a brilliant photomemoir because Arnold's revealing autobiographical text flows in perfect rhythm with 95 of her best photographs. The unfolding beauty of Paris is the primary focus of the nostalgic photographs in ***Robert Doisneau: A Photographer's Life*** (Abbeville) by Peter Hamilton. ***Prayer to the Great Mystery: The Uncollected Writings and Photography of Edward S. Curtis*** (St. Martin's), edited by Gerald Hausman and Bob Kapoun, is a treasure of Native American lore, illustrated with previously unpublished Curtis photographs.

ISABELLE DERVAUX

Deck your halls with books.

Holiday gift books: Music, Trekkies, sports and women.

For your futuristic friends, you can't do better than ***The Illustrated Star Wars Universe*** (Bantam) by Kevin Anderson and Ralph McQuarrie, or ***The Art of Star Trek*** (Pocket) by Judith and Garfield Reeves-Stevens. Anderson and McQuarrie take readers to the shrouded world of Endor and to Dagobah, Yoda's mysterious swamp, with newly created art. The Reeves-Stevens book offers Trekkies a lot of never-before-published artwork from *Star Trek*'s 30-year history. Also, from his home in Sri Lanka, science fiction writer and visionary Arthur C. Clarke sends us ***The Snows of Olympus: A Garden on Mars*** (Norton), a collection of computer-generated images illustrating his bold theory that we could colonize Mars by "terraforming" its landscape.

There will be many celebrations of the centennial anniversary of the motion picture, but none will be more colorful, thorough or up-to-date than ***Chronicles of the Cinema*** (Dorling Kindersley), with a foreword by Gene Siskel. In ***100 Years of the Hollywood Western*** (General Publishing Group), Edd Whetmore and Jerry Harrison take us back on the trail with the Duke and Clint with stills from silent one-reelers, spaghetti Westerns and contemporary films such as *Unforgiven*. In 1973, when "the Disney version" meant more than T-shirts, Christopher Finch created the authoritative guide to ***The Art of Walt Disney*** (Abrams). Now, in a revised edition, he takes us through the Eisner years and into the not-yet-released feature *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. And in ***Money, Women, and Guns*** (Citadel), Douglas Brode provides a provocative analysis of modern crime movies from *Bonnie and Clyde* to *Natural Born Killers*.

Green Bay Packer Forrest Gregg's picture on the cover of ***The Sports Photography of Robert Riger*** (Random House) suggests the power and emotion conveyed by the 80 other photographs within. With an introduction by David Halberstam, this is the sports book of the year. For those couch potatoes who love to follow golf on TV, there is ***Golfwatching: A Viewer's Guide to the World of Golf*** (Abrams) by George Peper. Arranged in chronological order are all 81 top golf tournaments—including the Masters, the PGA, the U.S. Open, the British Open, the Ryder Cup, the Senior PGA Tour and even the "second season" of made-for-television events—with hole-by-hole paintings of each course, stats, rankings and tips on what to watch for.

H.L. Mencken declared it "the only American invention as perfect as a sonnet," and Barnaby Conrad III pays homage with a classic ten-to-one mix of anecdotal history and gin jokes in ***The Martini*** (Chronicle). As car lovers know, Fidel Castro unintentionally created the greatest American car museum in the world when he came to power. ***Cars of Cuba*** (Abrams) features full-color photographs by Joshua Greene of those Forties and Fifties Studebakers, Packards, De Sotos, Chevys and Caddies that still roll across the island.

Holy huckleberries, another comic-book history! This time it's ***DC Comics: Sixty Years of the World's Favorite Comic Book Heroes*** (Bulfinch) by Les Daniels, with more than 600 color illustrations of Batman, Superman, Wonder Woman and the rest of the cartoon pantheon.

Finally, consider the sweet delights of ***Va Va Voom!*** (General Publishing Group) by Steve Sullivan, an homage to the "bombshells, pinups, sexpots and glamour girls" of the Forties, Fifties and Sixties. Then, compare it to the eroticism of the drag queens, cross-dressers, transvestites and transsexuals in London's contemporary club scene in ***Walk on the Wild Side*** (Barricade) by Jeanette Jones. Whatever they are, here's to your holiday pleasures.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Your clairvoyant *Men* columnist predicts the top 12 tabloid headlines of 1996:

January 23: DAVID LETTERMAN A SPY. David Letterman announced yesterday that he was a spy for the former Soviet Union. He also admitted that he is the illegitimate son of Fidel Castro and Marilyn Monroe. "Why didn't my fans catch on?" he asked. "Didn't they see that my dad always sent me great cigars? Didn't they notice that I inherited my mom's figure? And what about my prosocialist humor? Didn't my audience get it? Evidently not, those pinheaded white-bread puny suburban pukes."

February 16: IT'S POWELL-BRADLEY IN 1996. A new political ticket was born as General Colin Powell and Senator Bill Bradley pledged to seek the nominations of their newly formed American Independence Party. To show their commitment to each other, Powell and Bradley were then officially married in a touching but private ceremony in Trenton, New Jersey. The groom wore his New York Knicks uniform and the bride wore his Gulf war cammies.

March 17: CHICAGO BEARS ORDERED TO SIGN SHANNON FAULKNER. The Illinois supreme court told the Chicago Bears that Shannon Faulkner deserves a chance to earn a spot on the team's roster. "Faulkner says she is in shape," the decision read, "and we believe her. Besides, professional football, which receives public tax benefits, has been a male-dominated vocation for too long."

April 15: FEMINISTS DEMAND FEMALE-ONLY SELECTIVE SERVICE ACT. America's feminist leaders led a march of 500,000 to the steps of the nation's Capitol today. "Draft women, not men!" they shouted. Spokesperson Patricia Ireland said, "We will not have equal rights in this country until women are subjected to the Selective Service Act and men are released from it."

May 26: FORMER SENATOR PACKWOOD WINS INDIANAPOLIS 500. Racing without a vehicle, running on his own two legs, former senator Bob Packwood completed the 500-mile Indy circuit ahead of all cars, edging out both the Penske and Kranefuss-Haas racing teams. Winded but still combative, Packwood explained his amazing victory this way: "All I had to do was imagine Senator Barbara Boxer pursuing me and trying to kiss me. I ran like hell because she's been hot for my butt for years. I never know when she's going to lip-lock me."

JOE FOURNIER

A DIRTY DOZEN

June 19: MISBEHAVING HARD HATS TO BE DEPORTED TO CHINA. President Clinton's newly appointed secretary of labor, Andrea Dworkin, announced that any American construction worker who looks at a woman for more than two seconds while on the job will be immediately deported by ship to China. When asked if female construction workers face similar consequences if they stare at men in the street, Secretary Dworkin said, "It would never happen. Women have an innocence and purity about them that men will never understand."

July 17: DOW-JONES AVERAGE REACHES 26,000. In a flurry of speculation, Bill Gates, the last solvent investor in America, pushed the Dow-Jones industrial average to a new high as he cornered all the corporate stock in the country. "What difference does it make that everybody else is broke and out of the market?" Gates asked. He also announced that the portion of America he owns (i.e., all territory west of the Mississippi River) will henceforth be called Microsoftia.

August 16: SADDAM HUSSEIN WILL HOST THE 1996 MISS AMERICA PAGEANT. Showing that peacemaking has advanced, the United Nations presented Saddam Hussein a multinational visa as he landed in Atlantic City to host the 1996 Miss America pageant. Hussein, still carrying his .45-caliber pistol and surrounded by bodyguards, joined leaders from Serbia, Bosnia and Croatia in singing the line that made Bert Parks famous: "Here she is, Miss America." While in the U.S., the group also plans to visit Disneyland.

September 8: SHANNON FAULKNER WINS STARTING POSITION WITH THE CHICAGO BEARS. A startled Dave Wannstedt, head coach of the Chicago Bears, announced that Shannon Faulkner has beaten out Erik Kramer and Steve Walsh for the starting-quarterback position this year. "It was a fair competition," Wannstedt said, "even if the defense wasn't allowed to tackle her and she was permitted to hand receivers the ball rather than pass it."

October 8: CHINA REFUSES TO ACCEPT AMERICAN HARD HATS. In a setback to Labor Secretary Andrea Dworkin's policy toward lecherous construction workers, China turned back the U.S. passenger liner President Garfield. A Chinese official explained the abrogation: "Those guys had been drinking beer since they left Seattle," he said. "There were so many hard hats pissing out of portholes that the ship looked like a fireboat. We could not accept men as ill-behaved and uncontrollable as that."

November 5: PEROT-LIMBAUGH WIN NATIONAL ELECTION BUT REFUSE TO MARRY. Saying they are defending traditional values, president-elect Ross Perot and his running mate, Rush Limbaugh, declared victory yesterday but declined to wed. "I find Ross to be a bit too skinny for my taste," Limbaugh said. To which Perot countered, "Well you're no Sleeping Beauty yourself, Mr. Pompous Fatso Dittohead."

December 26: JERRY GARCIA GRATEFUL TO BE BACK FROM THE DEAD. Telephone and computer networks were flooded on Christmas Day with authenticated sightings of Jerry Garcia. The former leader of the Grateful Dead appeared last evening on *The Faye Resnick Show* to explain his reincarnation. "I'm back from the dead, and from now on, I'll lead a sober life," Garcia said. Nobody argued with him—not even Resnick, who asked Garcia if it is true that God looks like a hairstylist from Westwood.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I told Arthur, the Editorial Director of PLAYBOY, that I was getting laid. A lot.

"So write about getting laid," he said.

"OK, no problemo," I said.

But now I have a big problemo. I'm afraid of writing about getting laid in PLAYBOY, the magazine of sexual freedom for all. Afraid of the response of certain guys who will read this. Not you, surely, but some.

I love sex in all its wondrous sweatiness. (I want to just casually call it fucking, but I can't bring myself to. I would have no problem using it in a women's magazine, but none of those prissy women's magazines would let me.) Not long ago my partner and I were in a bookstore, and desire started to glow in my groin, making its way up to my stomach. I couldn't help myself, I just flew at him. Smashed into him like a bumper car. His face turned that sex pink and he said, "Shall we just do it right here?"

We didn't. We got home and watched a movie, which we paused while I took a shower. Then I put on my bathrobe with nothing under it, put a condom in the pocket. Sat down on the sofa, put the movie back on. Let my robe fall open. Took my foot and massaged his penis. Scooted away when he reached for me. Put my legs on his lap. Robe fell farther open. Scooted away again. He was beginning to perspire. "Not in the mood," I told him. He reached over and started massaging my breasts. "Not in the mood," I whispered. He sucked on my nipples. I pushed him away. Then grabbed his hand and pulled him to the floor and we fucked our brains out. (Well, how else am I going to put it? "Golden ecstasy washed over us as we made profound and glorious love"?)

He's a big guy, Andrew is. Reminiscent of the village smithy. Brow wet with honest sweat, strong like iron bands (or something). Biggest muscles you ever saw. Also balding with glasses, with quite a nice paunch on him. A friend fixed us up. I saw him for the first time when his truck pulled up across the street from my house. Naturally, I was sneakily looking out the window. He got out and I immediately thought, OK, I'll do him.

But with his belly somewhat falling over his buckle, you wouldn't find him at a male strip show, where I went the other night with Cleo on her birthday.

It was one of the most terrible nights

JANE FISHER

SEX AND HOW TO GET IT

of my life. Not because of the guys, though they were pretty bad. They had great bodies, especially one burnished boy named Cappuccino, but they looked so incredibly stupid bumping and grinding and licking their lips in a most exaggerated fashion. And when a white boy came out in a Superman outfit stuffed with balloon boobs, I really didn't know what to think.

It was the women who were hideous. Shrieking. No, more like keening. If they had been one decibel higher only a dog could have heard them, but no. It was like being at a Beatles concert in 1965, only louder. Loud enough to split my head open, maybe.

But were they turned on? Nope. They were letting off steam. I was actually in a large fetid room with many singing teakettles. They were out with their friends for showers and birthdays, and they were ready to get raunchy safely. One was supposed to hold a dollar bill over a friend's head to get the stripper to kiss the friend. Every single woman who was kissed made a face and wiped her mouth. If a stripper touched her on any part of her body, she shied away, which is quite the paradox. Women supposedly screaming with lust were still loath to let strange men grope them.

"The next guy out is going to be Andrew!" shouted Cleo above the roar. We pictured my sweet man prancing neo-naked onstage and convulsed with giggles. But he is the one I lust after, not those silly strippers.

Because women are different from men. The men who go to strip clubs are pretty quiet, sitting there with hard-ons. They really are turned on. They want some lap dancing. They don't much care who the woman is, because those auxiliary sex glands in their eyes take over. Women have to know a guy. Is he smart, funny? Is he a bigoted asshole? My idea of a sex club would be cute long-haired guys in ripped jeans playing tortured blues guitar just for me, because only I truly understand them. We would talk for three solid hours about everything, and then we would slide under the table and fuck.

Goddamn, I said it again. I am going to get awful letters. Once Asa Baber wrote about how I gave him a blow job at a restaurant. I remember reading his column and getting dizzy with shock. At the end he confessed it was a fantasy, but by then it was too late. Many dumb hostile guys didn't read to the end. So I got letters:

"So Asa finally got you on your knees, snotty bitch."

"Ha-ha, Asa did you, can I do you too, ha-ha?"

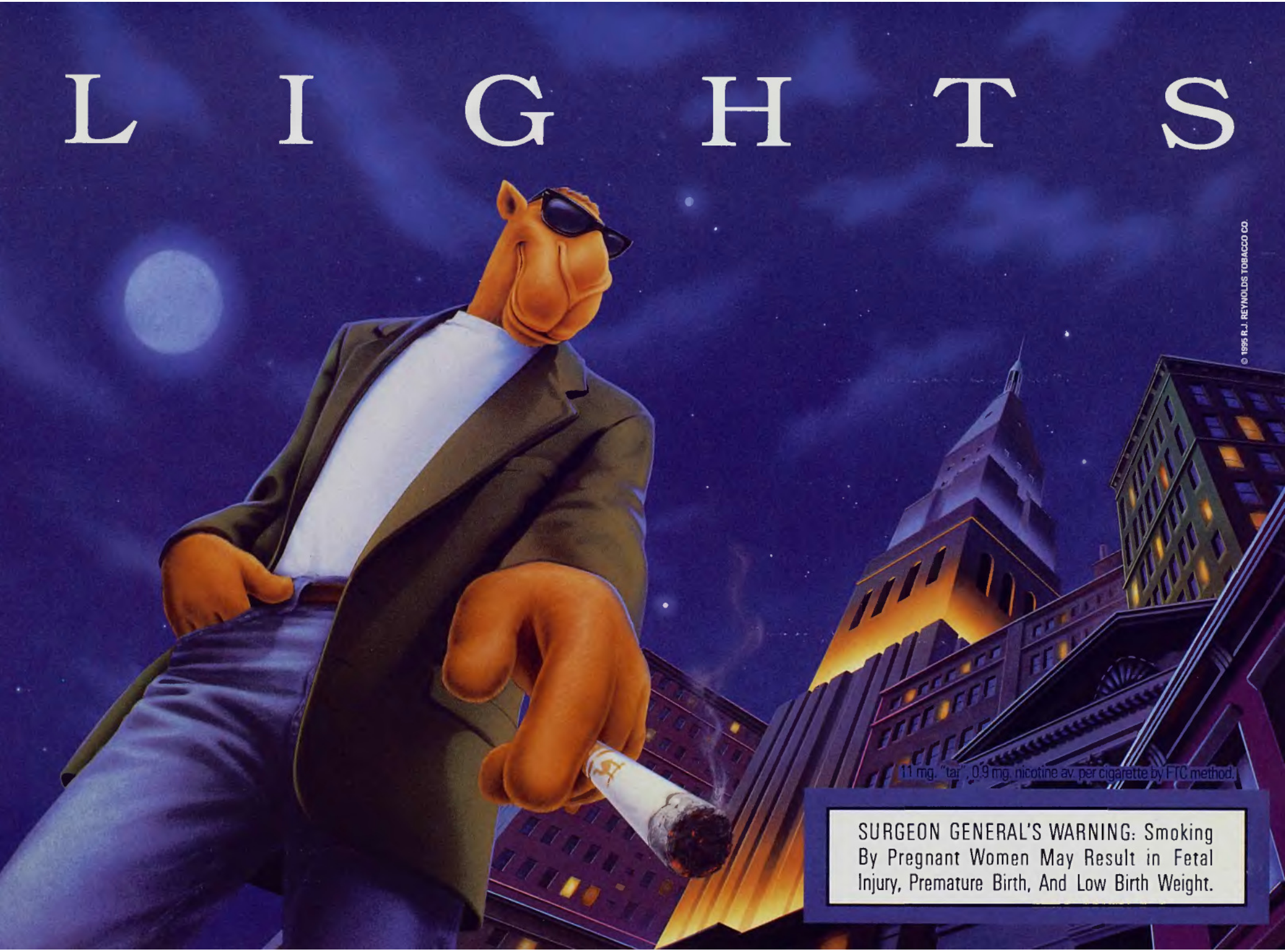
"I'll show you a better time than Asa did. I'll get you screaming. Do you have big tits?"

I don't think I ever told Asa that this is the primary reason I've been mad at him for about ten years. I think he was being just a teensy bit hostile.

So Asa, sweet cheeks, this is why I've been somewhat aloof: Because I was verbally abused and violated, my sex drive closed down completely for months. My boyfriend at the time couldn't get near me. All my juices had dried up because of the way a few imbeciles were such nasty, ridiculing dick brains.

Well, anyway, that's been over for a long time, and now, when Andrew grabs my butt and pulls me against his crotch, I flare up and melt in a lust puddle. There is nothing in the world, except for getting a new puppy, that is as furiously wonderful as getting laid.

Please God, don't let Andrew say anything mean or stupid.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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

On a recent episode of *Seinfeld*, Jerry referred to "the move," a sexual technique that he uses to bring unspeakable pleasure to his partner. What do you think the move is?—M.W., Maryville, Tennessee.

If it works, it's the move. If it doesn't, it's the move over.

I have a large penis (nine inches erect). My wife and I learned that her continual bladder infections were the result of it being bruised by my thrusting during sex. We solved the problem by having her wrap her hand around the lower part of my cock during intercourse. This gives me an even better orgasm because she strokes me and squeezes when she starts to climax. There isn't any position we haven't tried, and we are having sex more often than ever. Have you heard of this technique?—J.S., Tampa, Florida.

We have, but we like how you reinvented the wheel to find creative and pleasurable alternatives. Thankfully, men with a few less inches to spare can also enjoy your method. From the missionary position, lean back until you are on your knees with your lover's legs draped over your thighs. Insert just the head of your penis into her vagina, then ask politely if she'll stroke your shaft, caress your balls and move the head of your cock in and out of herself, up and down her labia and against her clitoris. (Penis is just another name for big, thick finger.) Your lover can also hold your shaft during intercourse; just part of your penis will enter her and she'll feel as if she's controlling your thrusts. You'll have the unique sensation of a woman's hand around your cock as you slide inside her. If a woman ever figures out how to get her mouth down there at the same time, there won't be any need for this column.

When I sent for some videos from Adam & Eve, an adult mail-order company, it refused to ship them because it has "suspended shipment of sexually explicit books, magazines and videos" to certain states. The company suggested I write my congressman, whatever good that does. Does this mean that I can't order adult videos through the mail?—N.M., Birmingham, Alabama.

You can always order sexually explicit material, but whether a distributor will risk sending it to certain federal districts in the land of the free is another matter. For the past decade, the Justice Department (egged on by the religious right) has been turning the screws on distributors, at one time using concurrent, rapid-fire prosecutions in efforts to shut down firms that couldn't afford to defend themselves in court. Adam & Eve fought back. Its president, Harvard grad Philip Harvey, was acquitted of violating obscenity laws in North Carolina, and a federal suit filed in Utah was dismissed after an appeals court chastised prosecutors for filing it. Exoneration doesn't much matter in cases motivated by moral posturing rather than legal sense; the point is to bury defendants in attorneys' fees until self-censorship becomes an offer they can't refuse. Hoping to avoid more court battles, Harvey now declines to send catalogs or products to Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Utah or most Southern states.

I read with interest your response to the reader who asked if what he eats affects the taste of his semen. You said it probably doesn't. I disagree. My husband loves blow jobs, but I hate the bitter taste of his semen. So we tried a recipe we read in a newsletter called *Batteries Not Included*. In a juicer, blend a stalk of celery and a third of a fresh pineapple. My husband drinks six ounces of this concoction every day. The trick is that celery and pineapple contain high concentrations of aspartic acid and the amino acid phenylalanine, the same ingredients used in sugar substitutes. What do you think?—G.A., Chicago, Illinois.

Your recipe may not work for everyone, but it will prevent outbreaks of scurvy.

When I got married last summer, I was 21 years old and a virgin. On my wedding night, my husband practically had to force himself on me, I was so afraid. For months afterward, I felt no sexual arousal and froze whenever he approached me. Then last week, at the library, I stumbled on an excerpt from an anonymous bit of writing I assumed to be from the Victorian age: "Lara was lying nude across the naked laps of both husbands. Paul was kissing his wife, while my husband stroked her thighs gently. Then, as if the men understood without speaking what each wanted, Paul gently propped his wife up and offered her breasts to my husband's lips, feeding him first one and then the other." Reading this, I could feel my cheeks getting hot. For the first time in my life, I felt an urgency and wonder about sex. How can I let my husband know that I want him to touch me and kiss me in the same way? I'm tired of missing out.—W.G., Portland, Oregon.

Great library. Your reaction to this bit of erotica was perfectly natural—it turned us on too. Check the book out (if it hasn't already been stolen) and after you and your husband have settled in for the night, pull it from under your pillow and tell him you're going to read to him. If you find yourself freezing up, concentrate on the words rather than the erotic images they form. Tell your husband why you like the passage, namely that the men touched and caressed the woman slowly and sensually. You didn't mention his sexual history, but we suspect your husband is inexperienced as well and needs to learn what turns you on. The best way for that to happen is for you to tell him, and reading erotica together is a step in the right direction. Your literary habits also indicate that you're curious and willing to explore. That's all you need to have a fantastic and fulfilling sex life.

This past summer my girlfriend and I vacationed in the West Indies. At our hotel, we were surprised to find that the four-poster bed was elevated relatively high off the ground. I'm 5'11" and my girlfriend is 5'1", and we discovered quickly that I could stand at the edge of the bed with her lying on her back and the elevation was perfect for lovemaking. We had tried this position at home once before, but I had to bend my knees and it was uncomfortable. It occurred to me that the bed might have been designed for exactly that purpose. Was it?—K.M., Upton, Massachusetts.

Function follows form. Beds in the West Indies and other lowland areas have traditionally been elevated to avoid dampness and allow for air circulation in the heat. (It sounds like you generated some heat of your own.) If you plan to do the T-bone regularly, throw another mattress on your box springs.

I've used a vibrator for masturbation, but now that I have a boyfriend, I'd like to use it when we make love. Any suggestions?—T.R., Cleveland, Ohio.

We like how you think. Many people never consider bringing out their vibrator unless they're alone in bed. The latest title in Jay Wiseman's popular series of homespun

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

sex advice, "Sex Toy Tricks: More Than 125 Ways to Accessorize Good Sex" (800-423-9494), includes some innovative ways to use a vibrator with a partner. If your device has a handheld control, for example, ask your boyfriend to take charge of the sensations as you stimulate yourself. Or have him take the vibrator and move its head in an arc from one thigh to the other, crossing over your vulva. For his pleasure, try the "cheek to cheek," which Wiseman describes this way: "Take his penis in your mouth, then apply a vibrator to your cheek. Move the vibrator sensually from one cheek to the other. Touch it to your lips. Turn your head so that the head of his penis makes a bulge in one of your cheeks and then apply the vibrator to the bulge." Add the occasional light touch to the underside of his dangling balls and watch out. Your inspired boyfriend may well bring his own vibrator next time. Write us again if he does.

A co-worker told me matter-of-factly that her husband often turns down sex. She's a knockout. Is he blind? I've heard of women rejecting men's advances but not the other way around.—G.H., Tucson, Arizona.

Men are just as capable of saying "Not tonight, dear" as women, and they do. In one survey of 3100 Americans, 35 percent of the men versus 23 percent of the women said they had invented an excuse to avoid having sex. There are as many motivations behind refusing to have sex as there are relationships. Perhaps your co-worker's husband works long hours or suffers from depression, or maybe she just enjoys having sex more frequently than he does (it happens). Sex could also be part of a power struggle if the marriage is going sour. If that's the case and she decides to move on, maybe she'll give you a chance not to say no.

What is the proper reply when someone asks if my girlfriend has had breast implants? Do I deny the obvious? Should I make up an excuse such as weight gain or pregnancy?—B.J., Seattle, Washington.

If it's obvious, why are they asking? The best response might be: "Ask her yourself. She's used to dealing with big boobs."

Every time I perform oral sex on my girlfriend, she comes enthusiastically. But when we have intercourse, I never get the same reaction. Why is that?—D.G., Santa Monica, California.

Many women need direct stimulation of the clitoris to achieve orgasm. They often don't get it through intercourse because the clitoris is situated up and away from the vaginal opening. Thanks to nerve endings in the labia and vaginal opening, many women find the feeling of a man inside them fulfilling, but that alone may not be enough. So lend a hand. You've probably noticed in adult videos that female performers often play with themselves during intercourse. Do the same for your girlfriend. Once she's aroused, slide your penis inside her, then "turn the page"—lick your thumb or index finger and gently tease her clitoris as you thrust.

Do you have any suggestions for writing a personal ad? I don't want to spend a lot of money and not get any responses.—N.T., New York, New York.

A well-written personal ad will prevent you from being swamped with inappropriate responses, which can be nearly as annoying as not getting any. Describe the traits that make you stand out in a crowd. Realize that every guy in the personals is affectionate and sensual and enjoys intelligent conversation. They're also fit, handsome, look younger than their age, love sunsets and have a refined sense of humor and superior listening skills. Dig a little deeper. Instead of "going to the movies" as a pastime, say that you "love comedies and Westerns" (if that's true, of course—don't set yourself up for a fall). Instead of "dry sense of humor," say that you "can't wait for Larry Sanders to interview Spinal Tap." Read other personals and mark those that stand out. What they'll have in common are details that together form an enticing, well-rounded grab for attention. Whatever else you do, don't use negative words such as lonely: How much fun can a lonely guy be? And don't include "scanning the personals" among your hobbies.

How do you mend a broken heart?—P.J., San Francisco, California.

How about this: Think about your former lover constantly. (You've tried to forget her, and that hasn't worked.) We just read a study of 110 men and women who were asked by University of Virginia psychologists to bring to mind a past love. While one group spent eight minutes pining, the other group tried to suppress the memories. Afterward, the fingers of each participant were checked for sweat—a sign that their emotions had been working overtime. Those who had tried to suppress their memories were much more stressed. The research suggests that focusing on a recently lost love—thinking about her, writing about her, talking about her—may make the affair lose its luster more quickly. You'll also inspire your friends to fix you up with someone new, since you'll be boring them to tears.

At a bar the other night, a woman said that she drinks vodka because it doesn't give her a hangover. Any truth to this?—R.L., Dayton, Ohio.

There may be. Some of the discomfort of hangovers is caused by congeners, which are chemicals in alcohol created during the fermentation process. Of hard liquors, vodka and gin have the lowest congener content. Blended scotch is somewhere in the middle, while brandy, rum, single malt scotch and bourbon are loaded. As we've never been so sophisticated as to rate our hangovers, prevention is the key. Eat before and after you drink, have a glass of water before hitting the sack (half of a hangover is dehydration) and try something sweet, such as honey or jam (fructose helps metabolize alcohol). Most important, drink in moderation.

At least once a month, my husband makes love to me in his sleep. At first I tried to wake him as soon as I felt him grabbing for me. Now I don't bother, because the one time he did wake up he was so startled that he lost interest and went back to sleep. Is this normal behavior?—S.S., Branson, Missouri.

Sleepbonking? That's a new one. There are dangers associated with somnambulism, but it sounds like your husband hasn't found any reason to leave bed. We suspect he's putting you on. Wake him tonight with a zombie-like blow job. When he thanks you in the morning, say you don't remember it.

My new girlfriend is shy when it comes to sexual matters, whereas I'm more open. I told her that my fantasy is to be a servant to her and another woman for a day. She objected. How can I assure her that playing out this fantasy would not change my feelings for her?—S.M., Madison, Wisconsin.

You don't say what your girlfriend's objections were, but perhaps you simply caught her off guard. Not only are you asking to bring another woman into your sexual relationship, you want her to play master and slave as well. One thing at a time. Domination is a common fantasy, but you should introduce it subtly by suggesting that you spend a quiet evening pampering her. Clean her apartment, take her dog for a walk, cook dinner, draw her bath. Make it a game. Challenge her to test your mettle. You may be surprised at how frisky she becomes if there's laughter involved. Some folks take this sort of thing very seriously, of course, drawing up contracts, vowing eternal submission and honoring detailed rules of engagement. For more on that scene, check out "Welts: Female Domination in an American Marriage" (Fem-Suprem Books), which combines erotic fiction with tips on launching your master-slave relationship, including a sample contract and the "50 Rules of Enslavement." Rule number one: "You have given me complete power over you—and I won't be giving it back." Tennis, anyone?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.

THE SEX LIES OF THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

how conservatives distort the facts of life

"The great enemy of the truth is very often not the lie—deliberate, contrived and dishonest—but the myth—persistent, persuasive and unrealistic." —JOHN F. KENNEDY

They lie. When Jimmy Swaggart ranted at the cameras in his televangelical tent that sex education classes promoted incest, it was a lie. When Jerry Falwell told followers of his *Good Time Gospel* show that "homosexuals know they are going to die and they are going to take as many people with them as they can," it was a lie.

Breaking the third and ninth commandments is business as usual for members of the religious right. On their television stations, in school curricula, through their think tanks and in our national newspapers they lie about sex. They lie so big and loud and so often that many people assume they must be telling the truth.

At every opportunity these liars construct a false and defamatory image of sexuality. Pat Robertson says "oral sex is against nature." Anti–family-planning educator Father John McGoey tells a Human Life International Symposium that "there is absolutely nothing loving about sex. Lust is as destructive of love inside of marriage as it is outside." James Dobson, head of Focus on the Family, castigates "sex experts who say abstinence but mean anything goes." The American Family Association charges that school systems are "reshaping children's attitudes and behavior toward hedonism, heterosexual as well as homosexual."

Christian Coalition leader Ralph Reed can tell Ted Koppel on *Nightline* that "this is bestiality, pedophilia, child molestation. According to the Carnegie Mellon survey [of the Internet], one quarter of all the images involve the torture of women," and go unquestioned. Michael McManus, a conservative columnist who wrote an introduction to the Meese Commission Report, can use the same media moment to claim that "aberrant sex predominates. Sex between husband and wife can be beautiful. But that is not the image being pulled down by cyberspace users. What's sought are photos of deviant sex: women in bondage, being tortured. It is massively harmful." Never mind that a swift cruise on the Internet will refute such claims; most people aren't online. One has to ask: Whose sexual imagination is at work? What tortured thoughts go through their minds when they consider their own sex lives?

It's easy to refute the sex lies of the right using data from biology, medicine, criminology and developmental psychology. But the right doesn't use language to communicate facts about sex. Instead, it conveys emotions about sex—fear, hatred, self-disgust. Those emotions are far from what sex should and can be. Yet those emotions are shaping public policy.

Take Swaggart's idea that sex education encourages incest. Listen to the emotion behind his message: I am afraid of my own sexuality and that of my children. It is blame-shifting: An outside force creates incest. If the schools didn't do it, the devil will take the blame. Witness Bev Russell, a powerful member of the Christian Coalition, who began molesting his stepdaughter Susan Smith when she was 14 or 15. According to news reports, he would come home from putting up campaign posters for Pat Robertson to fondle her. Smith grew up with a warped set of sexual values—and drowned her two children in hope of keeping the love of a man.

Her stepfather continued to have sex with her just months prior to the murders. Incest is a powerful, corrupt form of sex education.

Images offer an easy way out. But it wasn't an image that prompted Father Bruce Ritter (founder of Covenant House and a member of the Meese Commission) to reportedly fondle boys on couches, or that encouraged Jimmy Swaggart to hire prostitutes so he could look up their dresses. A sex expert discussing the birds and bees was not what drove Jim Bakker to climb on top of a young secretary in a hotel room at a religious conference. They do not explain the thousands of children who are molested by priests and pastors.

The religious right sees sexuality as an external force, a threat to rationality, authority, religion and marital fidelity. A devilishly clever energy, sex continually manifests itself in new ways. Fashion ads. Rap music. Sex education. Soft-core porn. Videos. Phone sex. Fully clothed cheerleaders at high school football games.

Once you believe sex is an outside force, you look for it everywhere—which is a textbook definition of paranoia. How else to explain the obsessive search for temptation that causes someone to find the letters SEX in a few frames of *The Lion King*, or the naked breast of a sunbather in a *Where's Waldo* puzzle?

Sometimes the obsessive fears of

By MARTY KLEIN

the right are comic: The American Family Association in Florida forced the passage of an ordinance banning nude sunbathing on a beach near Cape Canaveral with the explanation, "It will allow you and your family to walk without fear of being offended, or worse, physically attacked by nude or partially nude persons." Beware, beware of the naked man.

Clearly, the religious right and its cohorts are dreadfully frightened of their own eroticism. They struggle against their fleshly desires, but they cannot deny that their flesh desires. They may loathe their fantasies of legs, breasts and mouths, but they cannot banish the images. They preach that desire is weakness. And their own weakness terrifies them.

To overcome this emotional conflict they project their terror onto others: I'm not the bad one, you are. I'm not afraid of me, I'm afraid of you. Repelled by their own sexuality, they loathe and thus fear others' sexuality. And as a misplaced attempt to control their own eroticism, they try to control others'. That's how we get a Randall Terry telling Operation Rescue supporters, "I want you to let a wave of intolerance wash over you. We are called by God to conquer this nation."

The key consequence of these lies is a personal and cultural environment of fear of sexuality, especially male sexuality. People learn to mistrust their eroticism, which leads to suffering, acting out, self-repression and the desire for salvation. Feeling the need to protect self, family and community, people turn to institutions (such as the church and conservative political organizations) that acknowledge this fear of sexuality. The resulting culture of fear and mistrust fits perfectly into the right's political-moral worldview. Satan already exists, as do temptation, the battle for good and evil, a theory of human guilt, an infallible instruction book and an angry, asexual god. The right can integrate any new sexual phenomenon (phone sex, cyberporn, etc.) into its existing model (temptation, immorality) and proposed solution (repression).

Most recently we have the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon charging that Calvin Klein ads are "child porn," and insisting that they be investigated by the Justice Department. Only a mind obsessed with sex could perceive child porn in images of fully clothed teenagers mostly doing nothing.

While the Calvin Klein ads may strike you as tasteless, creepy or simply hot, they are not sexual abuse or exploitation. Wildmon, however, demands that the Justice Department go through photographer Steven Meisel's files to see what else happened at the shooting of the commercials. Calvin Klein is the best thing that ever happened to the zealous and priggish Wildmon. The reverend wants the feds to go after every magazine that ran the print ads and go after every city that had the images plastered on the sides of its buses. Are you now or have you ever been aroused by a Calvin Klein ad? In all of the coverage of this issue only a handful of columnists had the courage to describe the crusade as nonsense. Child porn is a new form of red-baiting. Since no one can seem to be for child porn, no one will rise to defend the accused.

Wildmon is outraged by images of underwear—because those images focus attention on sexual anatomy. That which underwear conceals, it reveals. At some point, underwear ceases to be a tool of personal hygiene and becomes part of our erotic vocabulary. Cotton briefs become lingerie in sexual awakenings. And that is exactly what upsets Wildmon: He thinks, I must draw the line here, or I will lose control. He cannot admire, fantasize, express awe or warm his soul over nature's heat. If he had his way, Calvin Klein's penance would be to design underwear that could not be removed until the wearer was 21 and married.

And so Wildmon sponsors clinics for porn addicts—devoted to the notion that even the briefest exposure to sex leads inexorably down the path to debauchery. What others call sexual growth, or discovery, Wildmon views as a force of satanic proportions.

Wildmon's own approach to sex education is a comic book (distributed by the AFA) called *God's Quiet Voice*. In it, a young boy wrestles with the choice of looking at a classmate's collection of pinups. A pastor tells the boy, "Jesus would have been upset if you had looked at that magazine. We wouldn't want that, would we?"

The boy answers, "No way! I don't want to do anything to upset Jesus, 'cause he died on the cross to forgive me of my sins!"

This is an agonizingly simplistic view. Phyllis Schlafly, head of the Eagle Forum, says, "The facts of life can be told in 15 minutes." She also says, "Sex education is robbing children of their childhood." But the sex lies of the religious right are sex education. Imagine the brainwashing that led three 12-year-olds to write a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* that reads, "We watched *The Lion King* and unfortunately, we saw SEX spelled out in a cloud of dust. We can't believe Disney would do such a thing! Little kids watch this movie. Now you can't even watch a movie without being faced with pornography!" A spelling bee becomes pornography? No doubt these kids will grow up to be sexually healthy adults.

The right's picture of pure, nonerotic humans is a fantasy, a yearning for a simple, guilt-free existence without ambiguity or moral conflict. It idealizes this imaginary state and urges us to protect ourselves from any lust that might crawl across our virtue.

Having scared people about others' sexuality, the right promises to rectify the situation. It will take your fear seriously and tell you exactly what to do, feel and believe. It will press legislators to limit the sexual choices you can make. It will continue to find new instances of sexual danger and keep you informed of the ever-growing scourge. It will seek and destroy all temptation. This last is the most dangerous lie of all.

If the members of the religious right are unable to control themselves, should we let them control America?

SEX LIES REFUTED

LIE: "Condoms do not protect you from AIDS."
—MICHAEL SCHWARTZ, FREE CONGRESS FOUNDATION

FACT: Even the worst-quality condom is "10,000 times better in terms of reducing exposure to HIV" than unprotected sex.
—DR RONALD CAREY, FDA

LIE: "At first the girl (and guy) [who choose abortion] may feel relieved that they no longer have to worry about the responsibilities of parenthood. But in the long run, they will feel guilt, depression and anxiety . . . making it nearly impossible for her ever to forget the abortion."
—*Sex Respect* HIGH SCHOOL CURRICULUM

FACT: "A review of more than 250 studies of possible psychological effects of abortion by the U.S. Surgeon General and the American Psychological Association found that abortion does not cause short-term or long-term negative effects for the majority of women undergoing the procedure."
—*Kinsey Institute New Report on Sex*

LIE: "How do people become pedophiles? Usually, pornography walks you down that path until you get to the place where you've seen everything that a man and a woman can do together, and then you make that little jump over to perversions."
—JAMES DOBSON, FOCUS ON THE FAMILY

FACT: "The FBI has no evidence that pornography causes crimes. Pedophilia has absolutely nothing to do with adult pornography."
—FBI AGENT KEN LANNING

LIE: "Too much sex education too soon causes undue curiosity and obsession with sex."
—BEVERLY LAHAYE, CONCERNED WOMEN FOR AMERICA

FACT: After taking a Planned Parenthood–approved course, "teens were more likely to delay initiation of sexual intercourse; and when they did initiate it, they decreased their levels of unprotected sex by 40 percent."
—*Family Planning Perspectives*

LIE: "Gays and lesbians live perverted, twisted lives that feed upon the unsuspecting and the innocent, like our children."
—THE REVEREND LOU SHELDON, TRADITIONAL VALUES COALITION (Sheldon produced a video, *Gay Rights/Special Rights*, that claims gays are 18 times more likely than straight people to be child molesters.)

FACT: "In this sample [of 352 evaluated children], a child's risk of being molested by his or her relative's heterosexual partner is more than 100 times greater than by someone who might be identified as being homosexual, lesbian or bisexual."
—C. JENNY ET AL., *Pediatrics*

LIE: "Sex education classes are like in-home sales parties for abortion."
—PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY

FACT: "Most sex education classes in the U.S. do not discuss abortion. In fact, in many states such discussion is prohibited."
—LESLIE KANTOR, DIRECTOR, SEXUALITY INFORMATION AND EDUCATION COUNCIL OF THE U.S.

LIE: "Cyberporn is pervasive. Half of 8.5 million downloads involved child pornography and 83.5 percent of the images seen on Usenet, a part of the Internet, were pornographic."
—MICHAEL MCMANUS, COLUMNIST

FACT: According to the Carnegie Mellon study, pornographic image files represent three percent of all messages on the Usenet newsgroups. As for kid porn, the research found no images depicting hard-core sex acts with children.

LIE: "There is no way to have premarital sex without hurting someone."
—*Sex Respect* CURRICULUM

FACT: "The vast majority of Americans have intercourse before marriage. There is no evidence that this damages individuals or marriages."
—LESLIE KANTOR, SIECUS

LIE: "Feminism encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians." —PAT ROBERTSON

FACT: Try consulting your nearest reality.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BODMICK

READER

DEADLY CODES

I thought I was special, but after reading "The Death of Common Sense" (*The Playboy Forum*, September) I realize my experience was not at all unique. Recently a boat that was docked in front of my home had extensive work done that resulted in fiberglass particles getting in my home (very itchy), on the dock, in the ocean and on my patio furniture. I called the Coastal Commission (they don't speak English), the Air Quality Management District (they lost my message and called me two weeks after the work subsided), the management company in charge of the docks (they didn't want to lose the boat's owner as a tenant) and Beaches, Parks and Harbors (voice mail—my call was never returned). No one at City Hall was quite sure what it was in charge of. This was a rude awakening and disappointing experience in how "efficiently" government and management companies operate when someone is doing something clearly illegal and environmentally harmful.

D.J. Germann
Huntington Harbor, California

In "The Death of Common Sense," Philip Howard refers to a building-code elevator requirement that apparently thwarted a charitable project in New York City that would have provided shelter for 64 homeless men. Howard points to this as an example of how the government fails us, asserting that "the homeless would gladly walk up a flight of stairs." As a quadriplegic, I am frequently confronted with inaccessible buildings, and I applaud laws that make this society more wheelchair-friendly. Granted, such requirements are expensive, but they are necessary if there is to be any real commitment to integrating the physically challenged into the mainstream. Thus, it is not the law that offends common sense, but rather the assumption of shared mobility.

Richard Condon
Trumbull, Connecticut

FOR THE RECORD

LAP DANCE LAW

"(a) Being nude except for wearing an open shirt or blouse, (b) fondling her own breasts, buttocks, thighs and genitals while close to the customer, (c) sitting on a customer's lap and grinding her bare buttocks into his lap, (d) sitting on a customer's lap, reaching into his crotch and apparently masturbating the customer, (e) permitting the customer to touch and fondle her breasts, buttocks, thighs and genitals, (f) permitting the customer to kiss, lick and suck her breasts, (g) permitting what appeared to be cunnilingus."

—LAP-DANCING PRACTICES DESCRIBED BY A TORONTO JUDGE AS ALLOWABLE WITHIN COMMUNITY STANDARDS OF TOLERANCE, MAKING TORONTO THE ONLY CITY IN NORTH AMERICA WHERE LAP-DANCING IS LEGAL

Howard's book is a breath of fresh air. I hope our lawmakers and leaders take the concepts seriously instead of waving them around, making promises—there is no telling how much money could be saved or how greatly our quality of life could be enriched. I say give it a shot.

Richard Fought
Knoxville, Tennessee

Howard hit the nail on the head regarding the sad state of the law in today's overregulated society. I am particularly discouraged to see meaningful laws—which lead to proper justice—erode into a mishmash of overcomplicated and unenforceable legislation. Perhaps the insanity will end when people make their dissatisfaction heard through their right to vote. Until then, may God help us all.

Bob Cross
Montreal, Quebec

I agree wholeheartedly with what Howard is saying. Government should take responsibility for where taxpayers' money goes. We are a misdirected society being led by the misdirected. The government doesn't need to step back and analyze the issues affecting this country—that's been going on for hundreds of years. If our fearless leaders don't have a handle on it by now, it is time for the government to take a backseat to the American people.

Brian Smith
Cambridge, Massachusetts

It is apparent that, in recent years, the human race has been trying to rid itself of the stupidity gene. What I don't understand is Uncle Sam's dogged determination to nurture it. The idiot population would be drastically reduced if we eliminated warning signs for the obvious, such as the warning that "ingestion of engine parts may prove hazardous." When someone dies from diving into a pool without checking the depth, electrocutes herself with a curling iron in the tub or chokes on a cue ball placed in his mouth, he or she gets what he or she deserves. It's not cruel. It's evolution in action.

Jim Rogers
Petersburg, Virginia

SAFETY IN LIBERTY

With regard to Walter Briggs' response on the Randy Weaver case in Idaho ("Overkill," *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*, September), it is difficult to think that one should contemplate giving up individual rights, as Briggs is apparently ready to do, in the name of

RESPONSE

public safety. I am neither ready nor willing to give up my rights for any purpose. One bombing does not a totalitarian state make. Big Brother has shown us his perspective on public safety in Idaho and Waco. The last thing that needs to be handed over is any type of authoritarian power. While I don't share Briggs' views, there are several countries that do: Iraq, China, Colombia and Angola, to name a few.

Steven Miller
Beverly Hills, California

To Walter Briggs, my only reply is in the words of another: "Anyone who surrenders an essential liberty for momentary safety loses both and deserves neither."

Ron Jorgensen
Austin, Texas

VOICES FOR CHOICE

Among the letters in your September *Reader Response*, one caught my eye. R.S. Schoembs writes that "People should start taking responsibility for their actions. Stop the excuses." My 14-year-old sister just started ninth grade. She's not old enough for a job. She still plays with Barbies. She's also six weeks pregnant. Should she be expected to take responsibility? Would pro-lifers really want their preteen and teenage daughters to go through a nine-month pregnancy and hours of labor, not to mention the probability of a disrupted education? I think not. Abortion is a woman's choice that should stay a woman's choice.

Susan Rogers
Tulsa, Oklahoma

This entire abortion issue comes down to three simple things: women's human and civil rights, people who believe in those rights and people who try to keep women from exercising those rights. It is sad to see that there are so many people in the world who consider women inferior to men and, therefore, not worthy of the right to choose what to do with their own bodies. There is nothing more sacred than a woman's right to choose.

Ricardo Emanuel
Fanzeres, Portugal

If I were a pregnant woman and an organization were to prevent me from obtaining an abortion (a legal service), I would sue that organization for the full projected cost of having and raising the child.

John Smith
Belleville, New Jersey

ONLINE HARASSMENT

Your Internet site is a great complement to the magazine, but you may be victims of the movement to scour cyberspace clean. After logging on to your World Wide Web page through the Cal State University system, I received an e-mail message from someone claiming to be "Big Brother@watching.you." It read: "Pervert! You are using college system resources to fulfill your kinky leather and lace fetishes. Log out and buy the magazine, would ya?" Now I'm afraid to log on. Do you know if anything can be done?

Alison Jackson
Studio City, California

Immediately inform your university's computer system operator. Because the Cal State system, like most owned and operated by cash-strapped universities, must work within limited bandwidth and space, its operators discourage students from using the network for anything other than educational purposes. Knowing that your university account has been compromised, you should consider subscribing to a commercial service that puts more value on your privacy for a few bucks.

CAPITAL CRIMES

Thanks to Erwin Fuchs for pointing out the flaws in Leigh Dingerson's argument against capital punishment (*Reader Response*, *The Playboy Forum*, October). Recently, three Bangladeshi were caught with illegal drugs in Dubai and were beheaded as permitted by law. In the U.S. we spend millions of dollars and countless years to implement some sort of a rehabilitation program that, more than likely, will prove ineffective. Fuchs is right when he states that punishment, when swiftly and consistently enforced, has an undeniable impact.

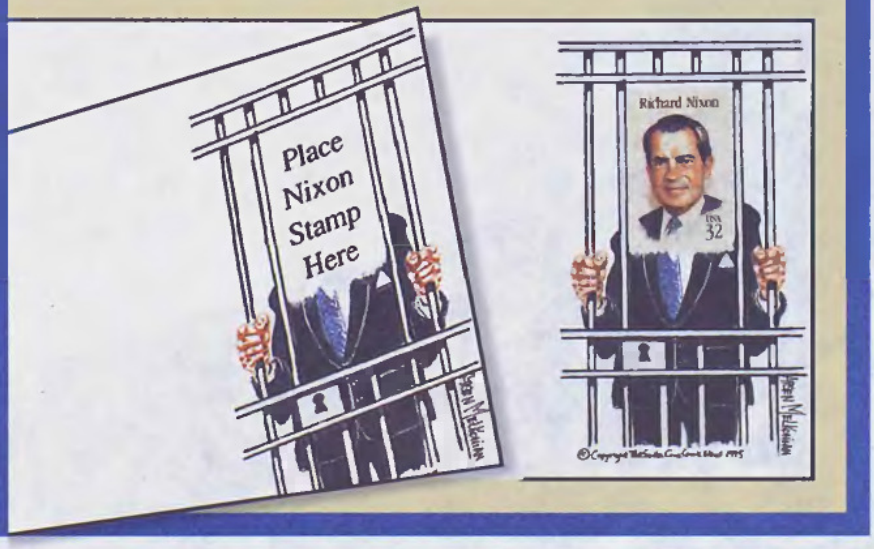
Ed Munir
Eagan, Minnesota

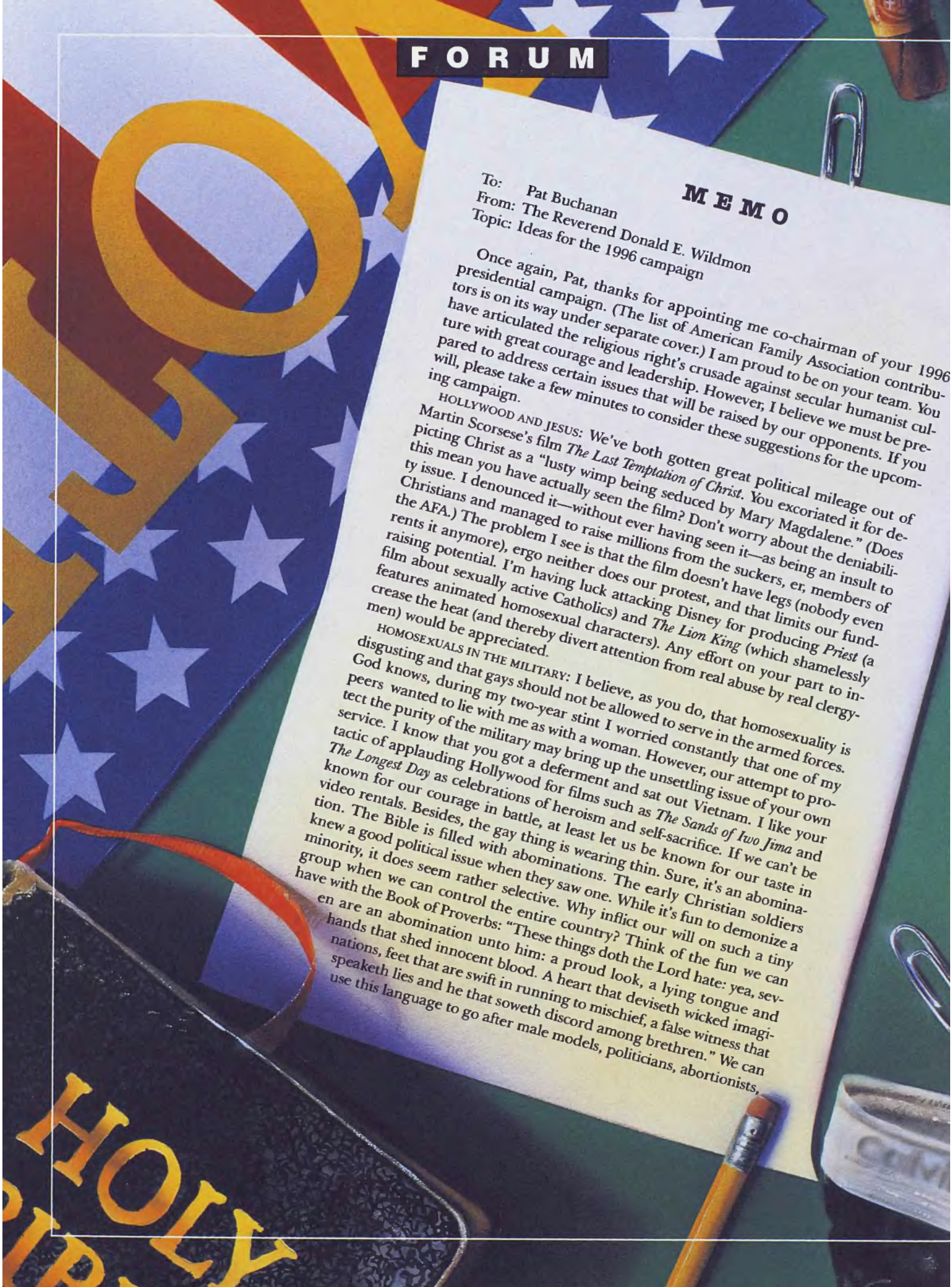
Erwin Fuchs' comments regarding the death penalty in Singapore and Saudi Arabia are true. With no constitutional protection from cruel and unusual punishment, these people are not remotely free.

Richard John
Staffordshire, U.K.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

Sales for the Richard Nixon postage stamp have been as sluggish as his admission of the truth. But Thom Zajac, publisher of the *Santa Cruz Comic News*, came up with a way to put Tricky Dick behind bars—where some folks say he belonged all along. To order your own Nixon envelopes or stamps, contact Tricky Envelopes, P.O. Box 8543, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, 408-426-0113.





MEMO

To: Pat Buchanan
From: The Reverend Donald E. Wildmon
Topic: Ideas for the 1996 campaign

Once again, Pat, thanks for appointing me co-chairman of your 1996 presidential campaign. (The list of American Family Association contributors is on its way under separate cover.) I am proud to be on your team. You have articulated the religious right's crusade against secular humanist culture with great courage and leadership. However, I believe we must be prepared to address certain issues that will be raised by our opponents. If you will, please take a few minutes to consider these suggestions for the upcoming campaign.

HOLLYWOOD AND JESUS: We've both gotten great political mileage out of Martin Scorsese's film *The Last Temptation of Christ*. You excoriated it for depicting Christ as a "lusty wimp being seduced by Mary Magdalene." (Does this mean you have actually seen the film? Don't worry about the deniability issue. I denounced it—without ever having seen it—as being an insult to Christians and managed to raise millions from the suckers, er, members of the AFA.) The problem I see is that the film doesn't have legs (nobody even rents it anymore), ergo neither does our protest, and that limits our fund-raising potential. I'm having luck attacking Disney for producing *Priest* (a film about sexually active Catholics) and *The Lion King* (which shamelessly features animated homosexual characters). Any effort on your part to increase the heat (and thereby divert attention from real abuse by real clergymen) would be appreciated.

HOMOSEXUALS IN THE MILITARY: I believe, as you do, that homosexuality is disgusting and that gays should not be allowed to serve in the armed forces. God knows, during my two-year stint I worried constantly that one of my peers wanted to lie with me as with a woman. However, our attempt to protect the purity of the military may bring up the unsettling issue of your own service. I know that you got a deferment and sat out Vietnam. I like your tactic of applauding Hollywood for films such as *The Sands of Iwo Jima* and *The Longest Day* as celebrations of heroism and self-sacrifice. If we can't be known for our courage in battle, at least let us be known for our taste in video rentals. Besides, the gay thing is wearing thin. Sure, it's an abomination. The Bible is filled with abominations. The early Christian soldiers knew a good political issue when they saw one. While it's fun to demonize a minority, it does seem rather selective. Why inflict our will on such a tiny group when we can control the entire country? Think of the fun we can have with the Book of Proverbs: "These things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue and hands that shed innocent blood. A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that are swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies and he that soweth discord among brethren." We can use this language to go after male models, politicians, abortionists,

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

an imaginary memo from the ridiculous right

parody

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

screenwriters, ambulance chasers and O.J.'s defense team.

HOLLYWOOD AND FREEDOM OF THE PRESS: I have prepared an enemies list. Jay Leno is at the top. He has suggested that the Unabomber's terrorist manifesto (he wants to "overthrow the government and burn books") is a dead ringer for your campaign platform. I have dealt with annoying comedians before by organizing boycotts of advertisers—with your permission, of course.

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS: You walk a fine line as champion of the little guy and individual rights except when the individual is an artist, a woman or an immigrant. Your record against abortion and a woman's right to choose is exemplary. I have ordered 10,000 buttons proclaiming our position: PAT BUCHANAN: THE POLITICS OF VIRILITY. WHEN WE SCREW A WOMAN, WE WANT HER TO STAY SCREWED. An alternative, REAL MEN LAST NINE MONTHS, is also available. These buttons will be distributed at the convention by independent parties.

THE CABINET: Please reconsider appointing Randall Terry as head of Health and Human Services. He is not a one-issue leader. He has recently advocated a return to Old Testament punishments—flogging, eye plucking, stoning, slavery. Terry believes that a teenager who strikes or curses at his or her parents is guilty of a capital offense. Consider the following quote: "Our enemies would throw the tough cases up in our faces and say, 'Do you actually mean you would support the stoning of a rebellious teenager?' I fear God, and I think we would have fewer rebellious teenagers if a law like that existed in America today." I'm sure we could use that quote. Terry is a great guy with some excellent ideas. If we want to be tough on criminals, let's start at home. I admit that there is a slight contradiction between protecting the rights of the unborn and stoning adolescents to death. But face it, the members of our constituency wouldn't know a contradiction if it bit them on the ass, er, derriere. As for other posts: Pat Robertson seems perfectly suited to head the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. He did stop a hurricane with prayer, after all. Ralph Reed wants to control the Internet, which is OK by me. He's the one who figured out how to program the office VCR. (By the way, please return my tape of *NYPD Blue* and remember to use a brown envelope. I know that being a media watchdog means I have the biggest collection of objectionable material this side of the Vatican, but tapes cost money.) My good friend Jerry Falwell wants to be head of the NCAA. Just don't tell him the NCAA is not a government agency. Yet. Under our guidance everything—churches, schools, the media—will report to the federal government. And Dr. Judith Reisman—former songwriter for Captain Kangaroo—wants to head the National Endowment for the Arts.

As for myself, I will be content to head the FBI. Together, we can put the bully back in the bully pulpit.

ILLUSTRATION BY BROECK STEADMAN

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

UDDER DEPRAVITY

NEW HOLLAND, PENNSYLVANIA—*Police charged a 55-year-old man with involuntary deviate sexual intercourse for getting*

it on with cows. An officer arrived on the scene to find the man, wearing nothing but shoes, inside a barn "molesting the heifers." The cops assumed the encounter was involuntary without questioning the cows.

A SAFER WAFER

LODI, NEW JERSEY—*Christians sharing the communal chalice could walk away with more than spiritual awakening—they may also be swapping germs. A scientist at Felician College simulated a communion service to study the transmission of microbes and found that more bacteria contaminated the wine when participants sipped from the cup than when they dipped the wafer.*

RECKLESS ROMEO

FESTUS, MISSOURI—*When a motorist discovered that his auto collision occurred when the other driver lost control of his vehicle because his girlfriend bit him during a blow job, he got mad. The driver was initially charged with careless and imprudent driving—a misdemeanor. Though the wreck involved no booze, the man, whose wife died in the crash, got Mothers Against Drunk Driving to pressure the county prosecutor into bumping up the charge and attempting to prove reckless conduct. That could lead to a trial and a manslaughter conviction.*

OFF-COLOR TV

LONDON—*The delightfully liberal British Broadcasting Corp. got itself in hot water recently with England's television watchdogs. The BBC was rebuked for "Confessions," a bogus game show in which contestants were rewarded for criminal and antisocial behavior such as running over a policeman, setting a woman's hair on fire and burying a tortoise alive. Channel Four also upset the Broadcasting Standards Council by airing "Pot Night," a spoof marijuana-gardening program. Authorities said the program was so straight-faced it appeared to promote at-home cannabis cultivation. The commotion has the British government working on a revised charter that will oblige the BBC to "avoid offending good taste and decency."*

CODE PURPLE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Patent Office awarded a Pennsylvania couple a patent for a condom that changes colors in the event of a tear. The inventors came up with a three-level design incorporating a middle layer of dye that turns bright green or purple if a puncture or break exposes it to air. Presumably, instructions on how to notice the change while in the throes of passion are included.*

TEEN TROLLERS

NEW YORK CITY—*Adults father at least half the babies born to teenage mothers, according to a study by the Alan Guttmacher Institute. The survey, involving some 10,000 mothers interviewed from 1989 to 1991, runs counter to the conservative charge that teens rut with other teens after being brainwashed by sex ed classes. The newly discovered age gap may be an indicator of a greater tragedy—abuse by predatory adults.*

PARENT TRAP

SIDNEY, NEBRASKA—*Four adults who allowed their daughters to be tattooed have been released from charges of felony child abuse after prosecutors failed to show any harm had come to the children. The girls, ages 11 to 13, consented to have the procedure done. Guess they'll need a judicial ruling if they opt for nose rings.*

SEX AND VIOLENCE

NEW YORK CITY—*A psychologist at Gundry-Glass Hospital in Baltimore concluded that sex and violence in music videos do not seem to influence the sexual or social attitudes of college students. La-Tine Else, who conducted the research at the University of South Dakota, said she was surprised by the results. Else gathered some 150 male and female students to watch videos that emphasized either sex, sex and violence, major violence or neither. The researcher said that while exposure to such programming may affect younger children, and while previous studies indicate attitude changes occur after viewing R-rated films, the images shown on MTV aren't strong enough to influence college-age viewers.*

CHURCH OF ME

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Tax Court held that William Richardson could not legally deduct the $36,000 he had donated to himself as a tax-exempt religious*

organization. Richardson argued that he qualifies as a church because he believes in the Bible. "It is evident," the court ruled, "that a church cannot, for federal income tax purposes, consist of just one individual."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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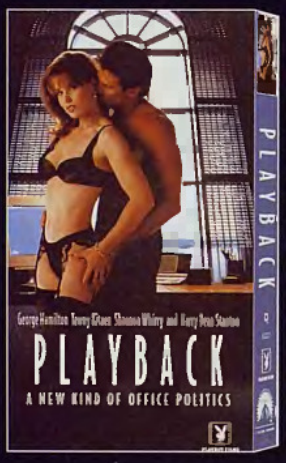

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Passionate partnerships and dangerous deals are on the agenda in this sexy corporate thriller.

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Harry Dean Stanton
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A beautiful woman possessed by a mythical seductress must be exorcised in this bewitching blend of white-hot passion and nerve-jangling suspense.

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Corbin Bernsen
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WHAT WE LEARNED AT RUBY RIDGE

yes, the fbi screwed up. but randy weaver's still a fascist

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

When the FBI screws up, as it did in the assault on Randy Weaver's cabin at Ruby Ridge, Idaho and the massacre at the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, innocent people get killed. But the larger cost is that these screwups create martyrs—and myths that will not die.

We live by myths. Our politics are driven by them, and for many Americans the above incidents now form the core of a profoundly felt worldview in which the U.S. government is the enemy. They have fueled a militia movement at war with electoral democracy and due process. In virtually every state there are clusters of armed, angry people who tend to lend a sympathetic ear to virulent racists. Outrage over the government's action at Waco allegedly drove a couple of pathological losers to Oklahoma to commit that notorious terrorist act. The Sons of Gestapo supposedly responsible for the Arizona Amtrak derailment cited the FBI and ATF as enemies.

Overlooked is that the government was not the principal cause of the earlier deadly confrontations: Weaver and David Koresh were. In their mad alienation, they led those who trusted them to their deaths. Weaver has conceded that he's "not totally without fault," that he should have surrendered on the illegal-gun-sale charge and had his day in court. Despite his suspicions of the U.S. legal system, a jury of his peers acquitted him of the far more serious charge of killing a U.S. marshal. However ill-advised the strategies used against him, Koresh got his people killed by stonewalling federal agents who had warrants to enter his property.

People who now want to make Weaver an American folk hero ought to take a hard look at the neo-Nazi ideology this man has been associated with. This is a guy who took his family to the infamous services of the racist, anti-Semitic Aryan Nations in Hayden Lake, Idaho. When he was holed up in his cabin he sent out a message that he wouldn't surrender to the "Zionist-occupied government," his term for the U.S. government. He is an adherent of the Christian Identity movement, which views Jews as agents of the devil and racial minorities as subhuman.

We're not talking the America of Abraham Lincoln here. This is a man who detested all democratically elected authority in this country, from the local sheriff to the president of the U.S. Indeed, Weaver had moved from Iowa to Idaho to be part of a white-separatist nation, thus subverting the very idea of a United States. There is nothing patriotic or American about neo-Nazi ideas that trace their roots back to fascist Germany.

This does not mean that the federal authorities in question should be exonerated of crimes or even errors in judgment. Weaver was not a clear and present danger to the safety of others. The feds should have waited him out. Weaver's innocent wife, misguided son and a federal marshal just doing his job died as a result of the FBI's overreaction. The evidence now shows that the same mistake was made in Waco by overzealous agents. There was no reason to crush people who were trying to find their god, as peculiar as their path may have seemed. Any danger Koresh posed to the outside world or to the children inside the compound was vastly overshadowed by the tank assault that left 80 Branch Davidians dead.

But it is a long and dangerous leap from criticizing the terrible actions of a democratically elected government to calling for its overthrow. Feeding on legitimate frustration with the government's errors does not justify taking this nation down the lawless, racist path followed by Nazi Germany. But that's what has happened. These incidents have now been seized upon by neo-Nazi groups as excuses to organize a crusade against the government and to extend their influence within militia groups.

The weirdest and most dangerous of the country's fringe political groups have been emboldened by Waco and Ruby Ridge to unite and trumpet their bizarre claims. This past summer, neo-Nazis held a convention—complete with *Sieg heils* and Hitler mustaches—at Hayden Lake, not far from Ruby Ridge. Were it just a matter of psychopaths worshiping genocide in the woods somewhere, it could be dismissed. But these same groups have made alliances with more-mainstream militia units. According to Aryan Nations founder Richard Butler, there are now branches of the group in 30 states. John Trochmann, founder of the Militia of Montana, has spoken at the Aryan Nations compound in Idaho.

Links between neo-Nazis and the militias have been documented by the Anti-Defamation League and by Klanwatch, both of which have a history of tracking fascist movements. The Aryan Nations and many of the militias distribute the same material and urge members to use the same format when gathering "intelligence" information on government agencies and on civil rights and media organizations.

The fringe groups are spreading because of economic dislocation. There are plenty of Randy Weavers and Timothy McVeighs who are having a hard time making it in today's economy. Although poorly educated and unskilled, they have been raised to think it is their birthright as white males to have access to the good life. When they don't get it, someone else is to blame. Weaver sold sawed-off shotguns because he couldn't make a living, and today he lives off Social Security checks from the same government he condemned. The only real job McVeigh could land was in the Army.

Janet Reno may be the identifiable villain, but at root it's democracy that is hated. And the federal government isn't their only target. These people are against any democratically elected officials they don't like, including those on the state and county levels. Samuel Sherwood, leader of the Idaho-based United States Militia Association, told the Associated Press on March 10, 1995: "Civil war could be coming, and with it the need to shoot Idaho legislators." Even Newt Gingrich and the Reverend Billy Graham show up on some militia hit lists.

Growing paranoia, combined with secret training for insurrection, can start a country down a slippery slope. There is nothing humorous, heroic or folksy about fascism. While it always starts slowly with middle- and lower-class alienation that may have some legitimate bases in social grievances, it leads inevitably to the hunt for scapegoats, and it ends with genocide.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHNNY DEPP

a candid conversation with america's quirkiest actor about kate moss, river phoenix, his offbeat films and why he likes to stick strange things in his pants

Johnny Depp looks rotten. Or so he says. The women on Sunset Boulevard would surely disagree. Many of them would marry him on the spot. But then Depp seldom bows to majority opinion. As he lights another cigarette and drinks more coffee at a bookstore café on Sunset, his attention flits to a bee—a killer bee encased in Lucite. It's one of many oddball souvenirs he receives from friends and admirers. Bugs are serious business to Depp, who collects exotic paraphernalia. His career—the other subject under discussion at the table—is taken more lightly. Acting, he explains, is nothing but "making faces for cash." Others take his work more seriously. Depp is "one of the great young actors," says European director Emir Kusturica. Marlon Brando, Vincent Price and Faye Dunaway have said the same. Brando says that Depp should do Shakespeare, while Dunaway claims he is both a superb actor and a super kisser. The on-screen Depp is the world's greatest lover; offscreen he's a famed romancer of actresses and supermodels. "He doesn't belong in show business," his "Ed Wood" co-star Sarah Jessica Parker once remarked. "He belongs somewhere better." Lasse Hallström, who directed him in "What's Eating Gilbert Grape," says, "He has real ambitions, but he is deeply afraid of being considered pretentious."

And one other thing: He looks great in a dress.

At 32, Johnny Depp is entering the heart of what he calls, with casual self-deprecation, "my quote-unquote career." His is a goofy oeuvre, perhaps most impressive because he's carved a unique niche without making a box office hit. Thus far, the Kentucky-born Depp has made misfit movies. He was a boy monster in "Edward Scissorhands," top-hatted oddball in "Benny & Joon," keeper of a retarded brother in "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" and the unsinkable cross-dressing director in "Ed Wood." Nobody plays human frailty like Depp. Even though he made women swoon in "Don Juan DeMarco," he played the fabled lover as a committed loon.

His new films are John Badham's "Nick of Time," in which he plays an accountant turned assassin, and "Dead Man," an eerie Jim Jarmusch Western that is scheduled for release later this year. Even after opting for "Dead Man" over the slick epic "Mobsters," a choice that cost him millions of dollars, he was criticized when he signed to star in Badham's thriller. Industry watchers thought he was doing "the Keanu thing," forgoing his traditional quirky roles for a commercial blockbuster. But for Depp, "Nick of Time" is no typical action flick. It's one of the first films since Hitchcock's "Rope" to tell its tale in real time, each screen minute equaling 60 seconds of his character's strife. And it's his task in the film to gun down a female governor. Still, thriller is as thriller seems, and if the film is a hit, Depp will probably be charged with cynicism.

That's one crime he has not committed. Drug use and hotel abuse, perhaps, but not calculation. Which may be why Depp made the difficult transition from teen hunk on TV's "21 Jump Street" eight years ago to film star. Along the way, he has escaped the trivia heap by making brave, eccentric movie choices. Imagine David Cassidy as Gilbert Grape. Picture Kirk Cameron as an assassin. Or better yet, consider Richard Grieco, Depp's megacool "Jump Street" co-star, as a name anyone would recognize.

Depp can be equally defined by the roles he didn't take. He reportedly spurned Keanu Reeves' part in "Speed," Brad Pitt's role in "Legends of the Fall" and Lestat in "Interview With the Vampire." Of course, Tom Cruise played Lestat—a neat twist, because Cruise is said to have refused the role of Edward Scissorhands because Edward, while cutting edge, wasn't handsome.

"I cook for a supermodel. Contrary to what's been written about Kate, she has a healthy appetite. That girl can put away a plate of bacon. And you're looking at a guy who cooks a fine plate of bacon."

"Maybe I should do what Brando did 30 years ago. Buy an island. Maybe take my girl and some friends and just go there and sleep and think clear thoughts. Because you really can't do that here. You can't be normal."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I shed tears when I heard someone had died. It wasn't until later that they told me it was River. It's so sad. Now I'm starting to feel like I'm on 'The Barbara Walters Special.' Are you going to make me cry?"

Depp says he respects Cruise but has no interest in "the Tom Cruise thing"—box office godhood. He can now command $4 million per film but often takes far less for pet projects, including his friend Jarmusch's "Dead Man."

He has danced to his own drummer since his 1984 debut in "A Nightmare on Elm Street," in which he got sucked through a bed into hell. Along the way he has fallen for some of America's most desirable women. He has had offscreen relationships with Jennifer Grey ("Dirty Dancing") and Sherilyn Fenn ("Twin Peaks"). A rumored liaison—public, if not pubic—with Madonna was followed by a notorious engagement to Winona Ryder and the requisite tattoo, WINONA FOREVER. *When they broke up, he had the tattoo removed a letter at a time; at one point it read* WINO FOREVER.

Today he and his latest love, übermodel Kate Moss, are the prom king and queen of young Hollywood—beautiful, thin chain-smokers with an air of sex and tragedy. Or call them, thanks to their morbid humor, the new Gomez and Morticia. Johnny once made a shrine in his movie-set trailer, placing candles around a photo of Kate with a bride of Frankenstein hairdo.

Their hangout, the Viper Room on Sunset Boulevard, which Johnny co-owns, was the scene of River Phoenix' fatal overdose in October 1993. The horror of that Halloween has faded, and today's Viper Room more than ever resembles its owners: notorious and nice. "It's a fun place again," he says, passing the strip of cement where Phoenix died, "but you never forget."

Depp is all about his past. In 1970, when he was seven years old, his family left Kentucky for Miramar, Florida, where the Depps moved from house to house and sometimes lived in motels. Depp's father took off when Johnny was 15. His mother, Betty Sue, worked as a waitress, and Johnny counted her tips after work. He also developed a fierce devotion to society's outcasts.

In high school he was suspended for mooning a teacher. Shortly after that he dropped out and worked pumping gas. Once, trying to learn to breathe fire like circus performers, he blew a mouthful of gasoline at a flame. His eyes lit up as the blaze raced toward him—then his eyebrows and hair lit up, too. He barely escaped.

To "get an identity" (and meet girls) he joined a band. He played guitar with the Kids, a group that was good enough to open for the Ramones, the Talking Heads, Iggy Pop and the B-52s. They went to Los Angeles to make it in the big time but flopped instead. Depp needed work. That's when Nicolas Cage, a pal from the music scene, said, "You should meet my agent."

Depp auditioned for director Wes Craven. Legend has it Craven's daughter, with whom Depp ran lines that day, fell in love with the new kid in town. He won a role in Craven's "Elm Street," which led to "Private Resort," a 1985 teen sexploitation pic in which his bare butt played second banana to then-unknown Rob Morrow. Next came stardom.

As a narc on "21 Jump Street," Fox TV's first hit, Depp became a poster boy to female teen America. He hated every minute of it. As soon as he was free of his contract, he spat on his "Jump Street" image by starring in John Waters' spoof "Cry-Baby."

The grungy offscreen Depp is fascinated by the macabre. He is a student of the nether zones of biology and the extremes of abnormal psychology. (He recently bought Bela Lugosi's old house for $2.3 million.) He collects skeletons, paintings of scary clowns and, as mentioned, bugs. As with his work, there is a twitchy humor to his collectibles, his conversation, even his arrests. They're all funny if you view them as he does—as brief excursions on our common march to the graveyard. In 1994 he was jailed for trashing a $1200-a-night suite in New York City's Mark Hotel. Handcuffed and led by police to a sidewalk jammed with reporters demanding his reaction, he nodded toward the cops and said, "I've met some really nice people."

Is Depp a nice person? We decided to send Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** *to find out. His report:*

> *There is a monofilament running through the guys I've played. They are outsiders. They're people society says aren't normal.*

"Johnny Depp often runs late. To him, a watch would be a handcuff. So I was pleased when he showed up less than an hour after the time we had arranged. He shook my hand and apologized, saying he had run his motorcycle into a pink Ford Escort.

"He led me into the quiet, dark Viper Room—black walls, mirrors, black upholstered booths. The booths are marked with brass plaques engraved with the names of preferred guests and a warning to interlopers: DON'T FUCK WITH IT. *The place was empty in the early afternoon. We went downstairs to Depp's sanctum, where we sat on a couch near a closed-circuit TV that monitors the club above. We talked all day. I was impressed by his intelligence and earnestness. He was often tongue-tied, struggling to shoehorn his convoluted thoughts into sentences. Watching him grope for words, I couldn't help rooting for him to unearth the mots justes he was trying for.*

"A minor point: Depp's Viper Room co-owner, Chuck E. Weiss, who happens to be the eponym of Rickie Lee Jones' song 'Chuck E's in Love,' has joked that Johnny is such an artistic, sensitive person that he 'sits on the toilet and pees like a woman.' But it's not so. We did about a minute of this interview in their club's men's room, and I can assure you he's a stand-up guy."

PLAYBOY: You have only one urinal. Does the Viper Room men's room get crowded on weekends?

DEPP: [*Nods*] It used to get wet. There was a guy who would somehow sneak in here with a monkey wrench. He would loosen a nut on the urinal so that when the next person flushed, water would go everywhere. It was like Niagara Falls. You had people running from the bathroom, slipping, security guys sprinting over to throw down towels. This happened fairly regularly for weeks, and I came to respect the toilet guy. I liked his method, his consistency. He clearly took pride in toilet sabotage. But then it stopped, and I kind of miss him.

PLAYBOY: Why do you call the place the Viper Room?

DEPP: After a group of musicians in the Thirties who called themselves Vipers. They were reefer heads and they helped start modern music. [*Lights a cigarette*] You know one great thing about having your own club? You get free matches.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any plans to quit smoking?

DEPP: Nah. I think if you find something you're good at, you should stick with it. I have switched to lights, though. It got to where I would wheeze going up a flight of stairs, so I went to diet cigarettes.

PLAYBOY: You've been accused of selling out—"doing the Keanu thing," as one critic said—for making *Nick of Time*.

DEPP: Who cares? I'm interested in story and character and doing things that haven't been done a zillion times. When I read *Nick of Time* I could see the guy mowing the grass, watering his lawn, putting out the Water Wiggle in the backyard for his kid, and I liked the challenge of playing him. He's nothing like me. And I wanted to work with John Badham because he made *Saturday Night Fever* and invented some interesting ways of shooting. *Nick of Time* is a thriller, and it gives me a chance to play a straight, normal, suit-and-tie guy.

PLAYBOY: If you wanted big money you could have also made *Mobsters*, a potential hit. You've turned down other mainstream films for movies such as *Dead Man*. How much did that one pay?

DEPP: Less than my expenses during the shoot. But it's a poetic film. I did *Dead Man* so I could work with Jim Jarmusch. I trust Jim as a director and a friend and a genius.

PLAYBOY: How do you see your career? Is it something you're sculpting as you go along, a body of work?

DEPP: It's more primitive. I look at the story and the character and say, "Can I add any ingredients to make a nice soup?" In some sense there is a monofilament running through the guys I've played. They are outsiders. They're

PURE ANTICIPATION.
SMIRNOFF

people society says aren't normal, and I think you have to stand up for people like that. But I didn't plan it. It's not like I had to play them. Except for Don Juan, I had to play that guy, and Edward Scissorhands. I loved Edward. He was total honesty. Honesty is what matters, and I have an absurd fascination with it, whether it means being true to your girl, your work or yourself.

PLAYBOY: You weren't on the list for *Scissorhands* until Tim Burton met you and was won over. Did he ever say what he detected in the former star of *21 Jump Street*?

DEPP: Tim isn't the type to verbalize it, but in snippets of conversations he has said it had to do with my eyes. My eyes looked like I carried more years than I had lived. He also felt my looks were deceptive, because I wasn't what people thought.

PLAYBOY: What was that?

DEPP: Oh, whatever catchphrase they sew onto your back.

PLAYBOY: Heartthrob?

DEPP: Yeah. Or confident actor.

PLAYBOY: Are you a method actor? Are you in character between takes?

DEPP: No, and I don't buy it when a guy says, "You must call me Henry the Eighth. Even when I go get a Dr Pepper I am Henry the Eighth!" I can't see that. If you're truly in character it becomes unconscious. If you realize you're in character or say you are, then you're fucked. It means that you're satisfied, and that's the worst.

PLAYBOY: Your eccentric films make people wonder if you're allergic to box office success. Aren't you tempted to make one big score, one *Batman*, to bankroll your pet projects?

DEPP: That demon has visited me. He's my best pal. He says, "Look, make two movies that are obvious commercial vehicles, blockbusters, and you'll have the freedom to do smaller independent or experimental films. You can build an audience and bring it into that new world—open some minds." I've thought that, but I don't believe it. I would feel untrue to myself, untrue to the people who appreciate the choices I've made. For me the career thing has to be a little purer, more organic.

PLAYBOY: And you are happy with your choices?

DEPP: Maybe I was trying to do movies for good reasons—to make something I believed in—but I never thought of them as small, eccentric films. To me, *Ed Wood* wasn't a small film even if it ultimately made ten dollars.

PLAYBOY: You were shooting *Divine Rapture*, an unusual film co-starring Marlon Brando, when financing collapsed, production stopped and everyone was sent home.

DEPP: That sucked. One minute we're filming, the next minute there's no money. It was like being in the middle of sex, right at the peak, and a guy walks in with a gun: "Stop it now." That's when you feel shitty, because you remember it's the movie business, based on money.

PLAYBOY: Brando used to say he was so disgusted with the business that he didn't care anymore, he just wanted the money.

DEPP: If he could do that, I applaud it. If I could do a bunch of movies and make zillions of dollars and not care, why not? I just can't do it now. It's probably ridiculous the way I talk about honesty and shit when really, what am I being true to? Some company. A bunch of guys who invest in a movie. They buy the product and distribute it. That's not so pure. It's art and commerce, oil and water, and here I am in some sort of artistic frenzy. Maybe I'm just very naive. Twenty minutes from now I'll probably say fuck it and sell out completely.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you saw yourself on-screen?

DEPP: I got sick. I went to see dailies on *Nightmare on Elm Street*. I was 21, and didn't know what was going on. It was like looking in a huge mirror. It wasn't how I looked that bothered me, though I did look like a geek in that movie. It was seeing myself up there pretending.

He wanted me to go home and mediate his divorce. Now, that stuff goes too far. You want to say, "Can't we just kiss?"

PLAYBOY: And you heaved?

DEPP: I didn't actually vomit, but I felt like vomiting.

PLAYBOY: These days when Hollywood makes you sick, you and Kate Moss run off to London or Paris. What are you escaping from?

DEPP: Fame, celebrity—it's not such a big deal in Europe. People seem to understand that you just have a weird job. They're not running after you trying to carve chunks out of you. It's strange in the States. Most fans here are great, but there's a handful who have seen the movies and feel they know you. They think it's all right to touch you and ask personal questions.

PLAYBOY: Like we're doing now.

DEPP: But I'm selective about my interviews. I may quit doing them, too, because I always feel violated afterward. And stupid, for talking about myself for hours and hours.

PLAYBOY: You want the job but not the flashbulbs.

DEPP: Look, I used to work construction. I've pumped gas and sold T-shirts in my adult life, and there's nothing worse than some rich actor saying, "Oh, my life is so hard." I'm lucky to have this job. And celebrity, fame, whatever that stuff is, is a hazard of the job. Maybe I should do what Brando did 30 years ago. Buy an island. Maybe take my girl and some friends and just go there and sleep. And read and swim and think clear thoughts. Because you really can't do that here. You can't be normal, not with people hitting you up at any given moment with bizarre requests. You can't just hang out and have a cup of coffee and pick your nose or [*reaching for his crotch*] adjust your package, you know?

PLAYBOY: You should be a baseball player.

DEPP: Right. I could spit and grab my crotch. Like that lady who sang the national anthem—what's her name?

PLAYBOY: Roseanne.

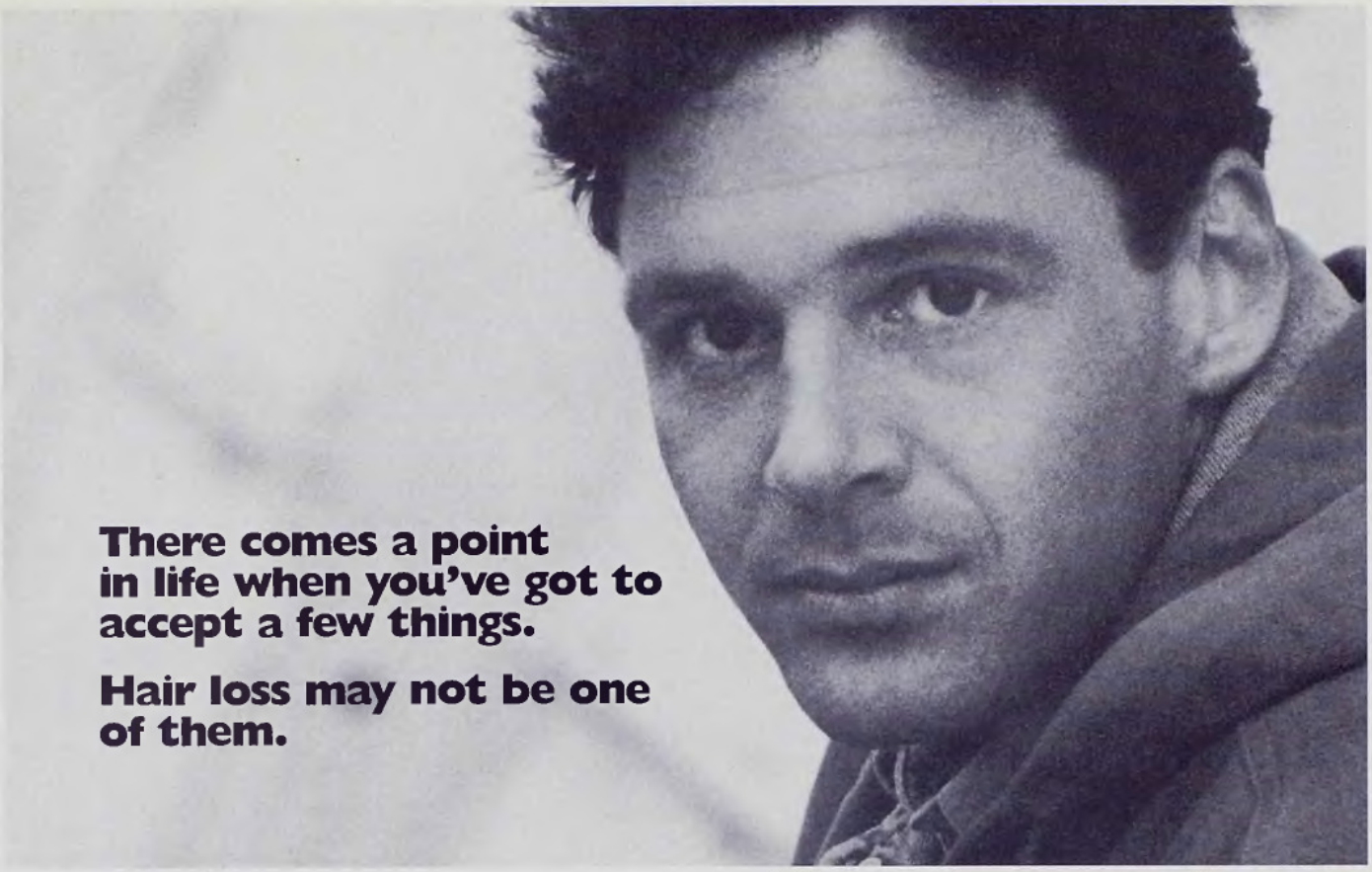
DEPP: I liked that. It was ballsy of her.

PLAYBOY: So there's an island on your Christmas list?

DEPP: If there's anything I really want, it's privacy. It's the island idea. You do get to where your money can help your family, and that's a great thing. You can buy that wristwatch you want, too. But mostly you now have to pay for simplicity. You use your money to buy privacy because during most of your life you aren't allowed to be normal. You're on display, always looked at, which puts you at a disadvantage for the people looking at you know that it's you. They say, "It's you!" But you don't know them. That's bad for an actor because the most important thing you can do is observe people. And now you can't because you're the one being observed.

PLAYBOY: Some of it must be enjoyable.

DEPP: It's very nice when people come up and say, "I really liked *Don Juan DeMarco*, please sign my napkin." What gets to me is being watched, whispered about. Would you ever walk up to someone on the street and say, "Can I kiss you?" No, you'd get smacked. "Can I look inside your wallet?" "What size is your shoe?" "Can I have your hat?" Some requests are too fucking surreal. On *Dead Man* I was hanging out with Jarmusch and the crew, smoking cigarettes, and there was a guy lurking, checking me out. He looked normal enough, but his eyes were a little too open. So I knew he'd come up to me, which he did. "Hi, Johnny! Wanna go have a drink?" I said, "Thanks, I'm OK." He said, "Listen, you could really help me out. My wife and I are separating, but I want to get back with her. She's a big fan of yours." He wanted me to go home with him and mediate his divorce. I wouldn't, so he said he'd call her on the phone and we could talk it out. Now, that stuff goes too far. You want to say, "Can't we just kiss? Could you just shove your tongue down my gullet and be done with it?"



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Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those on the placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

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Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.* If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. If you respond to *Rogaine*, you'll find it's easy to make it a part of your daily routine.

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The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 56% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (15%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 48% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. A temporary increase in hair shedding may occur 2 to 6 weeks after starting treatment with ROGAINE as some hair follicles shift from the resting phase to the growth phase (as new hair growth begins, old hairs are released). An increase in shedding should not last more than a few weeks. If it does, your physician will need to rule out other causes. Successful hair regrowth can only be evaluated after continuous, twice-daily treatment for 4 months or longer.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use in the package.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.
Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.
People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,657 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients:
Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis – 7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis – 7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting – 4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness – 3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains – 2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases – 1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity – 1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain – 1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, eye infections, vertigo – 1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching – 0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis – 0.85%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms – 0.40%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue – 0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia – 0.31%.
ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness), pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

Can ROGAINE Topical Solution cause unwanted hair growth?
Facial hair growth has been reported with the use of ROGAINE, particularly by women. The cause is unknown but may be related to continuous, unintentional exposure of the face to the medicine or to hair follicles on the face that are extremely sensitive to very few levels of medicine absorbed from the scalp. To minimize the chances of hair growth on the forehead or temples, wash your hands after applying ROGAINE and be careful not to transfer the medicine from your scalp to other parts of your body.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related, that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.
Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:
Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.
When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.
In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.
Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA CB-6-S

PLAYBOY: Some female fans love you enough to send you highly personal mementos.

DEPP: Nude pictures in the mail, yes. Tons of them. Some are beautiful—nicely lit, black-and-white, mysterious. Some are out-and-out primitive. Then there are the pubes. I've gotten a lot of pubic hairs in the mail. I don't save them. I guess you could get ritualistic about it, burn the pubes in a fire, but I'm not sure I want to touch them so I throw them away.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be so handsome that women yank out their pubes for you?

DEPP: I have no control over that. It's demeaning when people talk about my looks. I think I usually look like shit, and most people would probably agree.

PLAYBOY: You once said you feel more comfortable dining in a movie than in a restaurant.

DEPP: Calmer, anyway. In a real restaurant you may notice people talking under their breath, staring. It builds up in your head and you want to run.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Kate have techniques for avoiding bad scenes?

DEPP: If we run into a gaggle of paparazzi I'll avoid eye contact. I'll also put on my sunglasses. That way they don't get paid as much for the picture.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Kate going to get married?

DEPP: I love Kate more than anything. Certainly enough to marry her. But as far as putting our names on paper, making weird public vows that signify ownership—it's not in the cards.

PLAYBOY: Are you monogamous?

DEPP: I'm very true. I wouldn't hurt her and I expect she wouldn't hurt me. Fidelity is important as long as it's pure. But the moment it goes against your insides—if you want to be somewhere else, if she wants to dabble—then you need to make a change. I'm not sure any human being is made to be with one person forever and ever, amen. My own parents didn't do it; my dad left when I was 15. And maybe in some of my public relationships . . . maybe I was trying to right the wrongs of my parents by creating a classic fairy-tale love. Trying to solve the fear of abandonment we all have. Anyway, it didn't work. That's not to say I didn't love those people. I have been with some great girls and I certainly thought I loved them, though now I have my doubts. I felt something intense, but was it love? I don't know. So now I can't say I can love someone forever, or if anybody can.

PLAYBOY: According to a recent story, you and Kate had set a wedding date. She wanted engraved invitations, but you wanted to send out a riddle so your friends would have to guess where to show up.

DEPP: It's fiction. I can guarantee you that if I woke up one day with a wild hair up my ass to get hitched, there wouldn't be invitations. We'd run out and do it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think when you see Kate's picture on a billboard?

DEPP: I think she's beautiful. Calvin Klein is lucky to have her. If we're apart and I see her picture I'll miss her, not because of a billboard but because she's always on my mind anyway.

PLAYBOY: What's something she does better than you?

DEPP: Modeling. And she's great at games. She beats the shit out of me at gin rummy. Kate is a great girl, very smart. We're a good team because she's a light sleeper. You could hit me with a baseball bat and I wouldn't wake up. But she'll wake up: "Was that a pin dropping?" So I get some protection.

PLAYBOY: Does all the gossip bother you?

DEPP: It's part of the game. You know that the tabloids—from the obvious ones to the subtler ones such as *Time* and *Newsweek*—will print anything to sell those fuckers. But you hear it and it can be stressful. Suppose you and I are at a bar, and you say hello to a girl. That's innocent. For me the same thing becomes: *They were dangling from the St. James Hotel with hairbrushes sticking out of their asses.* That can cause a strain.

PLAYBOY: You mean that it wasn't the St. James?

DEPP: Sorry, never happened. Here's another one: Kate and I had a huge fight at a hotel in New York, a real screaming match in the lobby. It was in the papers. I thought it was pretty magical of us, for we were in France at the time.

PLAYBOY: What happened on September 13, 1994, when you smashed up a room at New York's Mark Hotel?

DEPP: Another instance of not being allowed to be normal. I was having a bad day. I think we all have those, but if somebody else does what I did it's not usually in the news. A security guy came to my door, and I said, basically, "I'm sorry, I broke some things. I'll repay you." But that's not good enough. I go to jail. And the next day this gets equal billing with the invasion of Haiti, me beating up a hotel room. Imagine if I had hit somebody.

PLAYBOY: That clearly bothered you.

DEPP: [*With an Ed Wood grin*] It's all in a day's work!

PLAYBOY: Don't you invite it, though, by dating famous people? How come celebs fall in love only with other celebs?

DEPP: Probably because you have mutual friends. You move in the same circles. It's like working in a factory—you strike up friendships with other employees. Also, you'll go to a restaurant or a bar that caters to other people who know what it's like to be exposed. So maybe they're not after you so much.

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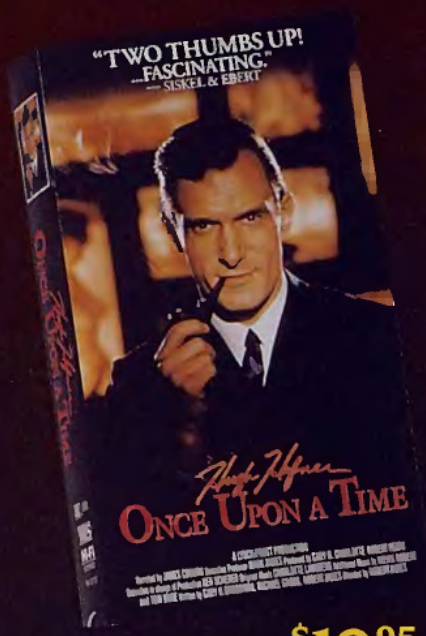

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bought your own hideout.

DEPP: It's easier here. I'll have a couple beers or a glass of wine, get up and play my guitar with some friends. Every Thursday is martini night, a good time. One of the best nights for me was when Johnny Cash played here.

PLAYBOY: He must have matched the black decor.

DEPP: Yeah, he was brilliant *and* he blended in. He was just a head floating up there—beautiful.

PLAYBOY: The tabs have linked you with other celebrities, including Madonna.

DEPP: I read that I was in bed with her, which is a ton of shit. I have met her and it went like this: "How do you do?" "Hello, how are you?" Now when anyone asks about my affair with Madonna I say no, wrong—it was the Pope. He swept me off my feet.

PLAYBOY: For the record, how did you get under the robes of John Paul II?

DEPP: Well, he's shy. I didn't want to push too hard, but we shared a bottle of wine and I can tell you, the man is a great kisser. Watch him when he gets off a plane. He'll really give that runway a good one.

PLAYBOY: You're known for dodging attention by using fake names when you check into hotels. But your pseudonyms make good copy. Mr. Donkey Penis?

DEPP: It's just that if you register as Mr. Poopy, for instance, you get a funny wake-up call. I used to use the name Mr. Stench; it was funny to be in a posh hotel and hear a very proper concierge call out, "Mr. Stench, please!" I never really stayed under the name Donkey Penis. That was an example I mentioned to a reporter once. But I have been Roid, Emma Roid.

PLAYBOY: You've said journalistic "fictions" bother you. What has been the worst?

DEPP: When something heavy happens and nine out of ten magazines turn it into a fucking vulture fest. They turn *you* into something sick.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about River Phoenix.

DEPP: When River passed away, it happened to be at my club. Now that's very tragic, very sad, but they made it a fiasco of lies to sell fucking magazines. They said he was doing drugs in my club, that I allow people to do drugs in my club. What a ridiculous fucking thought! "Hey, I'm going to spend a lot of money on this nightclub so everyone can come here and do drugs. I think that's a good idea, don't you? We'll never get found out. It's not like this place is *high profile* or anything, right?" That lie was ridiculous and disrespectful to River. But aside from River, and his family trying to deal with their loss, what about people who work in the club? They have moms and dads in, like, Oklahoma, reading about the place where their daughter tends bar

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and thinking, Jesus, she's out in Hollywood swimming around with these awful creatures!

PLAYBOY: Meaning you.

DEPP: It was awful for my nieces and nephews to read that stuff, to have every two-bit pseudojournalist speculating viciously . . . viciously. And it hurt.

PLAYBOY: How did you cope?

DEPP: I closed the club for a few nights. To get out of the way so River's fans could bring messages, bring flowers. And I got angry. I made a statement to the press: "Fuck you. I will not be disrespectful to River's memory. I will not participate in your fucking circus."

PLAYBOY: Is it haunting to walk past the spot where River died?

DEPP: At first it was. I couldn't go to the club without thinking of it. Later I came to terms with the fact that it had nothing to do with the club. He was here a very short time. It had nothing to do with anything, really, except that what he ingested was bad, and now there is nothing we can do.

PLAYBOY: Did you shed tears that night?

DEPP: That's a weird question.

PLAYBOY: You don't have to answer.

DEPP: Yes. I shed tears when I heard someone had died. It wasn't until later, four or five in the morning, that they told me it was River. It's so sad to see a young life end. And now I'm starting to feel like I'm on *The Barbara Walters Special*. Are you going to make me cry?

PLAYBOY: No, we'll even change the subject. Let's talk about your boyhood. What's your earliest memory?

DEPP: Catching lightning bugs. Beautiful, fascinating bugs. There was a little girl who lived next door who had a brace on her leg. We used to play on the swing set, and the night the astronauts landed on the moon, her father came out and looked up and said, in all seriousness, "When man sets foot on the face of the moon, the moon will turn to blood." I was shocked. I remember thinking, Geez, I'm six and that's a little deep for me. I stayed up watching the moon. It was a big relief when it didn't change.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have an uncle who was a Bible-thumping preacher?

DEPP: Yes. That gave me an odd sense of religion. He was theatrical in the pulpit. He would start crying, praising the Lord. Pretty soon the adults were screaming hallelujah, getting on their hands and knees, crawling up to kiss his shoes, and I just didn't buy it. I'm not saying my uncle was full of shit, because he was a good guy. I just didn't like the duality—seeing him behave normally at home and a whole different way in the pulpit. It was too convenient. Why did the Lord strike you only in church? Why didn't he hit you in the bathroom or when you were barbecuing hot dogs?

PLAYBOY: As a boy, did you think you were headed for big things? Did you ever want to be a movie star?

DEPP: At four or five I fancied myself a Matt Helm, the spy Dean Martin played. I also wanted to be Flint—James Coburn. Those guys got all the women.

PLAYBOY: Were you geeky as a kid?

DEPP: I'm geeky now. I sure don't look around and say, "Hey, isn't this great?" I've never felt that and probably never will.

PLAYBOY: Did you like your name? It's a great movie name, but a kid might rather be Johnny Jones.

DEPP: It spawned nicknames. I was Johnny Dip. Deppity Dog. Dippity-Do. I didn't mind it, and didn't really think about it until my first movie, when they asked how I wanted to be billed. John Depp? It sounds pumped up. I was always Johnny.

PLAYBOY: You were a kid when the family moved from Kentucky to Miramar, Florida.

DEPP: We moved like gypsies. From the time I was five until my teens we lived in 30 or 40 different houses. That probably has a lot to do with my transient life now. But it's how I was raised so I thought there was nothing abnormal about it. Wherever the family is, that's home. We lived in apartments, on a farm, in a motel. Then we rented a house, and one night we moved from there to the house next door. I remember carrying my clothes across the yard and thinking, This is weird, but it's an easy move.

I didn't want to be a fuckup. I thought that if I joined the Marines and learned to deal with authority, maybe I could be a normal guy.

PLAYBOY: Were you a bully? Ever beat up anyone?

DEPP: The guys I hung out with in my early teens were bullies, kind of, so I did a little of that. Picking on someone, pushing people around. I didn't like it. It got me so angry that I'd be on the poor guy's side.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, you hated school——

DEPP: I wasn't learning. I felt the teachers were there to kill eight hours and get paid. I had more fun playing guitar. I was playing in a band in nightclubs at an early age, and that was an education.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you lost your virginity?

DEPP: I was about 13, playing guitar at a club, and this girl who was a little older had been hanging around listening to us. She was a virgin, too. That night we just . . . partook. It was in the bass player's van, a blue Ford. I knew what to do—I had studied the subject for many years. And I remember us laughing, having a good time together. It's a sweet, sweet memory. She became my girl for a while, but then we lost touch. I haven't seen her in a long time, about 19 years.

PLAYBOY: You were 15 when your parents split up. Were you crushed?

DEPP: There wasn't time. It was too traumatic for my mom.

PLAYBOY: Betty Sue—her name is on the heart tattoo on your left arm.

DEPP: She got very ill. Her life as she had known it for 20 years was over. Her partner, her husband, her best friend, her lover, had just left her. I felt crushed that he had left, but when you're faced with something like that, it's amazing how much abuse the human mind and heart can take. You just get past what you need to get past. Sure, on some level I was thinking, Wait a minute, what happened to my family? What about stability, the safety of the home? But my feelings were secondary to thinking about my mom. All the focus was on her getting through that time, which she finally did, and now everyone is pretty OK. I'm even on good terms with my dad.

PLAYBOY: At the time, though, you were subject to various fears.

DEPP: Oh, yes. My sister Christi had a baby when I was 17, and I had just heard about crib death. The horrible thing was that it wasn't understood. For some unknown reason the baby would stop breathing. So I would sneak into where the baby was sleeping and put my hand in her crib, hold her little finger, and I'd sleep on the floor like that. It was stupid, I'm sure. But I thought the warmth of my hand might help, that maybe if she felt my pulse it would remind her to breathe.

PLAYBOY: You were sensitive.

DEPP: A total paranoid.

PLAYBOY: You dropped out of high school about that time. Did the other Depps try to talk you out of it?

DEPP: No, they were supportive. It was other people, family friends, who thought I was a shithead. They figured I was proving them right by dropping out of school to play guitar in nightclubs. And I thought maybe they were right. My main feeling when I left school was one of insecurity. It was, What the fuck am I gonna do? I'm nobody. I'm a fuckup, just like those outside voices say. I seriously considered joining the Marines because I didn't want to be a fuckup. I thought that if I joined the Marines and learned to deal with authority, maybe I could be a normal guy.

PLAYBOY: Then why aren't you crewcut Colonel Depp today?

DEPP: My band had some success.

PLAYBOY: You were 17. Your band, the Kids, rubbed shoulders with major acts when they toured Florida. There's a

famous tale about you and Iggy Pop.

DEPP: We opened for the Ramones, the Pretenders, the Talking Heads. One night we opened for Iggy. It went great. After the show I was pretty drunk, and in the Iggy tradition I wanted more, so I started screaming at him. Just sophomoric insults: "Iggy Poop! Who the fuck are you? Iggy Slop!" He got in my face and said, "You little turd." And walked away. So of course I was delighted. I looked over at the bass player and said, "Yeah, that was Iggy. He's a god."

PLAYBOY: A few years later he played a supporting role in *Cry-Baby*. Did he remember you?

DEPP: No. He said he didn't remember much from those years.

PLAYBOY: Pretty soon after that you went out west with the band.

DEPP: We got bored in south Florida. We had to move to Los Angeles to make it big. I remember the drive out. Driving 18 hours at a stretch, you hit a kind of hallucinatory state of sleep deprivation that sends you into orbit. You blink and look up and you're driving into the devil's mouth. It was a good time. You have high hopes because you're not thinking of yourself as a self but as a band member, that great camaraderie. Then, before you know it, you're on your own.

PLAYBOY: But the band shattered on contact with the big time?

DEPP: We broke up, and I couldn't lean on the drummer or the bass player anymore. It was all me. I had to deliver.

PLAYBOY: So what was your first step?

DEPP: I sold pens.

PLAYBOY: On the street?

DEPP: It was marketing—working the phone from a big stuffy building in Hollywood, near Hollywood and Vine. The best thing about that job was using the phone—I'd call my family in Florida on the pretext of selling them pens. The boss, the pen boss, would circle the room, but when he went by I'd say, "How many pens would you like, 288? Two gross?" After he passed I'd whisper, "Mom, are you there?" The free phone calls were fine, but the sales pitch was a batch of lies. Telling people they could win a trip to Greece or a beautiful grandfather clock. So I learned my pen-selling script—it was really my first acting gig—and then ad-libbed. I actually sold some pens. But I felt so bad lying that I began telling people, "Don't buy the fucking pens. The grandfather clock is made of corkboard."

PLAYBOY: Ending your telemarketing career. Fortunately, you had a friend, Nicolas Cage.

DEPP: We became friends through music when I was in the band. He had already done *Valley Girl*, *Rumble Fish* and *Cotton Club*, so I knew him as an actor. But I wasn't planning to be one. We just hung out.

PLAYBOY: At the parking garage of a local mall?

DEPP: That's the story. We were messing around one night at the Beverly Center, having a giggle. We may have been drinking. We were goofing around, and the story is that we wound up hanging by our fingers five stories up on the parking structure. I don't remember, but I'm thinking we did.

PLAYBOY: It seems that there's something particularly postmodern about daredevil acts at a mall.

DEPP: It was the ultimate death-defying white-trash act.

PLAYBOY: Cage arranged to get you a tryout for *Elm Street* and you were well on your way.

DEPP: But even after that first movie I never thought that there would be others. I didn't necessarily want there to be. I wanted to play my guitar. But with the band broken up, I needed rent money. I needed cigarettes.

PLAYBOY: After *Elm Street* you moved to *21 Jump Street*. You reportedly detested the show that made you famous. Did you really think *21 Jump Street* was "fascist"?

DEPP: Sure it was. Cops in school? I mean, bad things happen in schools, but this was even worse than cops in school. It was preachy, pointing the finger. And it was hypocritical because the people running that show, the very highest of the higher-ups, were getting high. They were getting loaded. And then to say, "Now kiddies, don't do this" was horseshit. I was miserable living that lie for three years. Mortified. I was getting loaded, too. Am I really the one to say, "Don't get high"?

PLAYBOY: Did you try to get out of your contract?

DEPP: I offered to do a year of the show for free. I hate sounding like, "Oh, I'm on television and they're paying me a load of money, poor me," but I would have done two years for free to get out of there. They were trying to turn me into Menudo, into the New Kids on the Block. I couldn't play that game. I would rather shrink back into everyday life than get stuck being that.

PLAYBOY: You must have enjoyed being America's dreamboat at least a little.

DEPP: Not for one day. To enjoy lying? Enjoy being a piece of a machine, the product of a huge assembly line? No. And fighting the label of heartthrob is hard, too. By then I wanted to be an actor, and that was impossible on TV.

PLAYBOY: *Jump Street* got you invited to the Reagan White House.

DEPP: Yeah, for a Just Say No event. That was the biggest joke of all. But I took my mom and she loved it. We watched all the people—everyone acting so proper, trying to get close to the president. We were desperate for coffee, but there was no coffee allowed, no caffeine. People were putting away the booze, though. We had a laugh.

PLAYBOY: Is your mother a movie fan?

DEPP: She doesn't talk much about my movies, though she knows when I'm real, when it's me at my most honest. She can sift through whatever horseshit I might have thrown in there and find that. I took her to the premiere of *Don Juan* and we talked later. It was in the anger, the flare-ups, and some of the sad moments when she could see me.

PLAYBOY: Is she proud?

DEPP: Sometimes she still looks at me and says, "God, can you believe your life?

Ben Franklin wanted to make it the national bird.

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Going from living in a motel to all this?" She's still a little shocked. So am I. I'm probably more shocked than anyone. Being able to earn money making faces, telling lies! When it all started about eight years ago, she was still a waitress. People, customers, would say, "You're Johnny Depp's mom!" and she'd be all proud. Then it took a turn, and now it's more uncomfortable. Whom can you trust? Who's real and who's just smiling? I think she's getting tired of it.

PLAYBOY: You've publicly ducked questions about you and Brando, saying the two of you have never discussed acting.

DEPP: We have talked about it. I think he feels compelled to tell me about his experiences, to offer advice. He has said I should play Hamlet, for one thing. What I remember are scenes we had in *Don Juan*. There are times when you're trying to get somewhere inside, but there's so much stuff going on around you—the guy with the clapboard, the grip over there drinking coffee, the director going "action"—that you're just not ready. He was there for me then. He helps create an atmosphere that makes those moments easier. Even if it's just by laughing, talking, looking at you. He helped make scenes between the two of us totally private.

PLAYBOY: Sounds romantic. Did he moon you, too?

DEPP: [*Laughing*] A couple of times. I mooned him back.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, Brando-wise——

DEPP: All the feelings are there: teacher and student, father and son. He's a hero.

PLAYBOY: Were you jealous when he kissed Larry King on TV?

DEPP: He did kiss Larry King, didn't he? I think it was sweet. Maybe I should be jealous because I didn't kiss Larry.

PLAYBOY: You have another passion: collecting odd things. What's the latest?

DEPP: There's a bug store in Paris off the Boulevard St. Germain. I love snooping around in there. I recently bought a gift for a friend, a bug that looks shockingly like a leaf. The veins, the coloring, all perfect. If this guy were in a tree, you couldn't find him with a microscope—and that, to me, is a miracle. How could evolution attain that disguise? Insects are fascinating. You could never wipe them out. They're too fucking tough and too smart.

PLAYBOY: What else? Do you collect shrunken heads?

DEPP: In Lima, Peru I bought an enormous, beautiful bat and two dozen lacquered, stuffed piranhas. Coming home through Customs was funny. "What's in the box?" "Oh, 24 piranhas and a bat." "OK, strip-search this guy!"

PLAYBOY: Do you own anything that is ordinary?

DEPP: I have a lot of pictures that kids have sent me. They are some of the best things—little kids really identify with Edward Scissorhands, and they send me great, pure-genius pieces of art. Paintings of Edward, some of Sam in *Benny & Joon*—kids like Sam, too. They like the fairy tales. I frame some of those and put them on a wall in my house.

PLAYBOY: You also had a painting by serial killer John Wayne Gacy. Why?

DEPP: I'm fascinated by the dark and the absurd. I'm drawn to what's behind that. And don't we all have a bit of the ambulance chaser in us? The Gacy painting is one he did in prison. It's of Pogo the Clown, a character he used to play at neighborhood get-togethers, family functions. Now, most people believed that Gacy was a pillar of the community, a normal businessman, even as he committed those horrible murders. I suppose what intrigues me is that even after he was caught and put in prison, he was painting this other image he had of himself—the nice guy who played the clown.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he believed the nice-guy image?

DEPP: I think he did, but he was driven by his sickness. Anyway, I got rid of it. I paid more than Gacys were going for and naively believed the money went to the victims' families, which wasn't true. I gave the thing away. I didn't want it around anymore.

My mother still looks at me and says, "God, can you believe your life? Going from living in a motel to all this?" She's still a little shocked.

PLAYBOY: What else gives you the creeps?

DEPP: I used to have a nightmare that I was being chased through bushes and fronds by the skipper from *Gilligan's Island*. I don't know what was on his mind, but it wasn't good and I didn't want anything to do with it. As a kid I was also afraid of John Davidson.

PLAYBOY: The TV crooner?

DEPP: Yeah. I'd see him on television when I was younger, and it was that thing that scared me—the smile that was always there. The Man Who Always Smiles. That was frightening because it's not real. You knew he might have been feeling like shit, might have wanted to kill somebody, but this was his persona, to smile. And it's not just him. That thing is everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Politicians——

DEPP: Every politician is John Davidson. Eight out of ten producers are John Davidson. I know directors and loads of actors who are John Davidson.

PLAYBOY: How about you? Have you ever been a Davidson?

DEPP: [*Nods*] There are times when you put on a smile. It's a fucking drag, but you mask your feelings because there's nothing else to do. For instance, you're giving an interview and the guy says, "How are you?" You can't say, "I feel fucking rotten, I don't enjoy this shit and I would really like to strangle you."

PLAYBOY: Uh-oh.

DEPP: Strangling is an extreme example. But here's a John Davidson spot—being a presenter at the Academy Awards. I did that in 1994. I haven't seen it, but people tell me it went OK. My face was probably frozen in fear, because there's a weird marionette artificiality to those things. Backstage all I could think was, How do I get out of this? I absolutely almost fled. I had a few options swimming around in my brain. Just collapse, fall over unconscious, that was one. Projectile vomiting. Another option was to tell the truth. Just say, "Before I introduce Neil Young I want to say that I don't know why I'm here. I don't want to be here. I just want to go have a drink. I feel nervous and a little bit sick." Of course, I wasn't actually going to go out and say that. But what was really eating away at me was this: What if I suddenly get Tourette's syndrome? What if I go out and start barking and saying motherfucker to the whole world?

PLAYBOY: But you did introduce Neil Young and get out of there safely.

DEPP: That was a good cigarette after that.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a time you had a quasi-Tourette's episode on a plane?

DEPP: Flying from L.A. to Vancouver for that television show [*21 Jump Street*]. I was in first class and something came over me. I was already shaky about the flight when it hit me—you have to shout something shocking. Blurt something, or horrible things will happen.

PLAYBOY: So then you yelled, "I fuck animals!"

DEPP: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And, indeed, the plane didn't crash.

DEPP: It worked.

PLAYBOY: You even faced down your fear of John Davidson, didn't you? He played a talk show host in *Edward Scissorhands*.

DEPP: I had nothing to do with that. It was strange to work with him after years of being afraid of him. He was doing *Oklahoma!* somewhere at the time and he had a perm.

PLAYBOY: How John Davidson of him.

DEPP: So I got rid of that demon. It was a weird exorcism. We talked about his perm.

PLAYBOY: You've had other demons. There was a guy who kept calling around town insisting he was you. He

(continued on page 142)

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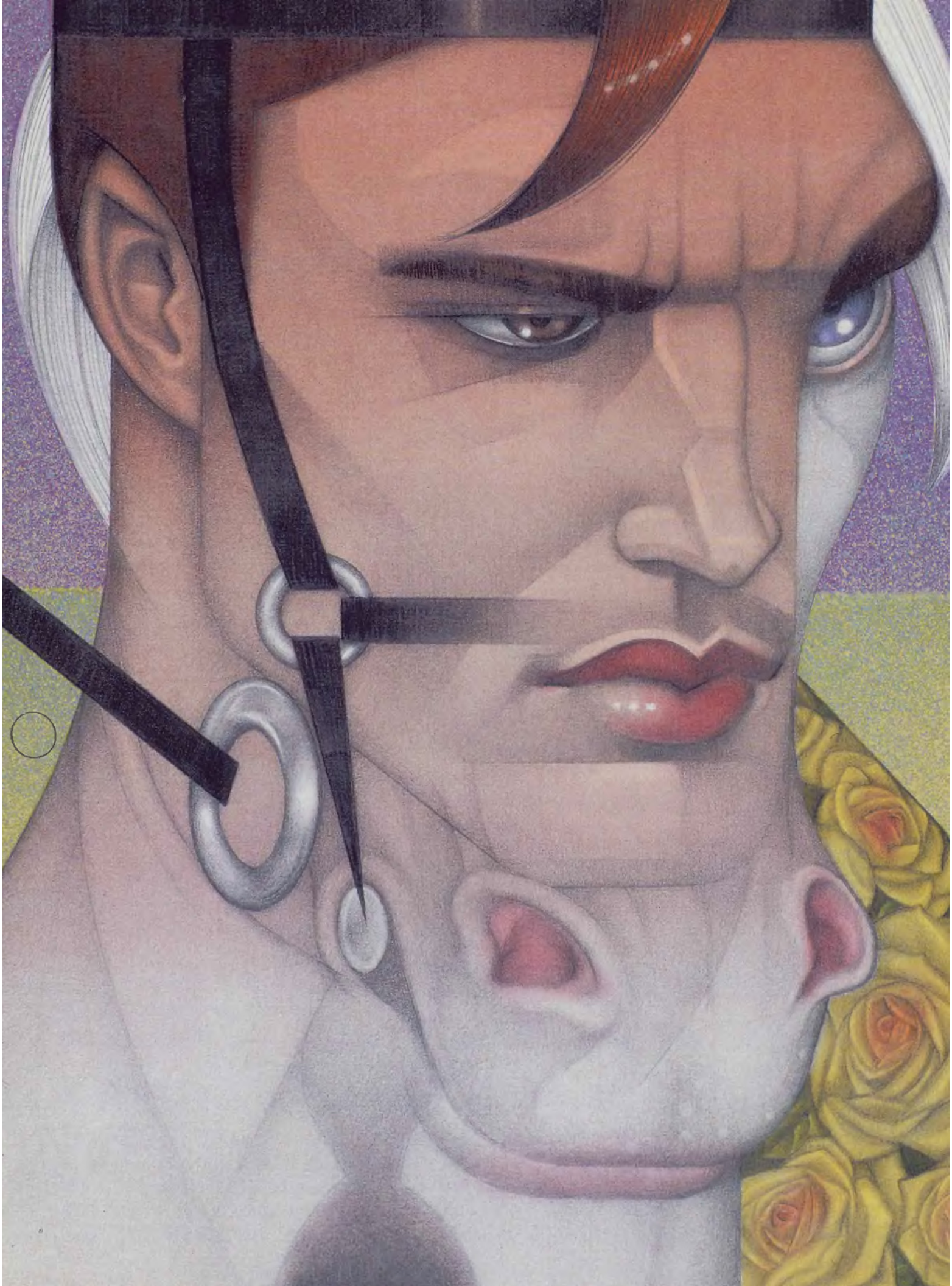


THE STALLION

fiction by **HAROLD ROBBINS**

the hardeman women were just like cars: they had a lot of power, but they needed a man to steer them

IT WAS DIFFICULT for the Hardeman family to decide whether or not to mark the 100th birthday of Loren Hardeman I, Number One, founder of Bethlehem Motors, the nation's number four automobile manufacturer. He was weak and obviously sinking slowly into his long sleep. On the other hand, he was still capable of anger and might direct it at anyone he could identify as insufficiently deferential to him and insufficiently interested in his centenary.

Roberta, wife to Loren Number Three, Number One's grandson, made the decision. They would celebrate with a dinner, to which only the immediate family would be invited. The group that assembled around a table in the late afternoon consisted of Number One, Number Three, Roberta and Betsy, Number One's great-granddaughter, for whom he had named his famous sports car.

The old man sat at the table in a stiff gray suit, white shirt, red-and-blue-striped tie and Panama hat. Betsy had played tennis a little earlier and had not changed out of her tennis whites. Roberta wore her favored stretch stirrup pants—this pair cream white—and a long-sleeved silver lamé top. Loren looked uncomfortable in a blue blazer and white duck pants.

Two bushel baskets filled with congratulatory wires and letters sat on a side table. Number One shrugged at them and declined to read any of them.

Loren read one to him. It was from the White House, from Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter. Number One listened, his head bobbing, and when Loren tried to hand him the engraved and embossed card, he waved it aside and said, "Peanuts."

He wouldn't allow Loren to read the wires from executives of the automobile industry. "Boring bullshit," he muttered. "Pro forma. I've outlived their grandfathers."

He drank Canadian whiskey as he had done in the old days. "What's the difference now?" he asked.

The birthday dinner was catered. So many foods were off-limits to Number One that he had not employed a cook for years and just ate the bland meals his nurse set before him. Tonight, however, he was treated to a hearts of palm salad and pompano, with a chilled Rhine wine.

When they had finished and the dishes were cleared away, brandy was served, and only then did Number One wave the bottle away.

"I have something I want to say," he announced. He pushed his wheelchair back and glanced around the table, letting his eyes settle for a moment on each member of his family. "I guess it was Maurice Chevalier who said the only thing worse than living to a ripe old age is the alternative. If you have ambitions to live to my age, curb them. It's not worth it.

"Loren, that car Angelo Perino is developing for you is a piece of shit. It's gonna look like a fuckin' strawberry box. It's gonna look like a Model A. Maybe it'll run OK; I keep reading about how good the Jap engines are. But it won't sell because it won't have a modern look. Remember this—you can't buy a Studebaker or a Packard or a Hudson anymore, but you can buy a Sundancer.

"Roberta, you make sure Loren keeps his backbone stiff. I know you keep his other bone stiff, but I'm talking about his backbone.

"Betsy, I have something to say to you, but I want to say it in private. You give the nurse 15 minutes to get me into bed, then come up. I want to talk to you."

Loren watched the nurse wheel Number One out of the room, then turned and spoke to Betsy: "He's gonna give you shit."

Betsy reached for the brandy bottle. "Maybe not."

•

Number One sat propped up against four big pillows. He wore blue-and-white-striped flannel pajamas. Betsy could see now why he wore the Panama hat. Only a sparse fringe of white hair circled his liver-spotted pate, which made him look even older and

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

frailer than his hundred years.

Her short white tennis dress and her tennis shoes were entirely out of place in what was conspicuously the old man's deathbed room. But she squared her shoulders, drew a deep breath and planted her hands on her hips.

Number One pointed at a machine that sat on a table beside his television. "You think you can make that thing run?" he asked.

Betsy looked at the machine. She had seen two or three of them before. It was a machine that could tape television shows and play them back. She studied the controls for a moment, then said she thought she could run it.

"Good. Pull that big dictionary out of the shelf over there."

She did. Behind the dictionary was a tape cartridge.

"Play it," he said.

She mounted the cartridge on the spindles on top of the big, heavy machine and hit the switch marked PLAY.

A picture appeared on the television screen. It was of an empty bed. Voices began to sound. . . .

"Goddamn it, you shouldn't have come here! You know you shouldn't have come here." Angelo's voice.

"Why not? The old fart's asleep. My father is sleeping one off. So is Roberta. Anyway, I want you. You can't believe how much I want you." Her own voice.

They came into the view of the camera; she was busily pulling off her clothes. The light was dim and the focus was not precise, but no one could have doubted who they were and what they were doing. She threw herself on the bed and spread her legs. Angelo pulled off his slingshot underpants, but not his white T-shirt, and mounted her.

"Four years ago, that was. I've watched the tape a good many times," muttered Number One. "You are a true slut, Betsy! I wish I'd known you 50 years ago."

"Was Sally any better?" she asked.

"Sally—your grandmother—she was a lady."

"And you were a gentleman. . . ."

The old man shook his head and grimaced. "Angelo Perino," he grumbled.

"You and I are perfect together," whispered Betsy's image on the screen—whispered hoarsely enough for a hidden microphone to capture. She drank brandy and handed the snifter to Angelo. "There's got to be more to it than this—more, I mean, than sneaking a night in the house. Oh, God! Leave her, Angelo! Give her a nice settlement and come to me."

"The best is yet to come," Number One interjected.

It was. After another minute or so of urgent, whispered conversation, Angelo rose on his hands and knees and presented his backside. Betsy buried her face in it, and though the camera saw only the back of her head, it was obvious that her tongue was as deep in his ass as she could push it. Their grunts were further evidence of what she was doing.

"You can turn it off. That was the most interesting part. I do wish I'd known a woman of your ilk even 40 years ago. No woman ever did that for me."

"I can't *believe*——"

"Would you like to see your father with Roberta?" asked Number One. "Would you like to see her tan his backside with his belt? She puts welts on his ass. Would you like to hear him tell her how great it is and beg for more? Surely you don't believe, child, that I would allow people to plot and scheme and fuck and lick ass in my house and not make a record of it. Is that like me? How do you think I managed to live a hundred fucking years and fuck every son of a bitch who——"

"I was going to call you an evil old man," said Betsy. "You were evil before you became an old man. When did you become evil, great-grandfather? Was it when you fucked my grandfather's wife? Or earlier?"

Number One smiled and shook his head. "I've fathered a brood, haven't I? My son was a fairy and killed himself. My grandson—well, there's hope for him. At least he's devious and has the capacity to hate."

"So why did you show me this?" she asked, nodding toward the tape machine.

"It will be handy as evidence against you if you try to break the new will that my lawyers are drafting—which I'll sign before the week is over. You've been calling your son Number Four. Dream on, you little slut. Your son will never so much as share in the control of Bethlehem Motors. I'm leaving everything I own to a trust. You will be a trustee, but you'll be outvoted by Loren and my other trustees."

"You'll have to fight Roberta."

"I've made a deal with Roberta. I've already put a big chunk of cash in trust for her, and I'm getting rid of her. She manipulates Loren like a puppet master, and she's gonna tell him he needs an heir and she can't give him one. As soon as she can find the right girl for the purpose, she will divorce Loren and let him marry the girl. He will get her pregnant and produce the real Number Four, who will be a Hardeman. When that happens, the trust pays out the money to Roberta."

"You have it all figured out, don't you, you old piece of shit?"

Number One grinned. "I take note that you begged Angelo four years ago to leave his wife and come to you. Since then he has fathered two more children by her."

"Got it all figured out. . . ."

"I think so. The lawyers will be here with the new documents before the week is over."

"You overlooked something, great-grandfather," said Betsy.

"Did I? What?"

"Me," she said.

She jerked one of the pillows from under his head and jammed it down over his face. He struggled, but he was a weak, 100-year-old man, and she was 26 and strong enough to have played three sets of tennis that afternoon without getting winded.

Something good happened—good for her. She felt him stiffen and guessed he was having a coronary. Maybe he wouldn't die of suffocation. Maybe. . . .

She held the pillow in place, just the same, for five minutes. When she removed it, he was turning blue and his eyes stared lifelessly at the ceiling. To be certain he was gone, she sat beside him for another ten minutes, holding the pillow gently over his face so as not to bruise him.

•

She removed the cartridge from the VCR and wiped her fingerprints from the controls.

He had not made this tape himself. Someone in the house, or someone elsewhere, had done it for him. It would not do for investigators to find missing only the tape showing her with Angelo. She began to move books. Sure enough, she found half a dozen more tape cartridges. She would have liked to see if one really showed Roberta beating her father's naked ass, but she could not stay here and play tapes, and she could not risk keeping them.

She stepped onto the balcony outside Number One's bedroom. The house was silent and mostly dark. She stood for a while, watching to see if anyone was outside. Detecting no one, she tossed the tapes onto the lawn.

Outside a few minutes later, she gathered them up. She walked toward the beach. Then, inspired, she took off her tennis dress and panties and walked onto the sand stark naked, clutching the cartridges. If anyone saw her and wondered why she was moving so furtively, the explanation would be that she had decided to take a walk, nude, on the beach.

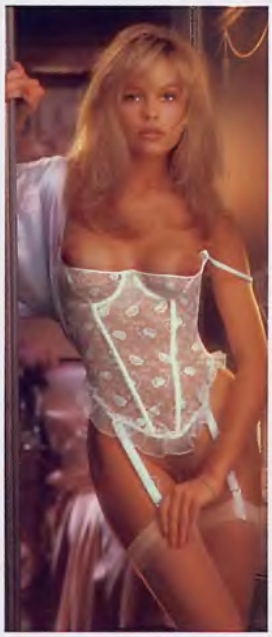
(continued on page 82)

"His 'Ho! Ho! Ho! I'm home early!' was so convincing,
I gave him the benefit of the doubt!"

THE POWER OF PAMELA

we knew her and loved her before she conquered the world

BELIEVE IN THYSELF. That's the moral of our tale today—the uplifting story of Pamela Anderson, a small-town girl who dreamed her way to international stardom. The whole world knows Pamela now; you can't channel-surf without being splashed by Pamfacts on *ET* or MTV. She's all over *People*, *Time* and *TV Guide*. And zillions of Pamfans recently hopped onto the Net to ogle electronic images of Pam doing the nice with Tommy Lee. Her marriage to Motley Crue drummer Tommy was a truly worldwide wedding: You can't find a Tibetan monk who doesn't know that Pam wore a white bikini that February morning on the beach in Cancún, five years after she made her famous appearance as our Playmate of the Month, Miss February 1990. Today, her first starring role in a film—as the lethal heroine of *Barb Wire*—is the talk of Hollywood, and everyone knows Pam sports a new barbed-wire tattoo on her left arm. Not to mention the old, mundane news that as lifeguard C.J. on *Baywatch* she is adored by 1 billion TV viewers worldwide every week, making Pam the number one dream girl in the history of civilization. (At the Cannes Film Festival she was mobbed by reporters, who stampeded past former TV goddess Morgan Fairchild.) Not bad for the dreamy daughter of a furnace repairman and a waitress from Comox, British Columbia. You might call it great luck for Pamela to go from our centerfold to a small role as Lisa the Tool Girl on TV's *Home Improvement* to international star in five years. But you would be dead wrong. It's no accident that Pam's dreams came true. She has always figured that beauty plus intelligence plus ambition and hard work would equal success. Want proof? Just check the last entry on her February 1990 Playmate Data Sheet. "Being a Playmate Means: The start of something big!"



Pamela ran the gamut from casual to glamorous in her February 1990 Playmate layout. Above left, she is a stunning endorsement for Labatt's beer; above right is her centerfold shot. Below are her five covers—perhaps only the Rabbit has more. For Pam, being a Playmate meant "the start of something big!" Five covers in six years—and now there's a resplendent sixth.

The dream began in the aptly named hamlet of Ladysmith, B.C., across the Strait of Georgia from Vancouver. After she moved to Comox, Pamela became a schoolgirl volleyball star who thought of herself as a jock, not a beauty. By luck she took in a B.C. Lions football game. The rest is a whirlwind: A cameraman takes a "honey shot" of the best-looking

Lions fan and beams it across all of Canada, a Labatt's brewery exec sees Pam, she becomes national poster girl for the brewery. A sharp-eyed PLAYBOY gorgeousness scout spots her, we fly Pam to the U.S. and instantly fall in love with her. To the tune of six PLAYBOY covers. These days we are, of course, far too modest to exclaim, Yes, we knew Pam was perfect long before you ever heard of her! Still, we are, in our modest way, proud to have discovered one of the top stars of the fin de siècle. Because we think she deserves her current renown—not only for the way she looks but also for the brave, smart, witty and tireless woman she is. Her secret is simple: You're looking at the hardest-working woman in the bikini-stuffing business. How many TV starlets practice martial arts on the set? All that practice in her off-hours from *Baywatch* helped Pam do most of her own stunts in *Barb Wire*, leading director David Hogan to marvel, "She looks beautiful, but she has a tremendous, vicious kick." Luck? There's not a chance. It was business as usual for Pam: When her chance arrived, she was coiled and ready. And that quality was as evident as her beauty on January 29, 1989, the day

"I hope that when people see me in PLAYBOY, they'll see more than the surfoce," soid Miss February 1990. "I hope they'll see a Comox girl reoching for a dream." What they saw mode Pam one of the most populor Playmotes ever. Why? Philosophers can debate that question if they so desire, but PLAYBOY readers know the answer instinctively. Pam is o dreomer who has never feared being physical.

She sees both the thrill ond the humor in sex. In our July 1992 issue Pam, who was then famed only for her role on *Home Improvement* ond her sexcapades with us, posed nude at an auto body shop under a sign advertising lubrication. From the jump she was savvy enough to hove fun with her sex-engine persona. Her current stor turn as Barb Wire is only the latest cortoon incarnation of that image. But os she confided to us in 1992, sex is more than mere fun. "I'm o very sexual person. Sexuolity is an expression of our spirituality," Pam said. "Sex mokes you get reol."

When you look like this you may not get the credit you deserve for being a smart businesswoman. But Pam can make Donald Trump look like a piker. She left *Home Improvement*, the number one show in America, for *Baywatch*, which became number one in the world.

we first set eyes on her. On that day Pam was a B.C. girl in the big city, unsure of her future, thinking only that she wanted it to be more thrilling than anything Comox could offer. She filled out the same questionnaire that we give every Playmate hopeful. When asked what career she would choose for herself, she wrote, "Actress—I love to live out fantasies." And if you think her subsequent zoom to the top is any sort of coincidence, we have some real estate in Comox to sell you. Because, as another smart cookie, Thomas Edison, once said, genius is inspiration plus perspiration. Say hello again to Pam, modern media genius.

"I do." Pam's marriage vow to Tammy made a billion men jealous. It also served as an all-purpose answer to the questions Miss Feb. 1990 has faced since she left Comox to join the wide, wild world. Do you know what it takes to go from small-town B.C. beauty to worldwide wonder? Do you have what it takes? She does. She always did. Never underestimate the power of Pamela.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NINA BERKSON

It's a Baywatch World

BY BRENDAN BABER & ERIC SPITZNAGEL

JUST HOW BIG is *Baywatch*? According to its distributors, the world's biggest show reaches 2.4 billion people per week, 40 percent to 80 percent of whom may be watching. That's a viewership of 1 billion to 2 billion. *Baywatch* is broadcast in 110 countries and on every continent except Antarctica (where you could probably catch it on a VCR in the rec room at McMurdo Base, anyway). In the Amazon basin, locals crank up gas generators to watch it on mildewed black-and-white TVs. People in Russia, Australia, Zimbabwe, Morocco, New Delhi and Mongolia hold their breath to see if Mitch and Stephanie will ever get it on.

But we're inundated with big numbers every day, so figures such as 2 billion slide right off our collective consciousness. Allow us to make a few comparisons to put it in perspective:

According to the *1995 Information Please Almanac*, there are roughly 1 billion Muslims in the world, which makes Allah only half as pervasive as *Baywatch*. The global population of Christians is estimated at 1.8 billion, so it's a toss-up as to whether Jesus Christ or Lieutenant Mitch Buchannon will win the popularity contest. But Mitch's ratings are increasing faster. *Baywatch* viewers outnumber Jews by at least 50 to 1, because there are only 18 million adherents to the Torah. Democracy is much less widespread than *Baywatch*, since we calculate only 1.1 billion people live in "free" countries. (In case you were wondering, that means *Baywatch* is roughly two times more successful than voting.) If you haven't gotten the picture yet, we will say it straight out: *Baywatch* is not a part of world culture; it is the world's culture. Face it. It is not merely the most successful television show in the world; it is the most popular cultural phenomenon ever.

Baywatch's critics are deluded fools. It doesn't matter if they think it's crap. Frankly, it doesn't matter if you think it's crap. Two billion viewers can't be wrong, even if some of them are huddled around gas generators in the rain forest.

We're all living on borrowed time in *Baywatch*'s world, and we may as well stop fighting it.

TEN TRUTHS LEARNED FROM WATCHING BAYWATCH

So there you are in Outer Mongolia, hanging out in the yurt near the tribe's only television, and like the rest of the world you're watching the show. Odds are you'll never actually meet an American, so what conclusions do you draw

Reading Between the Lines

Some *Baywatch* dialogue could lead you to believe that the lifeguards (or the writers) are incredibly stupid. This is not so. We examined a few classic *Baywatch* lines to see if deeper meanings were hidden in the seemingly shallow words.

What They Say	What They Mean
"I came here to have fun, and I'm not having fun anymore."	The world is a scary, unpredictable place. You will not always enjoy it.
"That's kind of a neat idea. I've never been to a hurricane party."	Make the best of every situation, no matter how disastrous it may seem.
"You can't fire me for breaking up with her!"	Sexual discrimination in the workplace is unfair and should be prevented.
"If you would rather go jogging than surf-skiing, no problemo."	Life is filled with opportunity. What you do not accomplish today you can do tomorrow.
"You are one burrito short of a combination."	Your blatant disregard for logic and reason disturbs me.
"For once I wish I could fall in love with someone other than a thief or murderer."	Love can be a perilous experience and new relationships must be met with caution.

about this mythical race with eternal tans and perfect teeth? We examined a few episodes and attempted to determine what you have learned about us from watching *Baywatch*.

❶ American men and women spend 15 percent of their days running in slow motion along the beach.
❷ Americans almost drown an average of two times each hour.
❸ Despite this habit of breathing water, CPR always works and no one actually dies, except from cancer.
❹ People in the U.S. look thoughtfully at the ocean for an average of 15 seconds after being told anything of any importance.
❺ Americans never worry about getting enough to eat, but fat people are unreliable and sometimes evil.
❻ Most American women have abnormally large breasts that are worshiped via close-ups for an average of two minutes and 13 seconds per hour.
❼ When swimming in California, you are more likely to be attacked by jewel thieves or taken hostage by terrorists than you are to drown.
❽ Most activity that takes place off the beach occurs in montages and lasts no longer than two minutes.
❾ Although Americans, especially lifeguards, complain that they are poor, they all have expensive sports cars and luxurious homes.
❿ Motorboats, unlike cars, will not talk back to David Hasselhoff.

The Baywatch Method

Baywatch builds on the traditions of musical theater with its use of montage. Critics say these sections are just filler, but devoted fans know that they are the show's semiotic shorthand, a combination of music and slow-motion jiggling that conveys character development without using up valuable words.

MONTAGE: C.J. saves assorted drowning people, runs up and down the beach and pouts.
INSIGHT: Even attractive people have to work hard for a living.

MONTAGE: Brody and C.J. walk on the beach and fall in love.
INSIGHT: Lifeguards need only two minutes and 22 seconds to fall in love.

MONTAGE: All the lifeguards prepare for a big wedding between Mitch and his ex-wife.
INSIGHT: Lifeguards don't have very cool dress uniforms.

MONTAGE: Mitch and Brody are chased by wicked Hawaiians on a barely inhabited island.
INSIGHT: Men who chase lifeguards get what they deserve.

MONTAGE: Mitch and Tracy (his true love) spend quality time before she dies of cancer.
INSIGHT: Cancer patients get tired and should not try to catch Frisbees.

Mitch Buchannon: Adept Lifeguard or Übermensch?

Lieutenant Buchannon has the remarkable ability to survive any disaster, no matter how challenging. How does he do it? He is no Superman, but he has learned a number of innovative survival skills that help him deal with life-threatening scenarios. Here are some compelling examples:

DANGER: Shark in the water.
SOLUTION: Pummel it with driftwood until it goes away.

DANGER: Pirates point a gun at you.
SOLUTION: Distract them by saying, "Oh my God, sharks!" and then grab the gun.

DANGER: A crazed serial killer holds two lifeguards hostage in a beach tower.
SOLUTION: Get to the tower by tunneling under the sand like Bugs Bunny, then beat him up.

DANGER: Bad Hawaiians chase you with spears.
SOLUTION: Put your shirt in a bush to distract them, then beat them up.

DANGER: Terrorists kidnap your girlfriend, a princess from an unspecified country.
SOLUTION: Chase them in a boat, then beat them up.

DANGER: Punks are about to attack your girlfriend and dump her off a pier.
SOLUTION: Climb the pier to sneak up on them, then beat them up.

DANGER: A swarthy man stalks your son and his friend.
SOLUTION: Chase him in a truck, then let midgets beat him up.

Is That a Life Preserver or Are You Just Happy to See Me?

One of the main tools used by the lifeguards on *Baywatch* is the red rescue can. This bright, rigid float is attached to a rope, allowing guards to rescue people without having to risk physical contact. But in the danger-ridden world of *Baywatch*, these rescue cans have many other uses. These include:

- Protecting yourself from crowbars swung by evil convict wives ("Tentacles: Part One").
- Causing serial killers to trip when they try to sneak into the lifeguards' office ("The Tower").
- Avoiding giving mouth-to-mouth to people with AIDS ("A Little Help From My Friends").
- Helping viewers tell the difference between drowning lifeguards and drowning civilians ("Someone to Baywatch Over Me").

ADVANCED LIFESAVING

ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

✹ Making dweebish husbands look cool so they can win back the affection of their adulterous wives ("Red Wind").
✹ Spinning on finger to wow the babes (opening credits to every episode).

Beware the Bay Siren

Baywatch lifeguard C.J. Parker has a mysterious way of attracting every man on the beach. Unfortunately, most of her suitors suffer a personal tragedy shortly after meeting her. Is C.J. the perfect woman or a siren who lures men to destruction? Here is a list of some of the men who have had brushes with C.J. and whose lives have subsequently been ravaged.

JOHN D. CORT: Lost eyesight.
CARLTON: Fell off cliff.
KARL: Killed by an escaped convict, then dumped into ocean.
MARONI THE MAGNIFICENT: Came perilously close to drowning during a bungled underwater stunt.
FATHER RYAN: Lost faith and almost gave up priesthood.
MATT BRODY: Spent $5000 to pay off her gambling debts.
DJ LARRY "LOOMIN'" LARGE: Convicted of fraud and embezzlement.

Baywatch Cares About the Issues

Baywatch is more than just sun and fun. It tackles the big issues of our times and offers fresh, even startling, insights. Unlike most TV dramas, *Baywatch* wants to make this world a better place.

Major Issue	How Baywatch Is Making a Difference
AIDS	Logan warns about the danger of resuscitating a man with AIDS. "It's not enough to practice safe sex. You also have to practice safe CPR."
Exploitative Oil Companies	C.J. asks Brody to wear a NO DRILLING T-shirt at a beach volleyball tournament.
Cancer	Mitch proposes to a woman with cancer, then takes her to the beach to die.
Bulimia	Summer decides to seek professional help for her eating disorder after barely escaping an octopus attack.
Antidwarfism	Midgets show up frequently on the show but only once are characterized as goofy little Santa's helpers.

Mitch Buchannon, Zen Master? A Quiz

Below are a few quotes by Lieutenant Buchannon mixed with sayings from Zen masters. See if you can tell which are which.

❶ A wave is like a natural pulse: It reminds people that they're alive.
❷ A fish swims in the ocean, and no matter how far it swims there's no end to the water.
❸ An ancient once said, "Throw false spirituality away like a pair of old shoes."
❹ Old Chinese saying: "When you rescue someone from drowning, you must provide him with dry clothes."
❺ Just put attachment out of your mind: This world is paradise.
❻ Gotta seize the moment, cookie.
❼ There's no sun, no air, no pool, no pecs!
❽ No good, thank you. No bad, thank you. No "no," thank you.
❾ There are a lot of other ways to feel alive than by being a criminal.
❿ Don't expect to practice hard and not experience the weird.
⓫ Men and cigarettes are known only after they've turned to smoke.
⓬ Even if we're not dying, we have to treat other people as if it's our and their last day.
⓭ If you love your life, kill yourself. Once done, you're deathless.
⓮ I think that you should unbutton your collar.

(Answer: 1, 4, 6, 7, 9, 12 and 14 are by Mitch; 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11 and 13 are by Zen masters.)

How to Talk Like a Lifeguarding Dude

To be a successful Baywatcher, you have to be able to talk the talk. But conversing like a bona fide California lifeguard is not so simple as explaining the difference between a rip current and an undertow. You will also need to be well versed in some of the terminology. Here are a few examples from the definitive dictionary of lifeguard lingo, *(concluded on page 180)*

THE STALLION

(continued from page 64)

Roberta threw aside her black dress. "I want to do something we've never done before," she said.

If she couldn't find the remains of a fire, she would sit down and pull all the tape out of the cartridges. Then she would tear it to bits and scatter the bits in the surf.

But a hundred yards south she found what she hoped she might find: the final glowing coals of someone's fire. At the edge of the tide were bits of driftwood and palm frond. She gathered a little fuel. Keeping the fire low, she pulled the tape out of the cartridges—her own first—and laid it on the flames. The tape burned quickly, with a little more flare than she would have liked. When she had burned all the tapes, she let the heat melt the cartridges. She covered the melted mess with sand to cool it, and after a few minutes carried it out into the surf. She cast it out as far as she could, walked out of the water and started back toward the house.

•

No one screamed. When she came downstairs in the morning, Roberta intercepted her before she reached the lanai and told her Number One had died in the night of a massive coronary.

"Well, he made his hundred years," Betsy commented. She had nothing more to say.

It was noon before the formalities were concluded. Even so, word had gone out over the wires: Loren Hardeman I was dead.

A telegram arrived from New York:

Shocked and distressed to learn of death of Loren Hardeman I. My personal sympathy to all members of his family and all his many friends, among whom I include myself. He was a giant of the automobile industry, which will never be the same without him.

Angelo Perino

•

Angelo had heard talk that the old man had changed his will to disinherit Betsy and her son, Loren IV, and to settle control firmly in Loren III's hands. But the will that came to probate contained nothing surprising. Betsy inherited. Control rested, even so, in Loren, who would vote his own stock, and in the Hardeman Foundation, which would vote its stock. A majority of the trustees of the foundation would vote along with Loren.

Angelo was aware that the death of Number One left him with no appeal if Number Three decided to bail out of his new car project. He was staying at Dukes Hotel on St. James' Place in London, a small, very old and very traditional hotel. He had arrived on Monday—a week before Christmas—to meet with the bankers who would finance production of the car. He would fly home on Thursday. Roberta had been there since Friday and would fly home the following Friday. They had three nights.

As far as Loren was concerned, Roberta was in London for Christmas shopping and the theater. Maybe he knew and maybe he didn't know that Angelo was in London, too.

"I bought you a present," Roberta told Angelo as they walked out of the hotel arcade.

She handed Angelo a box. They stopped in the entrance to the arcade while he opened it. Inside was a Burberrys raincoat. He didn't know its exact price, but he knew a Burberrys coat cost more than $500. Quite a present, indeed.

He didn't like this relationship with Roberta. What he had going with Betsy was altogether different. Roberta was a vigorous, noisy piece of ass. How noisy she would get if he turned her out was a question. He didn't trust her.

•

At a Lebanese restaurant on Shepherd Market, Angelo requested one order of lambs' testicles as an appetizer for the two of them. Westerners who ate them did it more for the adventure than because they tasted good. They were in no sense nauseating, but they were definitely an acquired taste. Other parts of the lamb would be served as the entrée.

Otherwise, they ate hummus on crisp Lebanese bread, lots of wrinkly black and green Greek olives, tomatoes, radishes and carrots—all with two bottles of excellent Lebanese red wine.

"Business," Roberta said when she had eaten two lambs' testicles and was cleansing her palate with olives and wine. "Loren would like to kick your ass."

Angelo glanced at the two Middle Eastern men at the next table, which was so close that they could no doubt hear everything he and Roberta were saying. The two men had been talking in Arabic, and if they understood what "kick your ass" meant, they showed no sign of it.

"Be specific, Roberta."

"All right. He has it in mind to oppose the new car—more to screw you than for any other reason. The key is to make him think he's important. What's the name of the new car? Perhaps if Loren named it, he'd——"

Angelo grinned. "I know what I want to call it," he said. "I'd like to call it the 1800. The engine displacement is 1800 cubic centimeters."

Roberta ran her tongue over her lips. "No way. The American public isn't ready for a car called just '1800.' It has to have a name."

"Like what?"

She smiled, at first amused. Then the smile spread into something wicked. "Hey! 'Stallion.' For my Italian stallion. I'll get Loren to suggest that name. Naming the car makes him look big in his own eyes. That may gratify his ego enough to keep him from trying to kill the project. He'll never guess what it means. It'll be our secret, and every time we hear it we can laugh."

"If he guesses, if he even gets the least suspicion in his mind, he'll scuttle the project."

"Believe me, he won't. Leave that to me."

•

The elegant little room in Dukes Hotel had a fireplace, in which some logs had already been placed. All Angelo had to do was touch a match to the kindling underneath the logs, and the fire would catch and burn.

While he did this, Roberta threw aside her black dress, her bra and her panties and waited for him in a black garter belt that held up dark stockings.

"I want to do something we've never done before," she said. "I want to give you something you've never had. What would that be, Angelo? Is there something you've dreamed of doing but have never done?"

"I'd rather just fuck you, Roberta."

"And you better! But I was thinking for starters, to get you up good and stiff."

"I'm good and stiff now."

"And all covered up. Let's see." She reached for him and began to undo his clothes. "Oh my God, you are, aren't you?"

She helped him undress until he was naked, with his engorged phallus standing almost horizontal.

Roberta laughed. "You lie down on your back, lover," she said. "I'm gonna

(continued on page 190)

"You mean no one else is coming to the party?
Just us and fantastic sex?"

The DICK CLINIC

article by ***D. KEITH MANO***

what one brave man found—and endured—on his quest for the four-hour woody

PROLOGUE

I'M WRITING here about a new human sexuality—at least that. A sexuality in which all men are just as potent as they care to be, in which there is neither failure nor the shadow of failure. I know. After five weeks of outpatient treatment, I went from Mr. Maybe to Mr. Magic Probe. All this despite tough luck and a whole mess of self-sabotage. Remember: For you, it'll probably take less than half that time. And most likely you won't experience any of the horrid events I endured.

Impotence is a vicious word. It denotes limpness, cowardice, inadequacy and critical impairment. The subject is so appalling it doesn't even have a place in the male rhetoric of insult. Men, no matter how irritated, almost never call one another impotent. We may accuse another guy of excessive fellatio or Oedipal sex, but we'll never use the word castrato or eunuch. I don't know about you, but I'm just a little, oh, superstitious. Which is probably why you've heard almost zero about prostaglandin treatment for impotence (what we will hereinafter call erectile dysfunction, or ED). Fifty-two percent of American men between the ages of 40 and 70 have at some time experienced chronic ED. Think about it: 20 million human beings afflicted with shame. It has the amplitude of a plague.

But the magic bullet has been concocted. By the year 2000 almost all men who so desire will be able to perform sexually on command. And that's why they call it the millennium.

Reflect for a while. Easy access to chemical machismo will mean, for instance:

(1) Our lovemaking no longer will be held hostage by a five- or six-inch length of self-important smooth muscle tissue.

(2) Men won't feel nervous, shamed and incomplete because some dumb artery didn't fill some dumb muscle tissue with blood on cue or for long enough.

(3) Women won't feel nervous, shamed and incomplete because they couldn't inspire some dumb artery to fill some *(continued on page 96)*

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS SCIACCA

THE Playboy LOOK

fashion by Hollis Wayne

the latest tailored menswear styles are sophisticated and sexy—just like the magazine that inspired their name

IT WAS the ultimate compliment: When *The New York Times* and the *Daily News Record* (a fashion industry bible) referred to the sleek, sophisticated styling of the latest tailored menswear, they called it the Playboy Look. With energy, charisma and an on-the-town attitude, these new suits are a sharp contrast to the baggy, laid-back styles of the Eighties. Jackets are trim and structured, with side vents, strong shoulders and slightly tapered waists. This slim silhouette is offered in two- and three-button single-breasted versions, six-button double-breasted ones—and even in three-piece styles with matching vests. Keep an eye on trim-fitted trousers, too, and for rich, dark fabrics accented by a variety of stripes. Other items that put the Playboy spin on your wardrobe include white spread-collar dress shirts with French cuffs, and solid, jacquard or tone-on-tone ties. Power shoes, such as wing tips and oxfords, give the Playboy Look its distinctive spring.

At right (in foreground): The quintessential Playboy Look—fitted suit, spread-collar shirt, silk tie and oxfords. For more details, see a close-up of the ensemble on page 89.

Talk about a smooth landing. The trio below sports slick variations on the Lothario theme. The gentlemon at for left, for example, combines o wool flonnel three-button single-breosted suit with pinstripes (obout $800), o cotton dress shirt with French cuffs ($150) and o silk tie (obout $70), all from Polo by Rolph Louren, with o linen pocket square by Tino Cosmo ($20), leather split-toe oxfords by Polo Ralph Lauren Footweor ($295) and o leather briefcase by Dunhill ($675). The man behind him teoms o wool pin-striped three-piece single-breasted suit by Canali (about $1200), o striped cotton dress shirt with French cuffs, by Sulko ($195) and o silk satin tie by Robert Tolbott (obout $70). The third man wears o tropicol wool three-button single-breasted suit with bicolored pin-stripes ($2170) and o cotton French-cuff shirt ($395), both by Richord Tyler, plus o silk woven rep-stripe tie by Sulko ($90).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI

Even Giorgio Armani has forsaken the baggy suit in favor of the slimmed-down Nineties silhouette. His *Nuova Forma* suits, as he calls them, include this wool single-breasted suit ($2025) that features double-pleated trousers. (The high-button stance vest is sold separately for $500.) We've joined it with a cotton French-cuffed shirt ($95), silk satin tie (about $70) and linen pocket square (about $40), all by Robert Talbott, and leather oxfords by J.M. Weston ($465).

LOCATION: FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT, NEW YORK CITY

This playboy from the opening spread gets up close and personal in a tropical wool three-piece double-breasted suit with peak lapels ond double-pleated trousers by Richard Tyler ($2370). Other items include a white cotton checked shirt with a moderate-spread collar, by Dunhill (about $100), a silk polka-dot tie from Polo by Ralph Lauren (about $60) and Buddy Holly–style glasses by Paul Smith Spectacles from Oliver Peoples (about $220).

This sophisticated Armani man wears the latest laak in dauble-breasted suits. It's up close and personal with the Playboy Laak: a wool slender-cut six-button pin-striped model that features side vents, strang shaulders, peaked lapels and trim, fitted dauble-pleated trausers (about $2200). It's shown with a crisp cattan dress shirt by Canali (abaut $180) and a solid-calared, wo-ven silk tie from 8est of Class by Robert Talbott (about $110).

At the tail end of our feature, we share a familiar sight: the satisfied playboy. He's sporting a wool flannel chalk-striped three-piece suit by Sulka ($2350), a striped cotton dress shirt by Dunhill (about $100), a tone-on-tone silk tie with a herringbane weave, fram Best af Class by Robert Talbott ($105) and leather wing tips by J.M. Weston ($535). Draped over his shoulders is a wool melton herringbone double-breasted topcoat, by Canali ($1150).

STYLING BY LEE W. MOORE FOR KRAMER + KRAMER.

HAIR/MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS.

GROOMING BY DICKEY FOR FORD IMAGE2, NYC.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 179.

ROMANCING THE NEW YEAR

welcome in 1996 at one of the world's most sensual places

IMAGINE spending New Year's Eve at an Italian villa nestled in the misty hills that Titian painted and Palladio dotted with palaces. The restaurant in the villa is one of Italy's finest, known for its outstanding entrées and wines. The evening is black tie, your meal is candlelit. At midnight, amid a popping of corks and cries of "*buon anno*," your date is presented with a pair of earrings. The Villa Cipriani, less than an hour northwest of Venice, is just one of the following eight hotels, resorts and restaurants bringing unparalleled romance to the most celebrated night of the year. Whether your preference is a dinner for two overlooking Manhattan or a feast on the Left Bank of Paris, here are the world's best places to ring in 1996.

THE TERRACE
400 West 119th Street
New York City

While 250,000 human icicles huddle downtown to watch a ball descend a pole in Times Square, you could be enjoying New Year's Eve watching the moon rise over the New York City skyline uptown at the Terrace, a place New Yorkers tend to keep to themselves. Situated atop a Columbia University dormitory, this glass-walled, candlelit dining room provides a breathtaking panorama—from Central Park to the George Washington Bridge to the East River, all the way to Long Island. On New Year's Eve, chef Ossama Mickail offers an excellent five-course dinner that includes smoked Norwegian salmon, New York foie gras with apples, and loin of veal with sweet onion mousse and morel sauce, plus a lavish dessert. There's also dancing to music into the night. (212-666-9490.)

LE MANOIR AUX QUAT'SAISONS
Great Milton, England

When you finish wedging your car among the Rolls-Royces, Aston-Martins and Bentleys parked at this extraordinary 15th century manor, you'll quickly discover why well-heeled Brits have long used Le Manoir as a romantic getaway. Situated in the beautiful

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

Cotswold countryside about 90 miles northwest of London, Le Manoir has 19 bedrooms that feature exquisite antiques and a view of the magnificent gardens and grounds. The restaurant, with both an oak-beamed dining room and an airy conservatory, is headed by chef Raymond Blanc, who currently has two Michelin stars. The wine cellar is considered one of the finest in Europe. The holiday weekend begins with a Saturday evening champagne reception and harp recital, followed by a sumptuous dinner. On New Year's Eve you'll enjoy a lavish nine-course meal that ends with the town crier ushering in 1996. An informal wine tasting is offered on New Year's Day. Prices for the weekend range from $1000 to $1400 per person. (011-44-1-844-278881; or toll-free from the U.S.: 800-845-4274.)

CHEECA LODGE
Islamorada, Florida

Key West throws one hell of a bash on New Year's Eve, but if you're looking for an oasis of elegant calm, the Cheeca Lodge in Islamorada is the best place in the Keys to find it. Situated about halfway between Miami and Key West, the Cheeca is a resort for those who can afford privacy. It has banned jet skis from the beachfront in order to maintain quiet for the occupants of its 203 villas and guest rooms, as well as to protect the area's marine life. During the New Year's holiday, you can book seven days in the palatial presidential suite for a mere $15,000, but one of the more realistic packages offers a week-long stay for $4500 that includes a room for two in the main lodge or an oceanfront villa. They'll toss in a five-course dinner on New Year's Eve. The lodge's two oceanside restaurants are excellent, with chef Dawn Sieber featuring local seafood in dishes such as baby snapper with Thai spices and tomato-mango chutney, mahimahi baked in phyllo served with a balsamic vinegar glaze, and onion-crusted Florida yellowtail with braised artichokes. (800-327-2888.)

THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
9641 Sunset Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California

For many people, the bubble-gum–pink Beverly Hills Hotel epitomizes the glamour of old Hollywood, a place where Marilyn Monroe dallied with Yves Montand and where Liz Taylor honeymooned with most of her husbands. But over the years the hotel deteriorated. The decor became threadbare, the window air conditioners rattled and phone messages never arrived. But $100 million has added considerable luster to this landmark. After being closed for two and a half years, the newly renovated hotel is a dazzling testament to California design and architecture. The hotel has retained many of its beloved motifs but now features larger and more elegant rooms (though there are fewer of them). And while its restaurants, including the famous Polo Lounge, are once again considered hot Hollywood hangouts, the Beverly Hills Hotel is offering something special for New Year's Eve: a lavish in-room candlelit dinner with a bottle of Veuve Clicquot champagne and a meal from the Polo Grill that includes beluga caviar, white truffle ravioli and rack of lamb. (310-276-2251.)

VILLA CIPRIANI
Asolo, Italy

The little Veneto town of Asolo is a renowned antiques center with streets so narrow that cars are an only occasional intrusion. Its Villa Cipriani is a 31-room hotel that was once a Renaissance estate where Robert Browning wrote love poems. The restaurant at the villa is known for its ravioli with radicchio and mascarpone, ramekins of cheese layered with white truffles, and filet of beef in an olive-bread crust with madeira sauce. These and other Italian dishes are served at the hotel's exclusive New Year's Eve gala. Only 120 people will partake of the night's festivities, which begin with a black-tie dinner and dancing. At midnight, women receive a gift (probably a piece of gold or silver jewelry), and two hours later, you can sample the "crazy buffet," which includes such local specialties as pennette with hot peppers ("to make everyone dance until five A.M.," says a hotel spokesperson) and lentils and pork sausage ("a symbol of monetary good luck for the New Year"). (011-39-423-952166.)

TRAPPER'S CABIN
Beaver Creek Resort
Avon, Colorado

Set at 9500 feet in an alpine meadow near Vail, Trapper's Cabin is a remote and romantic place to spend New Year's Eve. There is no TV or phone, but who cares? The four-bedroom cabin has the rustic chic of a Ralph Lauren showroom—complete with a library of books and board games. By day, you can ski in perfect Colorado powder, then relax in the outdoor hot tub before taking a cozy spot in front of the cabin's enormous fireplace. In the evening, you can enjoy cocktails while your cabin's personal chef prepares a meal of game. A cabinkeeper cleans up, then wakes you late the next morning for bloody marys and breakfast. While such sybaritism doesn't come cheap—$500 per person per night, with a $2000 minimum—it should provide an unforgettable New Year's Eve. (303-845-7900).

HIGHLANDS INN
Carmel, California

When Marlon Brando, Catherine Deneuve, Clint Eastwood or Madonna want to get away from it all, they head for Highlands Inn—a romantic hilltop retreat at the gateway to Big Sur with rooms offering fireplaces, sunken Jacuzzis and private decks. The inn also houses the Pacific's Edge, one of the most acclaimed restaurants in the West. On New Year's Eve, chef Cal Stamenov will prepare a lavish five-course meal that includes smoked-sturgeon tart with caviar, fricassée of Maine lobster and sea scallops, asparagus-and-lemon salad, roast veal with chanterelles and truffles, grilled escolar with wild fennel, sorbet and a dessert. The dinner is accompanied by four wines plus a champagne toast at midnight. (The Edge has a superb wine cellar.) The Highlands' four-night Romantic Interlude package is available from December 29 to January 2 for about $2000 per couple. It includes champagne, flowers, an ocean-view suite, the aforementioned New Year's Eve dinner, a New Year's Day picnic, a massage for two in your room, bathrobes and transportation from and to the Monterey airport. (800-682-4811.)

HÔTEL LUTÉTIA
45 Boulevard Raspail
Paris, France

From the balconies of the rooms on the Boulevard Raspail at Hôtel Lutétia, you can see the Left Bank, the gold dome of Les Invalides and the Eiffel Tower. The Lutétia has 28 luxurious art deco suites and is a favorite among journalists and the international fashion crowd. Your New Year's celebration will take you to the hotel's dark-paneled, 35-seat restaurant, which is appropriately named Paris. Here, chef Philippe Renard will serve an eight-course meal that includes appetizers, foie gras, two seafood dishes, sorbet, a game dish, dessert, coffee and chocolates, plus Taittinger champagne. Room rates are $185 to $275 per night. We recommend a late breakfast the next day at the hotel's other restaurant, Brasserie, followed by a stroll along the winding streets of Ste.-Germain-des-Prés. (011-33-1-49-54-4646; or toll-free from the U.S.: 800-888-4747.)

Talk about drive. Less than three years ago, Jenny McCarthy gave up nursing for modeling and aimed her career path toward PLAYBOY. Before you could say "fast track," the Chicago native was Miss October 1993 and crowned Playmate of the Year for 1994. With a video debut on Playboy TV, now she's the hot co-host of MTV's wildly popular *Singled Out* and appears with actor Tom Arnold in this winter's upcoming film *The Stupids*. Smart casting—Jenny's irresistible.

DICK CLINIC *(continued from page 84)*

Padma-Nathan can get a rise from just about any man. This is Lourdes for the logless.

dumb muscle tissue with blood on cue or for long enough.

(4) We can all be Zorba the Quinn, if we want to be. With prostaglandin, most men can haul up an erection no matter what their age.

(5) Married couples who can no longer create hardness between themselves (because of age or familiarity or other factors) will be able to jumpstart their passion with prostaglandin. And then maybe he won't need that young thing to stiffen his resolve.

(6) Men with chronic diseases that affect their sexual performance will not forfeit their manhood. (I have Parkinson's—and, no, mine doesn't work like a vibrator, thank you.)

(7) Men who are confident in their sexual prowess tend to use condoms more willingly.

(8) Gender boundaries will blur. Men will be able to assume a more passive role if they so elect.

(9) Every day will feel like springtime in New York.

So pay attention. I underwent great physical discomfort—hell, I became a white rat—to bring you this report from a brave new world. Remember: Most men will not need any of the invasive tests I signed up for. Pay attention. And *don't try this at home.*

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Monday, March 13, 1995

I think you'll like Dr. Harin Padma-Nathan. Born in Sri Lanka, age 39, trim and handsome, with a complexion the color of a polished grand piano. And lucky. A pioneer in pharmacological ED research, Dr. Padma-Nathan, assistant professor of clinical urology at the University of Southern California and director of the Male Clinic in Santa Monica, is in the right place at the right time with the right jism. Aided by his staff of attractive and quite unjudgmental young women, Padma-Nathan can get a rise from just about any man. This is Lourdes for the logless, where your plowshare will get beaten back into a sword. And Padma-Nathan's examination-room manner has the right combination of detachment and reverence.

He is both kind and simpatico. (Padma-Nathan didn't know until the previous Wednesday that I'd be doing this article.) And he has the passion of a faith healer. "We take people who haven't seen their penis erect in ten years. Erect? They may not have seen their penis flaccid because their tummy is a little bigger. We create an erection for them, so they see something they associate with pleasure and self-gratification. It validates their existence to see that again. And it isn't artificial—it's their old friend back."

My old friend hasn't left yet, but Parkinson's is a degenerative condition and the door may shut at any time. If it should, I want to have six dozen bottled hard-ons waiting in my refrigerator. I also want to be sure there is no other physiological dysfunction than PD affecting my gladius. (Well, yes, gladius. If the female sex organ is a vagina, which means sheath in Latin, then the male member should be a gladius, which means sword. Gladius—listen to it. Sounds better than that other clinical, hairless, pipsqueak word. Glad for short. A condom, of course, is a glad bag.)

Anyway, Padma-Nathan is now reciting the carte du jour of available diagnostic tests. I've already had blood taken for a testosterone count (normal). And Padma-Nathan has used the biothesiometer on me (this is a vibrating doohickus that can rate skin sensitivity—men lose receptors with age.) There remain the following tests:

(1) PSA (which monitors prostate-specific antigen levels—but don't ask me why).

(2) Rigiscan (a machine that can assess nocturnal penile tumescence and rigidity. In lay language, it measures your nighttime boners).

(3) Ultrasound (measures blood flow into the glad).

(4) Dynamic infusion cavernosometry and cavernosography, or DICC. "Rather memorable initials," says Padma-Nathan, who was part of a research team that developed the DICC. (Tests blood inflow, veno-occlusion and—eeee—your pain threshold.)

(5) Bladder scan—at my suggestion—will test your bladder control and general urodynamics, while making you confess—eeee—to anything.

In fairness, Padma-Nathan has tried to dissuade me from ordering the entire menu. "Are you sure, Mr. Mano? Some of these tests are invasive. I don't think you're a surgical candidate——"

But no, no, I've flown all the way from JFK, I'm booked to fly back in three days and—no, no—only the best for my glad.

Somehow I don't hear him say "invasive." Maybe because, at just that moment, Mildred comes swinging in through the door.

•

Mildred lies there—spread out and vulnerable—on my hotel bed. I'm feeling, oh, rather shy. I've never met a person (that is how I think of Mildred) who straps onto your thigh.

First you take this Velcro holster and wrap it groin-high around whichever leg you don't sleep on. (Figure that one out.) Then you slide Mildred, a four-pound machine, into the holster, from which she will fall out all night. Mildred, of course, is the Rigiscan ambulatory rigidity and tumescence monitor—a computer that will measure my erection size and duration while I (try to) sleep. Extending from Mildred on soft wire is a cloth and a pair of metal rings. These—one around my tip, one around my base—open and close every other minute or so, with a spiteful whir. It's like getting a hand job from R2-D2.

Turned over too fast at four A.M. and Mildred gave me one good whacko in the pod. Does this mean counseling?

•

Tuesday, March 14

I lie on an operating table in the gray bowels of USC University Hospital. Padma-Nathan has just administered local anesthesia. It didn't hurt—no more, anyhow, than it hurts when I pull my zipper up too fast. Nurse Tina, compassionate and deft, is prepping me for a test to detect blood leakage in my erectile chambers. I figure she has seen more flies than Beelzebub. While we wait, Padma-Nathan tells me about the anatomy of a good stiffer:

"To get an erection, you need three things. You need normally functioning nerves to stimulate the smooth muscle tissue of the penis to relax. When the muscle relaxes, the erection chambers fill with blood. If the chambers do not leak—that is, if they allow vein closure, you have a rigid erection. Let me offer an analogy: In order to fill a bathtub you need a faucet—the incoming artery. And you need a vein-closure mechanism—a drain plug—to trap the blood.

"In those people who present chronic erectile dysfunction, the vast majority will have a vascular abnormality brought on largely by lifestyle factors. In the more than 4000 patients we have studied, the number one risk factor is cigarette smoking. Next is a high cholesterol level, followed by diabetes and high blood pressure. Another risk factor may be the use of anabolic steroids." (I know of one famous

(continued on page 128)

"No, I don't believe we've met. Who are you—one of Santa's little helpers?"

The Bad Boy of Basketball

A piercing portrait of basketball's illustrated man, Dennis Rodman, and the woman who brought him to heel

By MARK SEAL

Photography by Harry Benson

DENNIS RODMAN is staring at his crotch. "I had it done, bro," he cracks, his voice full of cocksure bravado.

"What?" I ask, trying to follow his meaning, if not his gaze.

His blonde, curvaceous girlfriend, Stacy Yarbrough, flashes a proprietary, that's-my-man grin. "His scrotum," she says, letting the word linger on her lips.

"I did!" Rodman confirms. Then he winces. "But I had to have it taken out. It got infected."

A double-fanged rattlesnake bite is his souvenir of the time when, late one night this past summer in Los Angeles, he walked into a tattoo parlor on Santa Monica Boulevard and paid to have a silver hoop stapled through the taproot of his manhood.

Being the badass of basketball takes balls. And Dennis Rodman—now forward of the Chicago Bulls, the NBA's leading rebounder, Madonna's former flame, a cross-dressing, hard-gambling, thrill-seeking poster boy for an apocalyptic era in American sports—is up to the game, and the pain that goes with it. He has pierced his nose, ears, navel and scrotum. He bleaches his hair with acid in four-hour, scalp-scalding sessions, then dyes it with shades of color that span the psychedelic rainbow. Nearly every inch of his torso has been tattooed.

Publicly displaying the raw wounds of his psyche is what the Demolition Man does for fun. He is not about to be beaten by a scrotal infection. "It's almost healed now, bro," he says. "Then I'm gonna redo it."

•

It's a Tuesday night in Dallas' gay and lesbian quarter, and Dennis Rodman, 34, is on a date: He'll get two tattoos, consume a spaghetti dinner and enjoy an all-male strip show, all of which he will narrate in his ranting style. Sprawled in the Freudian psychoanalytical position across a low-slung dentist's chair in Trilogy Tattoos, Rodman is adding a pair of blood-red dice and a Mi Vida Loco script to his ever-growing personal canvas. Outside, tight-assed boys in jackboots and teenage lesbians stream toward a gay club, where moonlighting mechanics and shop clerks do the grind with their jeans down. "This is our favorite neighborhood," he says.

In this bunker away from pro basketball, this neighborhood where he feels safe, Rodman offers insight into the deepest recesses of his brain. At present the neurons are raging, for Dennis Rodman is fighting for his life. Not on the basketball court but off.

He stares up from the stencil the tattoo artist is sketching across his deltoid. "The game on the court is too easy for me," he says. "I got the game on the court in my fucking hands!"

He shuts his big, black liquid eyes and plays air guitar, then blinks them open with a start. "I love to play basketball," he says. "But I love to play basketball under the Dennis Rodman System."

He refers to himself in the third person, as if some supernatural spirit has come to inhabit the mortal he once was. "The Dennis Rodman System is to go out there and kick somebody's ass. Live your life to the fullest—that's the way Dennis Rodman lives. That's his rule. That's my rule. I want to live life the way life should be lived."

He is crazy, no doubt about that. Craziness is Rodman's salvation. If he ever stops being crazy, if he ever conforms, then "they" will trap him. It's a weird vampireland out there, weirder than any place his pea-green-covered skull could conjure up, filled with rapacious suits, vengeful women and suck-butt fans, all seeking to drain him of his individuality, his lifeblood. "You're a piece of meat," he says about the NBA's attitude. He imagines the league's coaches and moneymen coming for him, their fangs bared, thirsty for his throat, then leaving his carcass for the past-his-prime wolves of sports anonymity: cruises, TV commentary, remaindered autobiography.

"Once you get out of the NBA, there is no more clapping, there is no more hoopla," he says.

He shakes his head, as if warding off demons. "Snay," he says, uttering his oft-employed slang for "not on your life."

"They throw you away." The landscape is littered with the remains of the fallen. O.J. Simpson? "He just went into the world of the suits. I'm not going to go into the world of the suits. That's losing it right there. All of a sudden, you're gonna be a suit?"

Michael Jordan, Shaquille O'Neal, David Robinson? All victims of what Rodman calls the Pedestal, so seduced by money and fame that they've forgotten the reason they started playing. His former teammates with the San Antonio Spurs? Rodman says they are so lost that management had to enlist motivational speaker Tony Robbins to boost self-esteem before last season's playoffs. Only Rodman stood apart, he says. "It's a bunch of bullshit!" he rages.

He spreads his arms wide, extolling the funky glory framed between them. "I have power," he declares. "Within myself. But the only power I have that people notice is when they see Dennis Rodman. The exterior . . . the package. I can do anything that I want because of this right here. And the name."

This is his salvation, he figures, the one thing that will endure. The hair, the piercings, the in-your-face defiance are war paint for the long postseason ahead.

Now, at the peak of his basketball notoriety, he seeks to transfer his wild-child persona from court to camera. A cackle rumbles from deep within him. "I could do something else, but show business is what I do on the court. So that'll be my next career."

He says this as fact, not possibility, even though he's never had an acting lesson. "My dream is to just go out there and

express Dennis Rodman," he says. "Be the first athlete to really do something."

"What about Shaquille?" I ask. "He's done movies." Rodman groans. "Oh, yeah," he says. "But he didn't have that many lines. All he did was go out there and dunk the damned basketball. He really didn't do anything, bro. He didn't have a role! I want a role that's more challenging. I'll go on the damned TV like I've been there all my life. Action movies. I'd rather be the bad guy."

Spending 80 percent of the 1995 off-season in Los Angeles, Rodman stoked the fire: guest spots on the TV series *Courthouse* with Robin Givens on CBS and *Misery Loves Company* on Fox, two 60-second commercials endorsing something called the ASA Psychic Network ("because I'm psychic") and his first big-screen movie role in *Eddie*, Whoopi Goldberg's forthcoming basketball film. But all this is a mere prelude, Rodman swears. He says that he is presently holding meetings for his own talk show, which he suggests calling *The Denise Rodman Show*; he would interview his guests in drag. RuPaul crossed with Arsenio Hall.

"You never see it on TV," he says excitedly. "If I get my show, you'll see that. You never know what to expect from Dennis Rodman."

Erik, the tattoo artist, hoists his needle rig. It begins to scream.

"You ready?" he asks.

"Do I have a choice?" asks Rodman. Erik flashes a lizard grin, and the silver stud in his tongue glistens. "Do you have a choice?" Erik says. "You been talking about choices for the past ten minutes!"

The needle bites into Rodman's flesh: one more dig at conformity.

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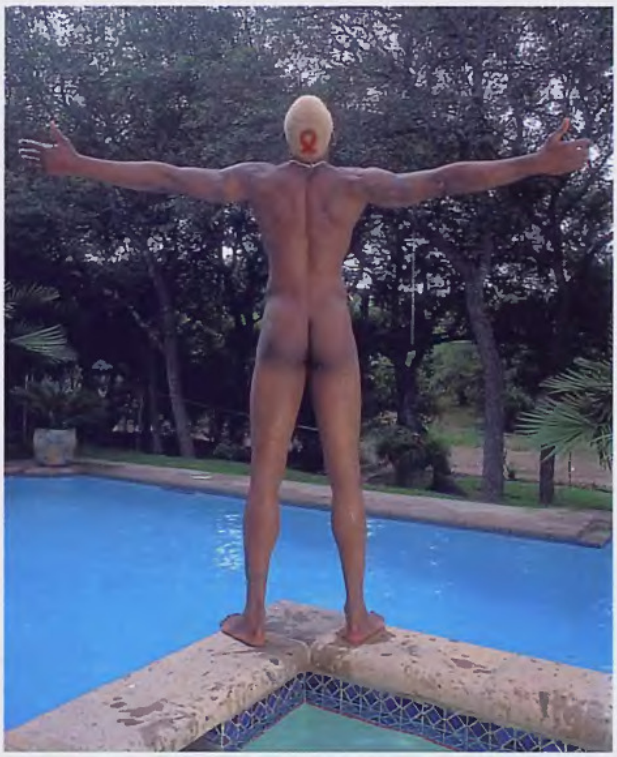
From the sports headlines:
SPURS' RODMAN IS SUSPENDED
RODMAN BANNED INDEFINITELY
ABSENT RODMAN FINED
THE CLOCK TICKS AWAY ON RODMAN'S INDIFFERENCE

Rodman is rebellion's role model. He calls the San Antonio Spurs' head coach Bob Hill, toward whom he once hurled a bag of ice during a game, Boner. He plays basketball like it's a contact sport, with body jabs and epithets hurled at opponents, at coaches and at the NBA brass who have warned him, to no avail, to shape up. Even the Spurs' affable, big-eared mascot, the Coyote, is fair game. Rodman once staggered him with a head butt. Sitting out huddles, flashing I-don't-give-a-damn stares, slouching on the sideline floor with his shoes off, Rodman would make a gangster proud.

When the Spurs lost their last game of the 1994 playoffs, he stalked off the floor, bounded into a limo with Madonna and was off to Las Vegas before his teammates had even undressed. And he's still angry, still running. Aggravated over high-profile rookies snaring $7-million-a-year salaries while he has stayed steady at $2.5 million, Rodman demanded $15 million for the 1996 season, the last year of his contract. Such demands may have contributed to his trade to the Bulls.



"Nothing they can say to Dennis Rodman, becouse I make them too much fucking money. I bring too much excitement to the gome. Michoel Jordon used to do that, but now it's the Rodman Show on the rood. I give people whot they want."

"I'll put $5 million in the bank," he says. "Just live on the interest and party my ass off."

The eyes blaze, the nostrils flare and the lips bloom into a hot-pink orchid of a smile. "Nothing they can say to Dennis Rodman, because I make them too much fucking money," he says. "I bring too much excitement to the game. Michael Jordan used to do that, but, fuck it, now it's the Dennis Rodman Show on the road, waitin' for you. I give people what they want."

Of course, nobody would put up with any of this if Dennis Rodman weren't the winner of the past four NBA rebounding titles. Absolutely fearless, he glides across the paint in crazy, almost magical motion, two steps ahead of the competition, snatching the ball and altering the game by the power of his defense alone.

But he is not simply a great rebounder. He is, as he points out to anyone who will listen, more complex than that. He was a soft, shy, painfully passive child, born to Shirley Rodman and Philander Rodman, a runaround serving in the U.S. Air Force who lived up to his name. When Dennis was three, his mother left his father for good. "My daddy is coming back," Dennis would say repeatedly. But his daddy never did. Fearful and frail, beaten up by kids who stole his lunch money, he grew up a mama's boy in the Dallas projects. Too short and too scrawny for competitive basketball, he graduated into menial jobs, including a stint as a janitor at the Dallas–Fort Worth Airport, where, on a dare, he stuck his broom handle through a gift shop grate and stole 15 watches. He was arrested, jailed for a night and released after he told the cops where the watches were, case dismissed. At home, he became a layabout, going nowhere. Soon, his mother kicked him out of the house and he was on the streets.

"I was a monkey-see, monkey-do," he says.

Women? Forget about it.

"How old were you when you lost your virginity?" I ask. Rodman doesn't hesitate. "Oh, about 21," he says.

But by then he had been rescued by his hormones. In one year he grew 11 inches, shooting up to a stick-thin 6'8". A basketball dropped from the heavens, and he played the game like a thief who steals the ball and pawns it for victory. He won a scholarship to Southeastern Oklahoma State, and, in 1983, fate once again smiled on Dennis Rodman.

Bryne Rich, 13, son of a mailman and a beautician from the Oklahoma farming community of Bokchito, had killed his best friend in a hunting accident when his gun went off as he was reloading. Wracked by depression and guilt, haunted by nightmares and loneliness, he begged his mother to adopt a baby boy. "Maybe God will hear our prayers and send a stork over," she told him. God sent Dennis Rodman, 22, shy, insecure and certain that he would fail at everything, including basketball.

They met at a summer basketball camp where Rodman coached. The two became close and eventually healed each

other through their friendship. For three years, Rodman lived with the tightly knit Rich family, growing from insecure kid to college all-American to the superstar forward of the Detroit Pistons, "the Bad Boys," who were more concerned about kicking ass than making money.

Rodman found a father figure in coach Chuck Daly, who guided the Pistons to back-to-back championships during Rodman's tenure. He lived with and eventually married model Annie Bakes and had her name tattooed on his ankle (his first body art). They had a daughter, Alexis (his second tattoo), and settled into an extravagant house in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Dennis Rodman was on a roll.

But his prowess as an athlete came with a curse. The talent that made him somebody had to be displayed in an arena he would soon come to despise. He sees professional basketball as a slave market where men are bought and sold, where players compete for money more than for championships, where sports franchises launder personalities so they emerge subservient and squeaky-clean.

By 1993, Rodman's perfect world had exploded. Daly had quit, Rodman's best friend in basketball, John Salley, had been traded and, after only 82 days, his marriage ended.

"Aw, she tried to suck me down," he says of his ex-wife, to whom he claims he pays $10,000 a month in alimony and who, he says, wants more. He points to a sketch for a popular tattoo, a skunk shitting blood in the shape of a heart. It reads: A SENSITIVE ISSUE.

"You change that motherfucking heart to a dagger, and that's how it is," he says. "I'm just trying to shit that dagger out."

In late 1993, with the dagger in his bowels and a three-year contract with the San Antonio Spurs on his head, Rodman went back to Texas for the third resurrection of his soul. It was almost metaphysical. "One day I woke up, drove my truck to the woods and just sat there wondering what the hell I was gonna do besides basketball," he remembers. "And all of a sudden I started to project this image." He pulls up his T-shirt to reveal his navel ring, encircled by the tattoo of an ankh, the Egyptian symbol for life.

"Yea or nay," he says. "If you're gonna do it, do it. If you ain't gonna do it, just stay as you are and be the same old Dennis Rodman you were in Detroit. Suddenly, I said, 'Hell with it,' and broke away. I tried something bold. I created something that everyone has been afraid of: the entertainer, the Dennis Rodman I was born to be."

But who did he have to entertain? His relationships with women were like his jump shots: fast and loose but rarely successful. He stares over at Stacy, his model-dancer-bassist-helicopter-pilot girlfriend. In tight shorts and cropped T-shirt, she exposes tattooed souvenirs of their relationship: a vine motif winding across her belly, a moon and sun winking from her calf.

Rodman says his deep devotion to Stacy was the inspiration for his pierced scrotum. "I did it for her, so she could play with something besides just the old gun." If he makes it big in Hollywood, he plans to secure a role on *Baywatch* for her.

True love and devotion aside, she wasn't all that impressed with Rodman when she first saw him dancing in a disco three years ago.

"She wouldn't date me," he declares, then shoots her an infectious smile. "Tell him why not."

Stacy laughs, rising to the bait.

"Go ahead!" he exclaims. "Makes the story better."

"I thought he was an asshole!" she screams. The tattoo parlor is silent.

"Well," she adds, "there just wasn't anything about him that jumped out and got my attention."

Uh-oh. The Demolition Man bland? A fate worse than death. He ponders this a moment, then looks up, wounded. He could tell tales that would redeem him, about how his navel ring inspired Madonna to get hers done, how their love affair demolished mattresses and inspired daily updates on *Hard Copy*, how, calling him "a perfect specimen," Madonna asked him to get her pregnant. And according to Jack Haley, his best friend on the Spurs, when Rodman said "Snay," Madonna eventually dumped him.

But Rodman says nothing. He stews in his shortcomings. "I wasn't down, bro," he says. "I was being a fucking almost-an-all-American guy, something like this asshole, until, one night. . . ."

He began playing a different game, one in which the opponent is conformity. He added more tattoos, more piercings and, stepping into K. Charles & Co., a San Antonio salon run by a long-haired, leather-clad stylist named David Chapa, he ditched the bottle-blond hair for something truly exciting. Using Manic Panic (a British dye favored by punk rockers), Chapa transformed Rodman's black hair to every color of the rainbow: flamingo pink, blue lagoon, fire-engine red, apple green, canary yellow, before turning to intricate designs such as the red AIDS ribbon atop a snow-white crown.

Then the shy guy began to speak. "I started saying certain things like, 'The NBA sucks,'" he says. "And all of a sudden, people wanted to know why I thought that." So he began the dance, an enigma wrapped in pink, his chosen color of defiance. He owns a pink Harley, a pink truck, a pink Cigarette boat. "Pink shows power, bro," he says. "Shows confidence."

"A lot of men would say, 'I'm not getting a pink car, a pink bike,'" says Stacy. "'People will think I'm a fag!'"

"But I say, 'Snay,'" says Rodman. "I love pink, bro." He not only welcomes questions about his sexual identity, he also fuels them. Dressing in drag, hanging out in gay bars, he discovered that while sex sells, unorthodox sex sells better, even though Bryne Rich says "there's no way in hell" Dennis would ever have sex with a man.

The media horde descended. Covering Rodman quickly became a journalistic strip show, with Rodman onstage, constantly inventing new poses and revealing increasingly wild fantasies—suicide, murder and playing his last NBA game buck naked—while whisking sportswriters away on impromptu trips to Vegas, to Hollywood and into the corners of his own cross-dressing, envelope-pushing life. After *GQ* pictured him naked from the rear and *Sports Illustrated* put him on the cover in semidrag, south Texas queer-bashers slashed his truck's tires and scrawled FAG on the windshield.

"The silliest show in journalism is watching people try to out-Rodman each other," wrote Mike Lupica in *Newsday*.

"I can sell your papers, bro!" Rodman says tonight, extending invitations to gamble in Vegas, cruise gay bars in San Antonio or bust rocks at Rodman Excavation Inc., a thriving construction company Rodman launched with Bryne Rich's brother and another partner. "I can show you things and do things that'll fuck you up. But you have to be a part of it."

Just as his affair with Madonna was cooling, he ran into Stacy in the same Dallas disco where she had repeatedly rebuffed him. He watched her leave with a date—"He was driving her car!" he remembers with horror—and followed as they turned the corner and parked in front of a nearby 7-Eleven. The couple heard a roar and saw a flash of pink steel pop the curb, carom onto the sidewalk and screech to a halt at the nose of Stacy's Corvette.

Rodman leans back and relishes the memory. "I was on my Harley-Davidson, and I drove up in Dennis Rodman's fashionable style," he says, grinning. "In yo' face and just balls out. WFO. Wide fucking open."

He must have been a sight: six feet, eight inches of rebellion, scalp screaming, tattoos like manly brands, ear bobs

(text concluded on page 181)

AXIOMS OF THE MAFIA MANAGER

bulletproof lessons from the management practices of organized crime

AS YOU'VE learned from harsh experience, your office is really a gangland—in less pricey suits. To face the lies and treacheries of the ordinary business day, you need help. The axioms that follow are excerpted from a collection of management advice, Mob style. The author is a person of considerable mystery. When we asked for his résumé, we received tight-lipped assurances that he is a "capo of distinguished fame." Whoever V is, he offers the sort of advice it is dangerous to refuse.

article by "V"

If you can't win by fighting fair, fight foul. Or have a third party do your fighting.

Teach your tongue to say, "I don't know."

If you must strike out at someone when you get angry, be careful not to strike yourself.

It is much better that your enemies think you are crazy than reasonable and rational.

Opportunity makes the thief; the thief who has no opportunity to steal calls himself an honest man.

Nothing weighs less than a promise.

If you must hurt a man, do it so brutally that you need not fear his revenge.

If you allow your enemies—or your friends—to think they are your equals, they will immediately think they are your superiors.

Don't try to change your enemies, try to control them. Know where they are, what they think and whom they trust.

ILLUSTRATION BY ETIENNE DELESSERT

Occasionally suffer fools; you may learn something of value. But never argue with them.

The only way to keep a secret is to say nothing.

In any venture, overvalue the negative estimates of your prospects by two. Undervalue the positive estimates by half.

All who snore are not sleeping.

If you must lie, be brief.

Open your mouth and your wallet cautiously.

The best defense against the treacherous is treachery.

Some defeats are better than victories; unfortunately, some victories are worse than defeats.

No man's credit is worth as much as his cash.

Often you lose the bait when you catch the fish. This is a necessary loss.

The best armor is to keep out of range.

Always draw the snake from its hole with another man's hand.

The man who wants to hang himself can always be led to a noose.

A smart street lieutenant does some of the dirty work himself, making certain his soldiers know about it.

If you are forced to bow, bow very, very low. And hold that bitter memory until you take your revenge.

Never knock someone else's racket. (You never know when you may be pulling the same stunt yourself.)

Establish priorities: If you're up to your ass in alligators, the first thing to do is drain the swamp.

A thousand friends are not enough; a single enemy is. There is no such thing as a harmless enemy.

If you can't win, make the price of your enemy's victory exorbitant.

The fish is killed by its open mouth.

When you compromise, you lose. When you seem to have compromised, you take a step toward winning.

You can't put a good edge on bad steel.

When you are angry, close your mouth—and open your eyes.

The eagle doesn't hunt flies.

When skating on thin ice, skate fast.

Money scammed is twice as sweet as money earned.

No man is as fond of virtue as he is of women.

Money is welcome even if it comes in a dirty sack.

If you don't spot the mark in your first half hour at the table, you're it.

A runaway nun always speaks ill of her convent.

A handful of luck is worth more than a truckload of wisdom.

What goes around comes around—but never in time.

Wolves lose their teeth but not their nature.

Out of 15 who flatter, at least 14 lie.

Deal with the facts of a bad situation as if they are worse than you know them to be. Deal with the facts of a good situation not at all.

Women, wind and luck soon change.

There is always enough to go around—enough to keep, enough to reward with, enough to be stolen—as long as you first get it all.

Believe the man, not the oath.

Curiosity has lost more maidenheads than love.

You know a soldier only when he becomes a lieutenant.

When you must cut, persuade the victim you are a surgeon.

The capo gives part of his plan to one, part to another, the whole to none.

Sentiment is for suckers.

To finish sooner, take your time.

Every button man has a capo's silk suit in his closet.

The wife of a careless man is almost a widow.

Long after other sins are old, avarice remains young.

If you are the anvil, be patient; if you are the hammer, strike.

Fortune smiles and then betrays.

The wrong choice usually seems the more reasonable.

Fortune is on the side of the strong.

For peace, be ready for war.

Never make an enemy that you don't have to.

Let your adversary talk. When he has finished, let him talk some more.

Don't teach your soldiers all of your cunning, or you may fall victim to yourself.

Better that your enemies overestimate your stupidity than your shrewdness.

In a cold house, find a warm body.

To deceive an enemy, pretend you fear him.

After a war, many heroes present themselves.

Misfortunes always come in by the door left open for them.

After a victory, sharpen your knife.

If you are never in the street, you cannot know it.

If others fold every time you bet a good hand, you play to their eyes.

Strike first and you will strike last.

No one dies twice.

Victories are always temporary; so are defeats.

The best theories often make the worst practices.

Silence makes no mistakes.

Treat a stranger as a friend; trust him as you would a stranger.

Many a difference can be resolved between the sheets.

"It's $50 to blow out the old year, and $150 to start the New Year with a bang."

ART THROB

miss january, victoria fuller, has a passion for painting

"THIS IS really amazing," says Victoria Fuller, her face inches away from a painting by Jacques-Louis David. "The colors are bold, the shadowing is perfect. I could stare at it for hours." Meanwhile, male patrons of the J. Paul Getty Museum exhibit confusion about where to direct their gazes: at the old masters hanging on the walls, or the young masterpiece who walks among them.

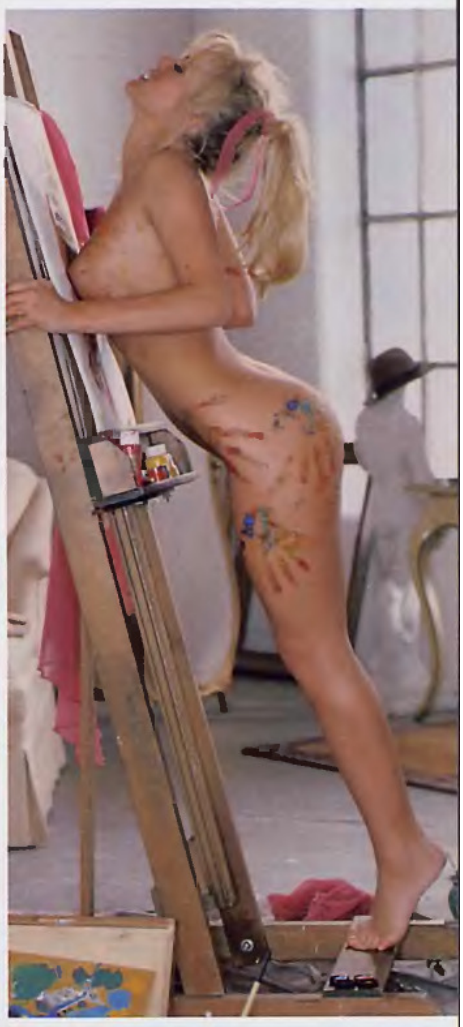
Meeting at this Malibu museum was Victoria's idea. She's just a neoclassic

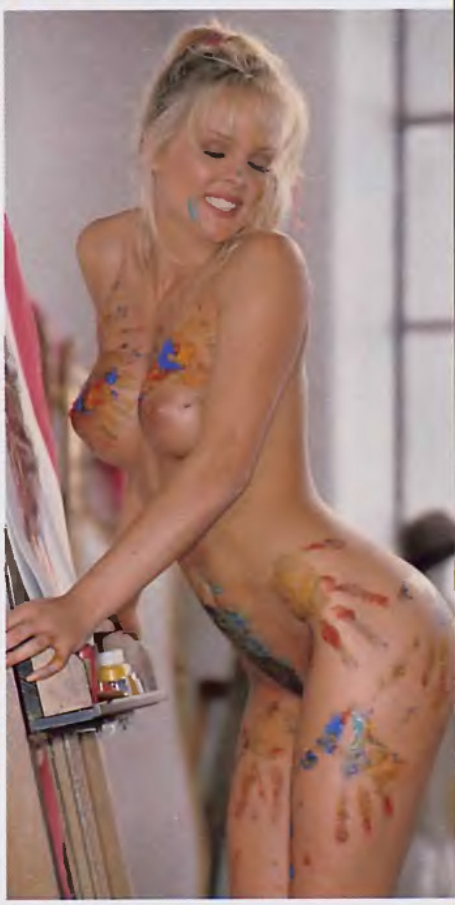
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

kind of gal. The glamour of Los Angeles' nightlife isn't for her; this aspiring artist prefers to express herself on a blank canvas. "I've been drawing since I could hold a pencil," she explains. "My dream is to display my art in a gallery someday, where everybody dresses up and drinks champagne and admires my work. And then they buy everything."

Growing up in southern California, Victoria turned to art as a haven from tough circumstances. Her parents separated before she was born; she didn't meet her father until she was nine. Her mother, always on the move, sent her to ten different schools in 12 years, which was not an easy way to make friends. "Being alone helped fuel my passion for art," she says, "because I made myself sit in my room and draw."

An impetuous teenager—at 14 she shaved her head because she thought it was cool—Victoria became a bodybuilder at 17 and won a local competition. She sent her





Though she's comfortoble sketching nude models in her drawing classes, Miss Jonuory admits thot she was "very shy" posing for PLAYBOY. We would never hove guessed. Of her own ortistic tastes, she soys, "I'm not into thot wild, abstroct, point-throwing kind of thing. Everything else is cool."

photograph to PLAYBOY twice without success, then was discovered by one of our scouts during a recent modeling gig. "I didn't even try for it this time," she says. "It was just one of those things. Like I had won the lottery."

Even though her lucky number finally came up at PLAYBOY, Victoria intends to keep her focus on the canvas and sketchpad. "I'm going to go home and draw all day," says Miss January as she strolls through the museum lobby. "Seeing all this great art has me totally inspired." Judging by the looks of the art lovers who are following in her wake, she's not the only one.

—BOB DAILY

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Victoria Fuller

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Victoria Alynette Fuller

BUST: 36C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 123

BIRTH DATE: 12-11-70 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Barbara, CA

AMBITIONS: To own a beautiful home, display my artwork in a gallery and learn something new everyday.

TURN-ONS: Playing in the shower, warm nights and running naked on the beaches of Mexico with my love.

TURNOFFS: People who are stuffy, conceited or judgmental. Men who stare.

IF I WERE QUEEN OF THE WORLD: Recycling would be mandatory, people would respect their elders—and nobody could drive a nicer car than me.

VICTORIA'S SECERT: If you can make me giggle, you're sure to win my heart.

THREE RULES TO LIVE BY: Give more than you take, be kind to animals, take care of the earth.

MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS: Work out everyday and keep my hand out of the cookie jar.

Me at Malibu

This year's model

Yay for lingerie!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young Swedish au pair had been working for the Schmitts for more than a year. While hardworking and efficient, she still struggled with English. One day she told Mrs. Schmitt that she had received good news from her boyfriend Sven. "He is coming visit me from army next week!"

"That's wonderful," the woman replied. "How long is his furlough?"

"Oh," the young woman said, "about long as Mr. Schmitt's. Maybe little thicker."

Hello, police?" the excited woman said. "I need some cops out here right away. There are 30 dogs on my front lawn."

"Can you tell if any of them are mad?" the dispatcher asked.

"Well," she said, "I'd say 28 of them are."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: In need of condoms, the timid deaf-mute nervously approached the pharmacist. He opened his fly, placed his penis on the counter, pointed to it and laid a $5 bill next to it.

With an understanding nod, the pharmacist whipped out his penis, laid it beside the other man's, grinned in triumph, pocketed the money and walked away.

Just after the big top was set up, a man approached the circus manager asking for a job.

"What can you do?"

"I can climb to the top of the tent and dive headfirst into a bucket of sand."

"I would have to see it to believe it," the manager said.

The man placed a pail of sand on the ground, then climbed to the top of the tent, stepped onto a platform and dove headfirst into the bucket. "That's incredible!" the manager exclaimed. "I'll give you $1000 a week."

"Nah," the fellow said.

"But that's the most I've ever offered any performer," the manager insisted. "OK, what do you want, $2000?"

"Nah."

"Three thousand then." The man still shook his head. "Why not?" the exasperated manager asked.

"You know," the diver replied, rubbing the back of his neck, "I just don't think I care to try that trick again."

A farmer asked a friend to recommend an attorney to defend him against a charge of bestiality. "I know a great trial lawyer," the fellow said, "but he's expensive and doesn't know how to pick a good jury. I know another lawyer," he continued, "who's not a great trial lawyer, but he's cheap and really knows how to pick a jury."

The farmer settled on the cheap attorney, but immediately had second thoughts when the key witness, a neighbor, began his testimony. "I saw Jed mount his goat from behind," he said, "and when he was finished, I saw the goat turn around and lick Jed's pecker."

The accused farmer was devastated and had all but given up hope of acquittal when a juror in overalls whispered to the fellow next to him, "You know, a good goat will do that."

What do you get when you have Phil Gramm and Marion Barry in the same room? Almost two grams.

When a mugger stuck a gun in a fellow's back and demanded money, the intended victim suddenly turned, applied a choke hold and flung his attacker across the alley. Then he pounced on the thief and began pummeling him, blackening his eyes, breaking his nose and fracturing two ribs.

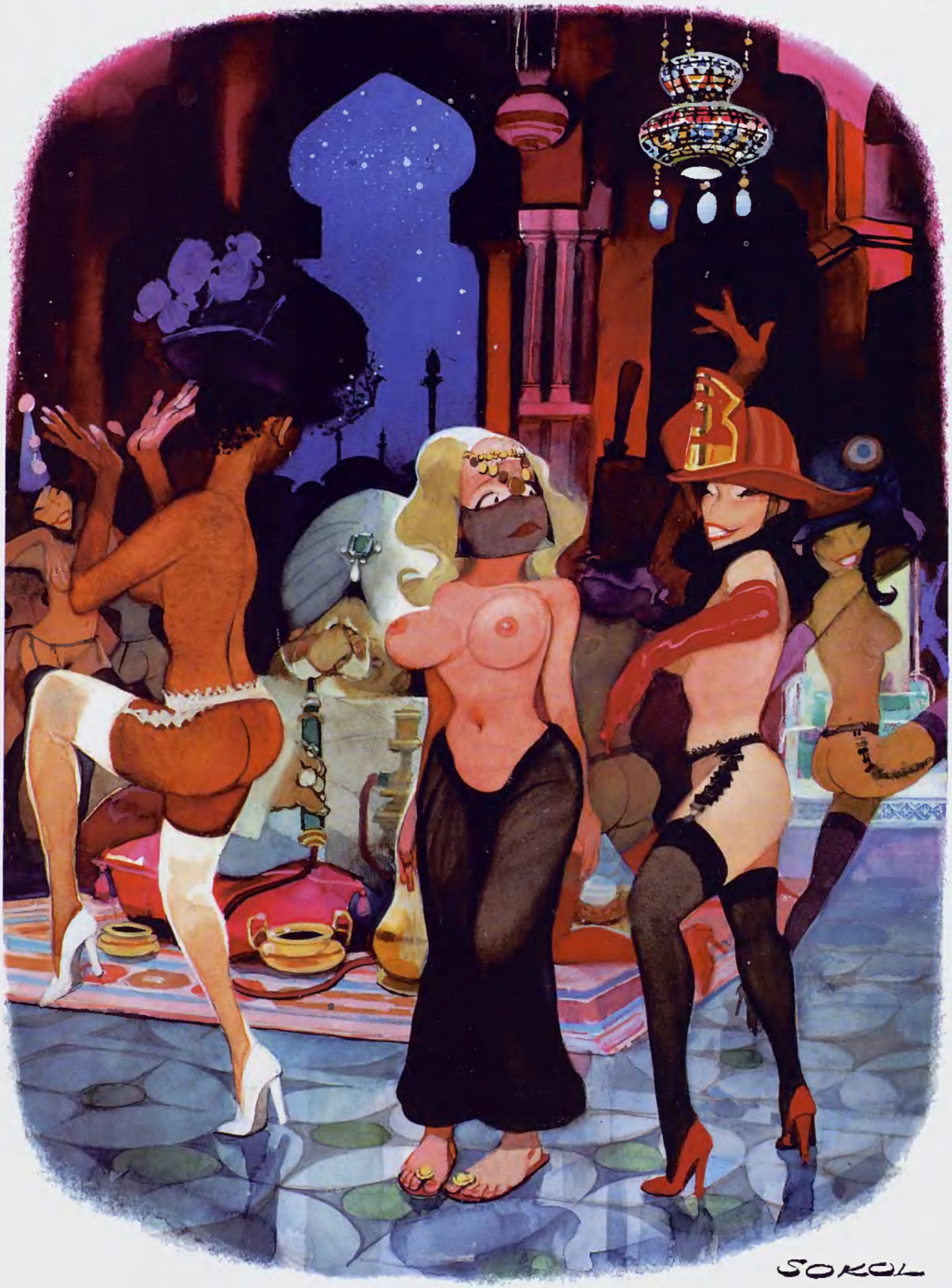
"Jesus, man," the crook finally cried in desperation, "ain't you ever gonna call the fucking cops?"

On their wedding anniversary, the redneck's wife asked her husband, "Homer, should I kill a chicken for tonight?"

"Nah," he answered. "Why blame a bird for something that happened 20 years ago?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: The gossip in advertising circles is that Pepsi may yet re-sign Michael Jackson for its next ad campaign. Seems he's the only person capable of sucking that kid out of the Pepsi bottle.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Didn't you know? On New Year's Eve we don't wear harem pants. We wear garter belts and funny hats."

ALICE

IN THIS LOST CLASSIC, A YOUNG WOMAN THRILLS TO HER MAN'S TOUCH WHILE SHE WATCHES AN UNSUSPECTING COUPLE MAKE LOVE

fiction by

ANAÏS NIN

I USED TO meet her at dances during the winter. She was a wonderful dancer and a little beauty. Needless to say, holding her in my arms while dancing made me wish to know her better. It was not long before small pressures of hands and arms were asking, and answering, unspoken questions. Without a word said, she let me know that someday she would consent to more.

Later, in the spring, we used to go walking together in the hills on pleasant afternoons. We would drive out into the country, hide the car somewhere on the quiet road and wander off into the fresh green woods. We were fond of a most secluded glade that we had found one day, where we often rested sure of being undisturbed. But Alice, though generous with kisses and dear little caresses, entirely withheld herself otherwise, and I was too fond of her, and too interested in discovering under what circumstances she would give herself, to press matters beyond showing her clearly what I wanted. She quite understood, and I knew it was only a question of time until she would be brought to the point of giving me all that I asked.

Her surrender came under the unusual circumstances that I am about to describe. One lovely, warm afternoon in May we found our way to our little glade but were very much surprised to find two other young lovers there before us. Totally engaged in each other, they did not hear us, and we stealthily withdrew a short distance and sat down in a pocket among the bushes to see what would happen. Alice, I could easily see, was very much excited and interested.

The girl was lying on her back in the shade of a tree. The man lay beside her, and their lips were together. We could hear the indistinct murmur of their voices.

ILLUSTRATION BY BENOIT

Hunched up as we two were in our hiding place, quite close together, I did not find it hard, nor think it wrong, to put my lips to Alice's. She clearly thought my conduct fitting, for she returned my kiss, with interest. The interest was paid in a tiny flutter of her tongue tip against my lips. Our kiss lasted quite a time.

When we looked again, the scene had changed somewhat. Alice gasped a little, and well she might. The lover was lying on one side, propped up on an elbow, and his free hand was disturbing the formerly smooth folds of his sweetheart's skirt. Perhaps to keep her attention from what his hand was doing—at any rate, to keep her attention divided—he was kissing her quite ardently. But his hand was under her skirt and had pulled it up so that we could see two shapely legs in pale-blue stockings. Two small feet in pale-blue slippers (very unsuitable for walking in the hills) were calmly crossed. The lover was caressing the blue stockings.

"Peter," whispered Alice, remonstrating. For as she crouched, somewhat curled up, one very attractive leg, as far as the knee, lay outside of the shelter of her skirt, and my hand rested on the dark green silk that covered it. But her attention must have been distracted, for after that one remonstrance she leaned forward, her eyes intent on what she might see, while my hand enjoyed the delightful touch of green silk stretched over a beautifully modeled leg.

I turned from admiring the contours of the dark green leg to see what was happening to the pale blue ones. My hand, not being needed to see with, stayed where it was most comfortable. The blue legs had become interesting. The skirt had been moved still more—the length of the blue stockings was now measurable. Not far above the knees they ended, and considerable was to be seen of two plump, white thighs, with the hand of the lover tenderly touching and stroking them. The pale-blue slippers now lay side by side, and the girl's two arms, while her legs were being so lovingly caressed, were tight about the neck of her lover, holding his face to hers for kisses.

"Peter!" Alice warned again in a tense whisper. For somehow, when I turned my eyes from the pretty green leg, my hand, left to its own resources without the guiding eye, had wandered somewhat. In fact, it had strayed beyond the green stocking and was thrilling to the touch of soft, warm flesh. Alice stirred a bit, as if impatient, but it was satisfying to note that, in so doing, she thrust her leg still farther from under her skirt. On looking to see what change her new attitude had effected, I was overjoyed to see that close at hand there was a most enticing bit of plump, white thigh for me to appreciate. Close at hand, indeed; my hand made haste to embrace its opportunity, in fact to grasp at the unseen, as it felt its unhindered way to discover yet undiscovered pleasures to the touch.

"Pete, look," Alice whispered again. And we looked. Not 15 feet away the other pair, unsuspecting still, pursued their own amusement. The girl had moved—her skirt was drawn clear above her waist. Her legs were all exposed and her hips were as well. Quite evidently the young lady had worn no panties or drawers! The young lover was sitting up, fussing with his clothing, his eyes enjoying a vision of loveliness. Those two pretty legs were slightly parted now, and such a dear little nest of hair was seen.

"Oh, Pete!" Alice gasped this time. For, as the man's clothing was released, his sweetheart's hand reached out and took hold of something. The lover stretched out an instant, wriggled, and one bare manly leg came out of his trousers—bare, that is, except for shoe and sock and red garter. This bare leg was then placed across another bare leg, the man's between the woman's two, the woman's between the man's, and satisfied with this arrangement the lover lay upon his sweetheart, his arms about her and hers about him. They moved delicately, as if rubbing on each other.

I had found Alice's hand, and by placing it in a certain position I showed her that I, too, had something that might be held, should her hand care to hold it. Soon, indeed, she was holding it, and by playing with it as if absentmindedly, she caused me no little pleasure. But her eyes she could not remove from the scene before us.

We could hear soft cooings and murmurs. Alice and I ceased to regard the others for a time. She came somehow closer into my arms, lay quite heavily there, in fact, and in so placing herself managed to arrange her clothing so that both her legs lay bare. To my real surprise, Alice, too, was guiltless of drawers or panties. Much reassured, I let my hands move freely over the delicious surfaces of her thighs and hips. Our lips were fast together, and now I learned how Alice could kiss when really interested. When my hand in its wanderings encountered certain soft curls, her lips and tongue assailed me with a quite impetuous ardor.

But curiosity drew my eyes again to the other lovers. "Look, Alice!" I whispered to her, and as we looked our hands became busy and our eyes drank in a most lascivious sight. Side by side now the girl and her man were sitting, all outer clothing removed from their waists down, and the girl had further so opened her blouse that her dainty breasts hung out. With one arm each embraced the other, and their lips were crushed together. With their free hands they were playing with the most delicious playthings that the hands of man and woman can touch. The man's hand was moving between his sweetheart's parted legs; the girl's hand held something hard and stiff, which she manipulated gently.

"Oo-oo-oh!" Alice gasped, and fell to kissing me wildly. Needless to say, I kissed wildly back. Her hand held something hard and stiff, and her treatment of it was as skillful as it was delicious. My hand was between her lovely legs, and the manner in which she received its ministrations showed that I had not forgotten how to play upon that organ which, if properly touched, causes a woman's body to echo with delicious harmony.

Alice had at last abandoned her reserve, her withholding of herself. The discovery that she had worn no drawers gave me reason to suspect that this day she had intended from the start to give herself to me before our return. But, as a matter of fact, I had no knowledge based on proof of any kind that she had ever worn drawers, when with me or at any time. As a rule, women wore drawers, or panties, or leg-covering of that general character—women in Alice's status in society, at any rate. This I knew from having seen them, from having removed them, in fact, on other and different occasions. It was not, therefore, an altogether unnatural assumption on my part that, under ordinary circumstances, Alice wore them also, and that she did not wear them this day because she had intended to be more than ordinarily gracious and complacent to me.

However, this is all a digression—Alice wore no drawers, and her very lovely naked thighs lay exposed to my hands and eyes. But her intentions toward me were shown even more clearly now by her conduct. Somehow, at some time, Alice had had some experience. She had learned how to be charmingly wanton without being shameless. Her kisses were delights of art and skill, her movements were delicate and yet effective, her grip on what her fair hand held was possessive without being painful, and her handling of it, without being obtrusive, was obviously intended ultimately to bring it between her legs.

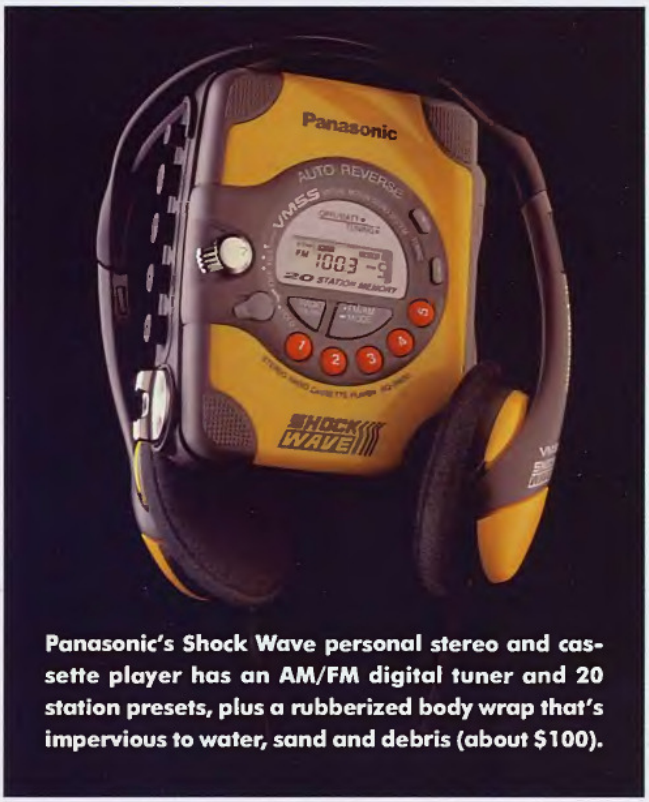
"Pete, darling, look there!" Alice whispered between her kisses. Our lovers were at last in earnest, the man lying between the girl's legs, which

(continued on page 194)

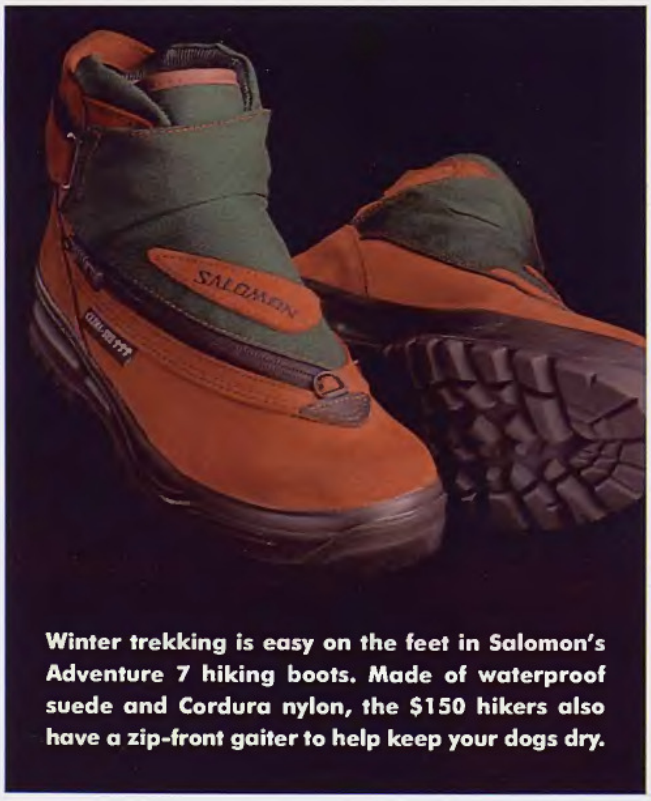
THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

A SLEIGH FULL OF LAST-MINUTE YULETIDE GOODIES

Former NASA engineers applied aerodynamic principles to the design of Wilson's Invex driver, a titanium-and-stainless-steel power stick that adds control and distance to your swing (about $300).



Panasonic's Shock Wave personal stereo and cassette player has an AM/FM digital tuner and 20 station presets, plus a rubberized body wrap that's impervious to water, sand and debris (about $100).



Winter trekking is easy on the feet in Salomon's Adventure 7 hiking boots. Made of waterproof suede and Cordura nylon, the $150 hikers also have a zip-front gaiter to help keep your dogs dry.

Cognac and cigars, two of life's great pleasures, are paired in this handmade Daniel Marshall cigar humidor that comes with a bottle of Hennessy X.O. and two brandy glasses, from 800-BETHERE ($800).

RCA's CC620 Compact VHS camcorder lets you go for the close-up with a 24:1 zoom lens. Other features include a color viewfinder, electronic image stabilization and an LCD status window ($1000).

Cybergeeks can jazz up their home pages using the Quickcam, a Mac-compatible digital video and still camera that takes black-and-white photos and Quicktime movies, by Connectix (about $100).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Goldstar's 13-inch color Fashion TV combines retro styling with modern features such as a 181-channel tuner, multilingual on-screen display, 180-minute sleep timer and a remote control ($220).

This leather-and-brass reproduction of a 19th century French coach bag expands from seven inches to 21 inches when packed and includes a strap and snap-in lining, from the J. Peterman Co. ($1295).

The Jeep Boom Box looks like a toolbox, but inside there's an AM/FM tuner (with a dial that resembles a speedometer), CD and cassette players and storage for 30 CDs, from Hammacher Schlemmer ($200).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 179.

1996

CONAN O'BRIEN'S
New Year's Resolutions
THE LATE NIGHT RAMBLER GEARS UP FOR 1996

CONAN O'BRIEN used to put a unique spin on his New Year's resolutions. "Instead of promising to give up things I really loved, I'd pick things I didn't do anyway. That made it easier. For instance, I would vow never to build a cedar deck with my bare hands. Or never to eat soil." But last year he got serious: "When my doctor told me my blood was 88 percent cholesterol, I vowed to give up 12-egg omelettes and steak broiled in butter. Still, I had mixed feelings about that, because a massive heart attack on the air would have been a real ratings grabber."

But that was 1995. Now that O'Brien is headlong into his third season on TV's late shift, he can relax a little and concentrate on the things he would truly like to change. We sent New York writer Brooke Comer backstage at NBC to get O'Brien's 1996 resolutions.

What's your most important resolution—your top priority—for 1996?

Resolution number one is to be the subject of a scandal. I'm overdue. Besides, look what scandal has done for Hugh Grant: Now I know who Elizabeth Hurley is. I have no idea what kind of scandal I'm looking for, but it has to shock people, make them see me in a new light. Let's say revealing footage turned up from my days as a Chippendale dancer. Or I could be recognized in an adult film, even if I had just one small but significant line, like: "Ladies, may I join you?"

That would boost your ratings. How would you handle the increased visibility?

Well, that's resolution number two: I want to make a movie. It's time I starred in a hastily made action-adventure film that goes straight to HBO. I'll play a cop who's a slob, paired with a cop who's a neat freak. And we don't get along. We go to Beverly Hills and we don't fit in. I want to be one of those guys in comedy who take roles in films and try to act tough and cool.

Moving on, how would you change the current format of "Late Night"?

Resolution number three: It's high time we had more country music on the show. In fact, we need more country *everything* on the show, plain and simple. Aren't there enough shows like mine on TV? I wonder how many people are aware that *Hee Haw* went off the air. That left a void. So how about a countrified *Late Night*? Andy Richter and I could stand in a cornfield wearing overalls and revive George "Goober" Lindsey's career. Think about it: a *Hee Haw* for Generation X.

Speaking of Andy, I am going to spend more quality time with my sidekick in 1996. Andy needs me. We're both under increasing pressure in our lives, and I feel like he's my son. He's growing. He needs nurturing. A sidekick starts to resent you if you don't do the little things together, like build a model airplane or go to a ball game.

Let's get back to Generation X. Any plans to keep Xers from channel surfing?

Resolution four combines music and fashion. I'm going to start playing the pan flute. Jack Benny had his violin, Steve Martin had a banjo. I'll play the pan flute. Does anyone know what that is? Maybe my resolution should be to educate people on the subject of ancient instruments. But that's not all I'm going to do. I've been wearing nice suits on the show for two years now, but now that I'm into my third season, people are looking to me to take fashion to the next level. I have just one word for them: unitard.

That may suggest to the corporate world that you're ready to endorse a product.

Finding an endorsement is resolution number five. We live in a society where you're only as cool as your latest endorsement deal. I'm open to offers, but I'd really like to endorse sunblock number 90, which is so powerful that it actually shoots rays back at the sky. The tag line of the ad campaign would be: FOR THE ANEMIC LOOK. And I know it'll succeed because anemia is making a comeback. People are eating less meat. They're wearing a lot of black, which goes well with an anemic complexion. Anemia is going to be big in 1996, and I have just the look for it.

Won't that turn off your female fans?

Women find pallor seductive. So, resolution six is to appear mysterious. Women are intrigued by a man who looks like he's hiding dark secrets. I'll start ending the show by saying, "Goodnight. I have things I must do now." And then, with a tear in my eye, I'll leap out the window. Or I'll interrupt guests at random and say, "Please don't talk about that. It brings up a dark episode in my life." Women will think, Hey, he's really been around, or He's been hurt. He needs me. And, of course, I'll wear black turtlenecks just like David Copperfield.

What other significant changes can we look forward to on the show this year?

That's resolution seven: First, we plan to travel the show. Letterman went to London, Leno went to New York. We'll go to Branson, Missouri. The audience can eat dinner while they watch. The show will start out like it does now, with a monolog. Then we'll do a comedy piece, and then jump straight to scenes from *Oklahoma!*

We're also going to have call-ins. Other shows have call-ins, but they let anybody call. On my show, only people who have appeared in *The Godfather* and *Godfather, Part II* will be allowed to call in.

Are you going to be as selective with your guests this season?

Yes. Resolution number eight is to have J.D. Salinger on the show. He's been a recluse for, what, 25 years? I'm going to get him to agree to appear, then bump him because the comic went on too long.

Wasn't Salinger a major influence on your literary endeavors?

No, Bill Cosby was. And while we're on the subject, resolution nine is to write a book on fatherhood, just like Cosby did, only my book will be all conjecture and speculation. I would have a unique slant, because I have no children and know nothing about them.

You have five brothers and sisters, but none of them has appeared on the show. Is there any sibling rivalry?

No, because all my brothers and sisters have talk shows, too. Not everyone knows this, but Charles Grodin is my brother. We all get along great, even though we were always beating up one another when we were kids. We're Irish. Violence was just our way of expressing love for one another.

Oh, and I plan to bring my father on the show. That's resolution ten. But I'm waiting for the right time. I want him to be in a kickboxing segment.

What resolution are you saving for next year because it's too tough to tackle now?

To become a Republican.

ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ

DICK CLINIC (continued from page 96)

When your girlfriend is on top, ask her to settle down carefully. This isn't the time to play ringtoss.

action-film hero who has had a penile implant as a result of his overindulgence in steroids.)

The arteries involved are not much thicker than a piece of paper. Naturally they're vulnerable to atherosclerosis. Cocaine, for instance, can induce the condition and fry your manhood. "Regular use of cocaine can result in a 23-year-old with penile arteries that look like they're 70 years old," says Padma-Nathan. Trauma, too, can jam the feeder system. When your girlfriend is on top, ask her to settle down carefully. This isn't the time to play ringtoss. Also, believe it or not, avoid bikes, motorized or otherwise, especially if you have a thin perineum or crotch area. Now you know why the Hell's Angels dress so macho. They're compensating for a lot of bent perinea.

Let's assume there isn't any arterial bottleneck. Then your brain and blood can build a glad-on like so:

(1) Turn to centerfold. Brain admires young lady. But young lady too intimidating. Can't even fantasize. Turn back to this article.

(2) Remember Barbara from eleventh grade. More like it. Run head tape of Barbara. Get aroused. Brain sends prostaglandin and other neurotransmitter requisition to groin. Prostaglandin shipped out (unless there is nerve damage). Smooth muscle has begun to relax. Blood rushes in. Chambers seal. Houston, we have liftoff. And you begin to rise like the stars and stripes on Mount Suribachi.

But nature built in an emergency recall system. All at once you remember the time Barbara's father caught the two of you playing pink weasel. Brain, even in retrospect, is startled. Brain orders groin to produce the Great Shriveler—noradrenaline. (Nature doesn't want you to encounter an enemy with your seeder up and vulnerable.) Both prostaglandin and noradrenaline are mobilized by the brain in four-second bursts—not in a steady stream. That is: Your brain must reincite horniness 15 times just to stay hard for one minute. So the brain telegraph is going like this: arousal, arousal, arousal, emergency (prostaglandin, prostaglandin, prostaglandin, noradrenaline), arousal, arousal, emergency, arousal, arousal, emergency, emergency, arousal, emergency, emergency, emergency, to hell with it—there is a noradrenaline override and no stopper in your tub. Psychogenic erectile dysfunction is caused by a brain that kicks off too much noradrenaline.

Synthetic prostaglandin has FDA approval. And why not? Nothing more than a synthetic version of the natural prostaglandin molecule, it metabolizes completely in your glad. Upjohn now markets it. Prostaglandin is effective in 75 percent of erectile dysfunction cases. For that stubborn 25 percent Padma-Nathan has brewed up a special compound put together at USC—prostaglandin and phentolamine. Phentolamine (which hasn't yet been approved by the FDA) is an adrenaline inhibitor that raises the success rate in men to 85 percent. As a last resort Padma-Nathan will add papaverine for seasoning. This formulation (called trimix) has a 92 percent uplift rate. We've come a long way from sheep testicles and ground-up rhinoceros horn.

Meanwhile—back on the table—my glad has gone numb. The homemade DICC contraption is built to detect blood leakage from my erectile chambers. But Padma-Nathan must first give me a good blue-veiner (with several doses of papaverine and phentolamine). I can't watch. Saline solution is then injected. The DICC starts to scribble like a seismograph. Padma-Nathan has begun to chat about "systolic pressure" and "arterial Doppler flow." I don't understand him. I don't want to understand him.

And by mistake I glance down.

My glad looks like a gaffed fish. Little mouth open, the urethra sucking air. A large needle has been jammed up and through my erection chambers. Wire is hanging from the needle. When he detumesces me, Padma-Nathan will spatter saline and blood all over the table. I don't look down again.

But that isn't all. I've forgotten the bladder test. Or, rather, I thought that this was the bladder test. Padma-Nathan is reluctant. Perhaps I should take a pass on a second exam. But I know well enough—if I don't do it now, I'll never do it. Anyway, compared to getting a fishhook up your eel, how bad can it be?

Ugh.

Imagine your urine is kerosene. Imagine that someone touches a lit match to the stream just as you are taking a leak. *Sssss*-blam! That, more or less, is what a catheter feels like. The ultimate plumber's snake. Now, along with a tape of 1994 NFL highlights, I have a videotape of my bladder.

On the way from USC to the Hotel Sofitel my glad turns the color of moussaka. I begin to walk like Groucho Marx, but slower, much slower. My body is an infomercial for pain. If I can just reach good old room 811.

Unlock my door.

Turn on the light.

Oh God.

It's Mildred.

•

Wednesday, March 15

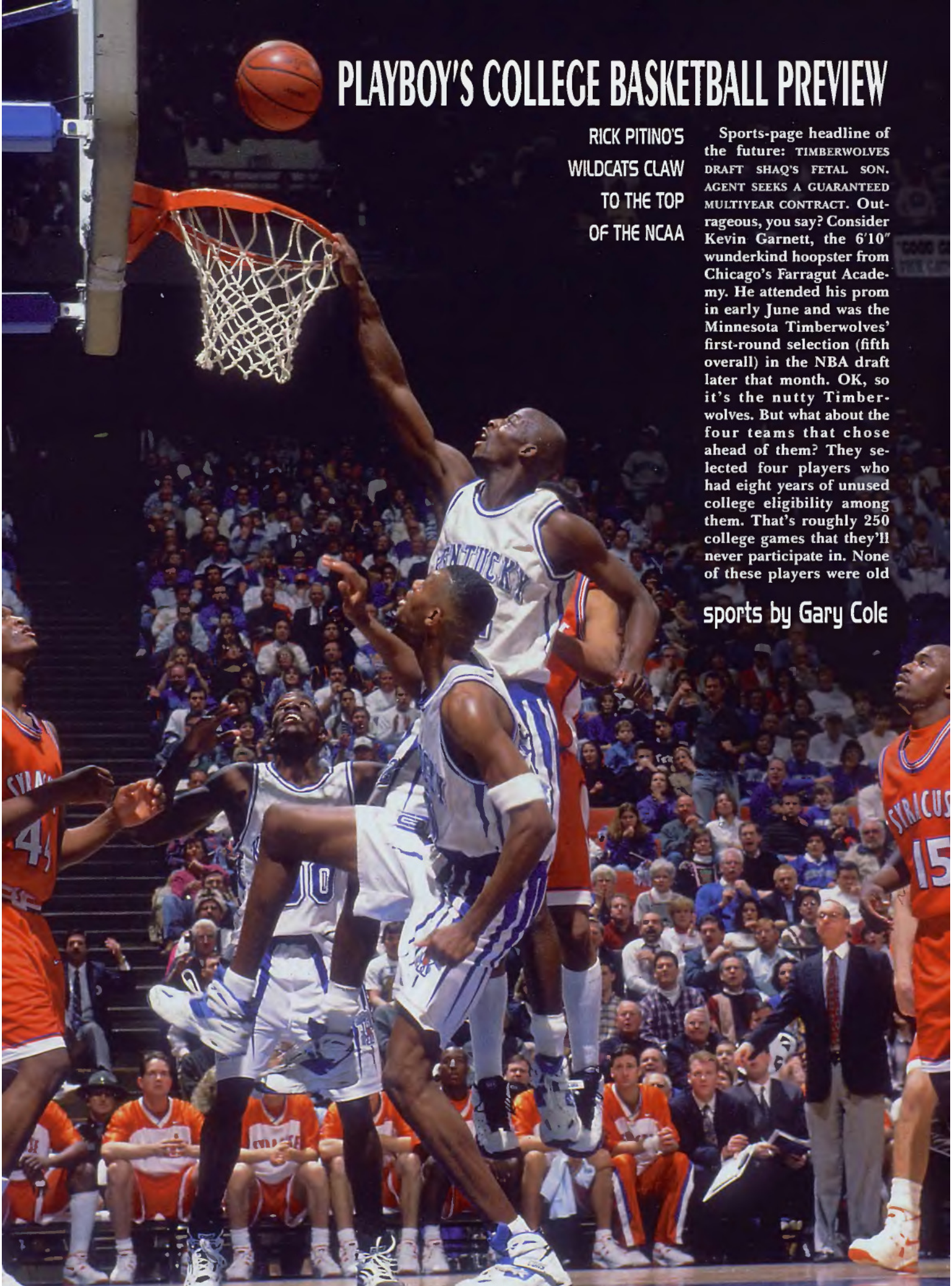
Padma-Nathan grew up in Canada and graduated with honors from Dalhousie University medical school in Halifax. He then chose (a "great decision") to do impotence research under Dr. Irwin Goldstein at Boston University. "In 1985 we had the first really large pharmacological erection program." Timing, as a spat manufacturer once said, is essential.

In 1985 penile implants were fashionable—the anatomical opposite of deboning. They are still used commonly (and with great success), where medical or psychological treatment has failed. But penile implants require surgery—and they are oh so prosthetic. Some, for instance, feature three-piece hookups, including a pump mechanism in the scrotum. Manual dexterity is required. Compare all that—in cost and realism—to one mosquito bite–like shot of prostaglandin. If I can do it, it is simple, believe me. My small motor skills are smaller than most.

But for those who are supersqueamish—those who cover their eyes when a turkey is carved—there will soon be an even less intrusive approach. Padma-Nathan (along with Dr. Ridwan Shabsigh of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York and Dr. Tom Lue at the University of California at San Francisco, among others) has been testing prostaglandin delivery by pellet, a method patented by Dr. Virgil Place. "It's phenomenal," says Padma-Nathan. "You pee. You take a little inserter, drop a pellet into your urethra and it causes an erection." Now both he and she can be on the pill.

Even so, Dr. Goldstein thinks this is just a station on the train ride to Studville. "We are desperately seeking oral medication," he says. "Only 100,000 men are using prostaglandin—out of the 20 million who need it. Why?" Because, he suggests, Americans may be a pill-ridden folk. Injection and urethra-popping feel just

(continued on page 182)

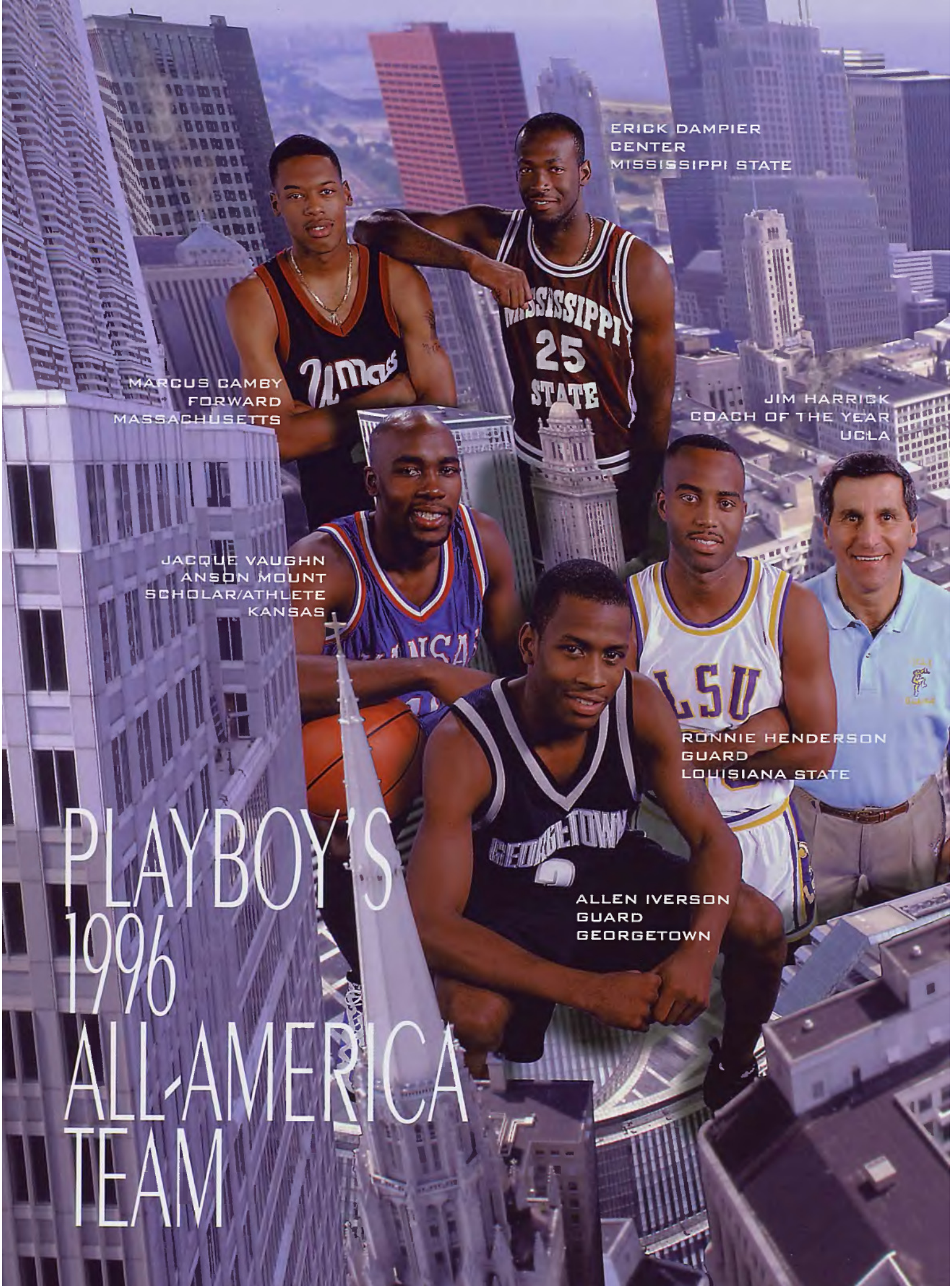


PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

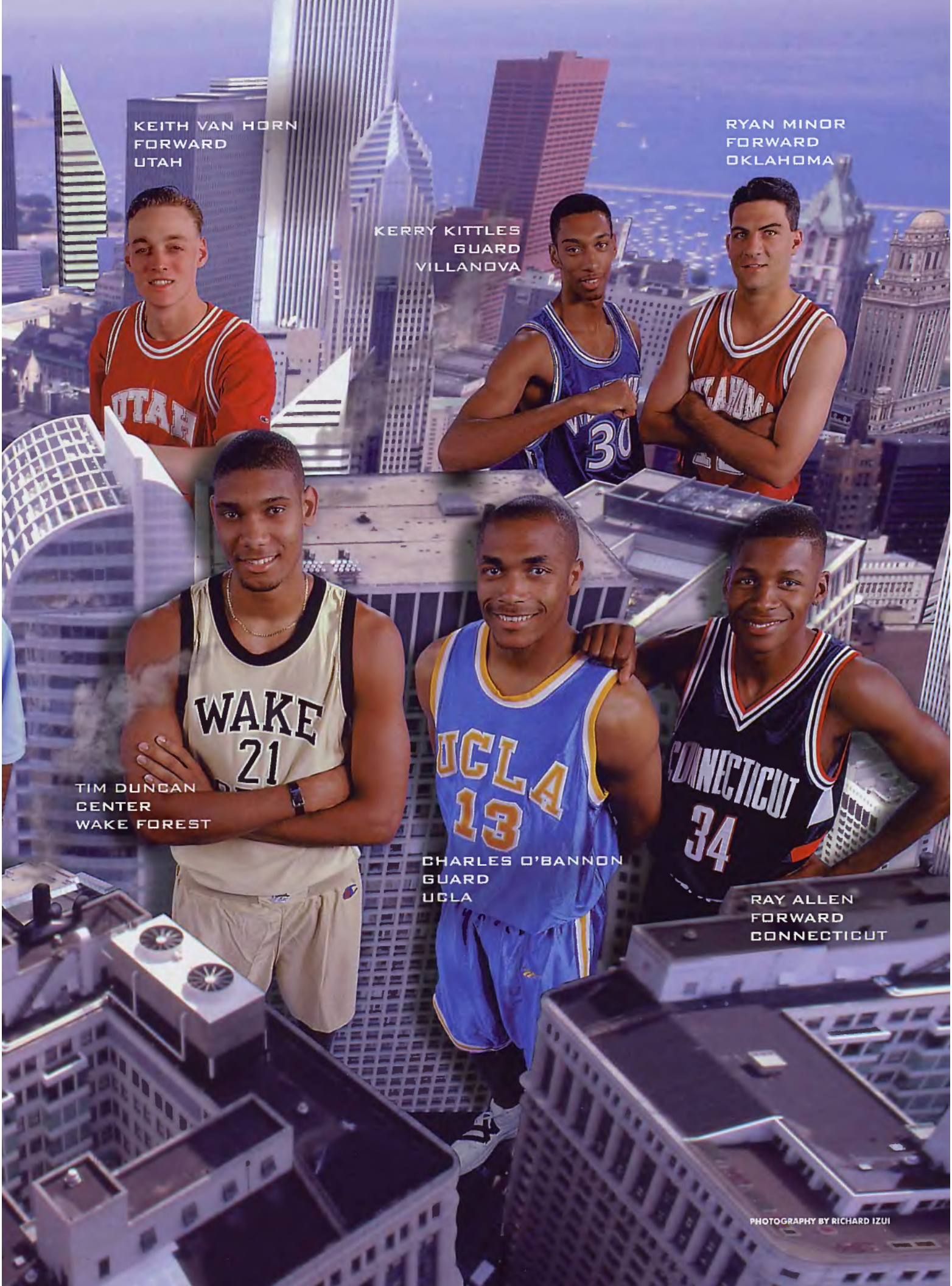
RICK PITINO'S WILDCATS CLAW TO THE TOP OF THE NCAA

Sports-page headline of the future: TIMBERWOLVES DRAFT SHAQ'S FETAL SON. AGENT SEEKS A GUARANTEED MULTIYEAR CONTRACT. Outrageous, you say? Consider Kevin Garnett, the 6'10" wunderkind hoopster from Chicago's Farragut Academy. He attended his prom in early June and was the Minnesota Timberwolves' first-round selection (fifth overall) in the NBA draft later that month. OK, so it's the nutty Timberwolves. But what about the four teams that chose ahead of them? They selected four players who had eight years of unused college eligibility among them. That's roughly 250 college games that they'll never participate in. None of these players were old

sports by Gary Cole



PLAYBOY'S 1996 ALL-AMERICA TEAM


KEITH VAN HORN
FORWARD
UTAH
KERRY KITTLES
GUARD
VILLANOVA
RYAN MINOR
FORWARD
OKLAHOMA
WAKE
21
TIM DUNCAN
CENTER
WAKE FOREST
UCLA
13
CHARLES O'BANNON
GUARD
UCLA
CONNECTICUT
34
RAY ALLEN
FORWARD
CONNECTICUT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. KENTUCKY
2. KANSAS
3. VILLANOVA
4. MASSACHUSETTS
5. MEMPHIS
6. CONNECTICUT
7. MICHIGAN
8. LOUISVILLE
9. UCLA
10. ARKANSAS
11. IOWA
12. GEORGETOWN
13. WAKE FOREST
14. CINCINNATI
15. VIRGINIA
16. MARYLAND
17. INDIANA
18. CALIFORNIA
19. UTAH
20. MISSISSIPPI STATE
21. OKLAHOMA
22. PURDUE
23. MISSOURI
24. GEORGIA TECH
25. TULANE

POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS: Stanford, Auburn, Washington State, George Washington, Virginia Tech, Santa Clara, North Carolina, St. John's, Syracuse, Marquette, Tulsa, Arizona, LSU, Texas Tech, Texas. For a complete conference-by-conference prediction of final standings, see pages 172-173.

enough to buy a rum and Coke in most states. Two (Joe Smith and Garnett) were just 19.

Do we blame the players? Let's see. Why was it that we went to college? For a rigorous reading of the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne? To commit the floor plan of the Tri Delta sorority house to memory? To make a lot of money? Yeah, that's the one. So who's to criticize kids for becoming millionaires before (or instead of) receiving a college degree? With the kind of dough being ladled out in salaries, never mind endorsements, the players could buy their own universities.

Without a doubt, these early defections have diminished the college game. Its brightest college stars shine for only a season or two at the most. Teams have to be built from scratch each year. Coaches recruit players for longer than they coach them. The fans have to learn a phone book of new names each season. And we prognosticators have to work just a little harder to figure out who the best players and teams will be. (And you think you have problems.)

Fortunately, America still grows the most corn and the most talented basketball players in the world. Even more than Belorussia. So while the old crop may have left before we had a chance to savor every nuance of their emerging basketball artistry, there are new peach-fuzzed faces waiting to take their places in hallowed halls, arenas and snake pits around the nation—even if for only a season or two.

ATLANTIC COAST

The NBA was brutal to the ACC last year. The conference lost number one pick Joe Smith from Maryland, North Carolina's Jerry Stackhouse and Rasheed Wallace (numbers three and four, respectively), Duke center Cherokee Parks (number 12), Florida State's Bob Sura (number 17), Wake Forest's Randolph Childress (number 19), Georgia Tech's Travis Best (number 23) and Virginia's Cory Alexander (number 29). In all, eight first-round and two second-round picks were made, four of them underclassmen. And yet superlative players remain, and they'll be joined by an influx of talented freshmen who are ready to play now. One player who stayed in school but didn't really need to was Playboy All-America Tim Duncan from **Wake Forest.** Duncan, whom some pro scouts rated higher than Joe Smith, will be the premiere player in the conference—perhaps in the nation—this season. Duncan and graduated guard Childress led the Demon Deacons to their first conference title since 1962. With Duncan controlling the inside, coach Dave Odom will look to sophomore Tony Rutland to handle the ball and score from the perimeter. The backcourt will be the strength of this year's **Virginia** team. Harold Deane (16 points per game) and Curtis Staples, who was named to the ACC All-Freshman team last season, give the Cavaliers one of the best guard tandems in the nation. Seven foot four Chase Metheney, a medical redshirt last year, will back up 6'9" Chris Alexander at center. Despite losing Smith, **Maryland** figures to be another contender for the conference title. Coach Gary Williams has four returning starters, including guard Johnny Rhodes (14 ppg) and 6'8" forward Exree Hipp. The Terrapins will have a strong bench (including clutch three-point shooter Mario Lucas) and will add point guard Terrell Stokes and swingman LaRon Profit, two freshmen who will play early and often. Another freshman assured of plenty of action is **Georgia Tech** point guard Stephon Marbury, one of the most highly recruited players in the nation. The addition of Marbury, along with the return of Drew Barry and Matt Harpring, should make the Yellow Jackets one of the quickest teams in the nation. Dean Smith may need all his 34 years of coaching experience to put **North Carolina** back on top after the loss of sophomores Stackhouse and Wallace to the pros and the graduation of Donald Williams. Guard Jeff McInnis and forward Dante Calabria get to be the big Tar Heels on campus, though both are only 6'4". Smith's true big man, Serge Zwikker, has the size (7'2") but doesn't run the floor well. Because the Tar Heels are thin on talent, Smith may break his own rule against playing freshmen and give court time to Vince Carter and Antawn Jamison. Another team that doesn't have its usual depth of blue-chip talent is **Duke.** With Parks and Erik Meek gone, the emphasis shifts to the perimeter, where Jeff Capel, Trajan Langdon and Ricky Price will hold court. The most important returnee is coach Mike Krzyzewski, who was sidelined almost all of last season with back problems. Without the masterful touch of Coach K, the Blue Devils, a team that had made the Final Four seven of nine previous seasons, stumbled to 13–18 and won only two conference games.

ATLANTIC TEN

This conference confounded logic in the off-season by expanding to 12 teams but continuing to answer the phone "Atlantic Ten." These guys must have taken a math class in the Big Ten. Three of the 12 teams will be very good. **Massachusetts,** which made its

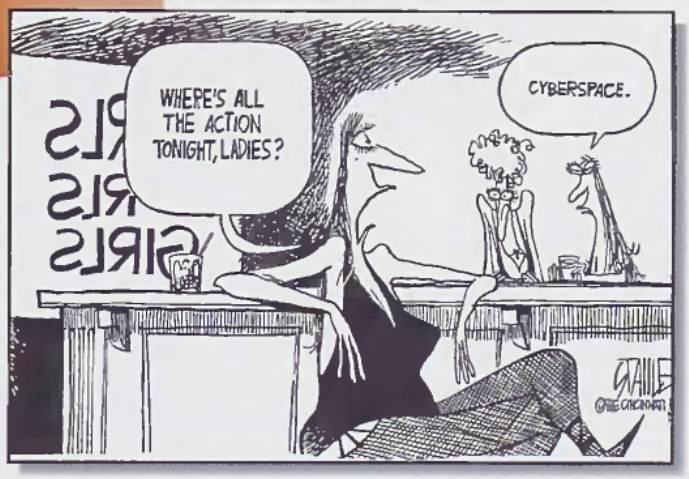
(continued on page 160)

"Really puts you in the Christmas spirit, doesn't it?"

THE YEAR

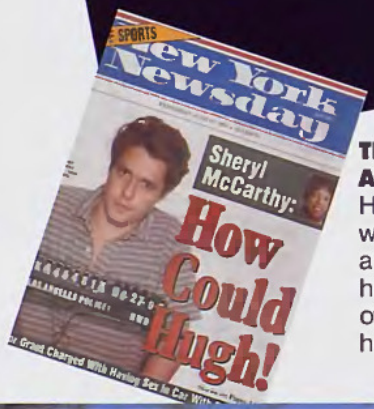
IS IT REAL OR IS IT CYBERSEX? ONLY YOUR COMPUTER KNOWS FOR SURE

The information superhighway is studded with curves and switchbacks. When Polaroids purportedly documenting Pam Anderson and Tommy Lee's wedding night surfaced online, they were soon recycled in magazines French and American (*Entrevue*, *Screw*, *Penthouse*). Germany's *Bravo* gave nude snaps of Brad Pitt and Gwyneth Paltrow on vacation in the Caribbean similar treatment. Of Michelle Pfeiffer's popular Internet nude, her publicist said "Faked!" "If it's a fake," an *Esquire* editor retorted, "it's a great fake." Site-hopping can be expensive: To reach Asian Spices, you have to call Hong Kong. Billy Wildhack's *Erotic Connections* guide tries to help you make sense of it all.



IN SEX

a walk on the wild side of 1995 that's absolutely, positively guaranteed o.j.-free



THE ENGLISHMAN WHO WENT UP A HILL AND CAME DOWN A THROAT

Headline writers around the world had a field day when Brit actor Hugh Grant got caught in the act with a Hollywood hooker named Divine—to the dismay of his girlfriend, the fabulous model Elizabeth Hurley. (For a portion of Hurley not revealed by one of her famous evening dresses, check out *High Society*'s paparazzo shot of Hurley changing her bathing suit). Other, perhaps more forgiving, females demonstrated their support for the errant actor, who exercised damage control by telling Jay Leno (and seemingly every other talk-show host) he'd done a bad thing.

FELLATIO FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Today's quickest route to fame: blow jobs. Divine earned big bucks by telling Hugh Grant stories to tabloids and doing lingerie advertisements in Brazil.

WE'RE POOR LITTLE LAMBS WHO HAVE LOST OUR CLOTHES
Yale students protested PLAYBOY'S *Women of the Ivy League* feature by streaking across the quad.

PARIS IS SQUINTING
After being kept from French viewers for more than a century, Gustave Courbet's *Origin of the World* draws such crowds to the Musée d'Orsay that it has been put behind glass and placed under guard.

BOUNCING CZECH
Eva Herzigova, Wonderbra's favorite billboard model, does just fine without added suspension.

NO, BUT WE SAW THE MOVIE
The MPAA nixed ads for *Ready to Wear* (a.k.a. *Prêt-à-Porter*) but didn't flinch over the movie's grand finale, starring world-famous models in the altogether.

MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK
the going rates for well-publicized acts of sex

Congressman Mel Reynolds
$50 to $100 per encounter with teen Beverly Heard

Charlie Sheen
$53,500 for 27 trysts with Heidi Fleiss' hookers

Hugh Grant
$60 for a blow job from Divine

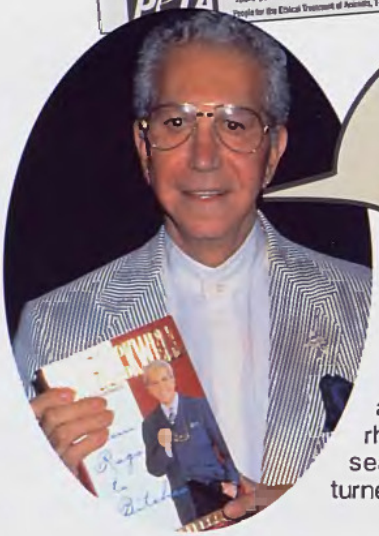
Henry Cisneros
$4000 per month to ex-mistress Lindo Medlar

Scottie Pippen
$15,000 one-time payment plus a potential $11,500 a month in child support to ex-girlfriend Sonya Raby

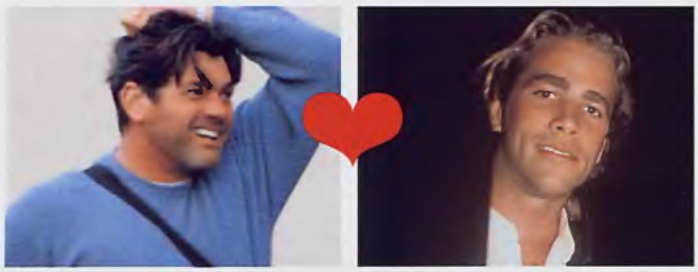
ICH BIN EIN PUTZ
Press reports swear it's true: Bremen's Gunther Burpus was stuck two days in a cat door after mislaying his keys. Pranksters pantsed him, painted his bum and added a daffodil and a sign: GERMANY RESURGENT, AN ESSAY ON STREET ART. PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY. Passersby did.

WHAT ORGAN DID YOU HAVE IN MIND, BOSS?
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Hefner signed organ-donor cards at the event introducing her PETA poster.

NOT-SO-MERRY WIDOW
After losing her elderly—and wealthy—spouse, the otherwise abundantly endowed Anna Nicole Smith (Miss May 1992) mourned him in truly outstanding décolletage.



A GENUINE PAIN IN THE ASS
In his tell-all book, fashion's Mr. Blackwell confesses bisexual affairs—and having designed rhinestone-studded toilet-seat covers, promptly returned by sore customers.



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM THE PUBLISHER OF A BIWEEKLY?
Rolling Stone publisher Jann Wenner left his wife of 28 years and took up with male model Matt Nye, to whom Mrs. W. refers as "Soon-Yi."

BYE-BYE BLUES
New York City policewoman Carol Shaya was fired for posing for PLAYBOY. So might policeman Edward Mallia for appearing in *Playgirl*. But firefighter William Bresnan lost only 30 days' pay after performing with porn queen Marilyn Chambers in a trio of softcore movies.

WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT
Japan's Hip Bra lifts the buns five centimeters. America countered with Miracle Boost jeans. And so the guys won't feel left out, Super Shaper Briefs firm buns. The front panel boasts an optional snap-in "endowment pad."

DEMON DENIM
As sexy jeans ads proliferated, antiporn fanatics persuaded the FBI to look at Calvin Klein's youth-marketed messages. Although the campaign boosted sales, Klein yielded to pressure and pulled it. Diesel's imaginative ads included this play on Alfred Eisenstaedt's famous V-J Day photo (below).

NAKED AMBITION: IT WORKED FOR THE BABES
In "The Bimbo Conspiracy," *Spy* magazine paid a tongue-in-cheek tribute to Sharon Stone, Anna Nicole Smith, La Toya Jackson, Pamela Anderson, Erika Eleniak, Jessica Hahn and other gals whose PLAYBOY poses turned out to be good career moves.

SAUCY AUSSIE TOPS BUSH LEAGUE
Australian Racing Mower Association cofounder Michelle Patterson is one reason topless lawnmower racing is said to be sweeping Australia "quicker than a bush fire."

WILL IT WORK FOR THE BOYS?
Now the guys are experimenting with revealing magazine shots. Notorious penis-amputee John Wayne Bobbitt jumps for *GQ*, Jim Carrey strikes a Coppertone pose for *Rolling Stone* and basketball player Dennis Rodman is *Sports Illustrated*'s cover boy.

SLUT OF THE YEAR AWARDS

for conspicuous misbehavior reported in 1995

Hugh Grant, for misunderstanding the reason his rented BMW had extra headroom.

TV's **Burt "Robin" Ward,** who boasts in his autobiography that he inseminated thousands of women with "Bat Sperm."

Johnnie Cochran, whose ex-wife's book claims he slapped her around.

Joey Buttafuoco, who saw his parole vanish into the Sunset, led by an undercover cop.

Ungentlemanly officer **James Hewitt,** who blabbed about a dalliance with Di.

Whitney Houston's spouse, **Bobby Brown,** booked for (1) brawling over a girl at a Disney World bar, (2) peeing in the police car en route to the station, (3) allegedly kicking a Los Angeles hotel security guard.

Barbie, banned in Kuwait as a "she-devil who has polished nails and wears skirts above the knee."

Eric Douglas, arrested for doing something special in the air: pinching an American Airlines flight attendant on the butt.

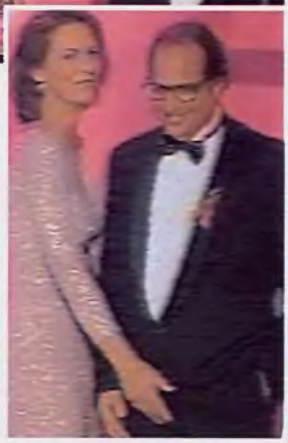
SPECIAL LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD
Ex-senator **Bob Packwood.**

FELLATIO FOR FUN AND PROFIT II
Anne Manning says her extramarital affair with Newt Gingrich was limited to oral sex—so he wouldn't have to say that he had slept with her.

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A ROCKET SCIENTIST
Makers of the Lovemaster claim it "permits a man and a woman to engage in sexual intercourse in a state of reduced gravity."

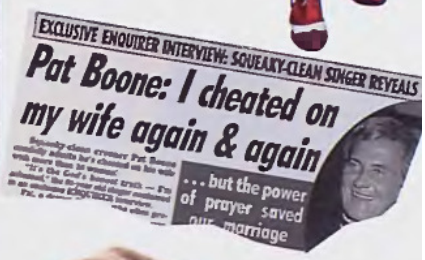
THAT EXPLAINS THE JUMP IN TEEN PREGNANCIES
The American Life League, a conservative Christian group, asked Disney corporate officials to remove *Lion King* videos from store shelves in order to edit an offending scene in which stardust seems to spell the word SEX.

Sex raises dust in Disney movie, organization says



STUPID CELEBRITY TRICKS
Television has come a long way since Ed Sullivan censored Elvis' gyrating pelvis. Noteworthy in 1995: Drew Barrymore flashing a delighted David Letterman and Jamie Lee Curtis and Jon Lovitz trading gropes on ABC's telecast of the American Comedy Awards.

LOVE LETTERS IN THE SANDS OF TIME
Perhaps desperate for publicity, aging singer Pat Boone owned up to having cheated on his wife—37 years ago.


EXCLUSIVE ENQUIRER INTERVIEW: SQUEAKY-CLEAN SINGER REVEALS
Pat Boone: I cheated on my wife again & again
... but the power of prayer saved our marriage

FELLATIO FOR FUN AND PROFIT III
After a jail stint for refusing to testify, Beverly Heard spilled the beans on Illinois Congressman Mel Reynolds, who paid for oral and other types of sex.

NO PORKING
In Key West, Chi-Chi the potbellied pig was charged with sexually assaulting another hog—this one a Harley—and causing $100 damage. Despite a spirited legal defense by local citizens, authorities had the hapless porker neutered.

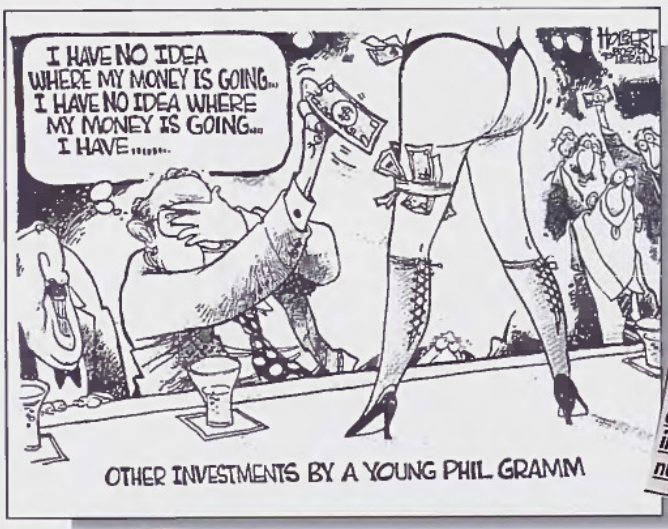
DRESSED TO KILT
In the historical drama *Braveheart*, Mel Gibson's rebels express contempt for their English adversaries, answering once and for all the age-old question: What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt?

HOLE LOTTA LOVE
Courtney Love, the headline-making lead singer of Hole, gives her devoted concert fans a bit more of what they're looking for.

FINGER-FLICKING GOOD
Tim Jeffries shows photographers what he thinks of their snapping his girlfriend, model Elle Macpherson, topless on a St.-Tropez beach.

GRAMMER UNCHECKED
Frasier's radio shrink Kelsey Grammer had charges dropped that he had sex with his then-15-year-old baby-sitter.

FELLATIO FOR FUN AND PROFIT IV
Photos allegedly of Marlon Brando giving head, which had long circulated underground, surfaced on the Internet and in *Penthouse*.



BUT DID CLARENCE THOMAS RENT IT?
Right-wing presidential hopeful Phil Gramm admitted to having helped fund a skin flick.

YOU ARE GETTING SLEEPY—VERY SLEEPY
Researchers in Clearwater, Florida claim 79.8 percent of 867 women tested were able to increase their breast size through hypnosis.

SHE WOULD HAVE DONE BOOB PRINTS, BUT THE CARDS WERE TOO SMALL
For the guy who has everything: individually kissed lip prints by Russ Meyer discovery Pandora Peaks.

JOHNNY DEPP *(continued from page 60)*

What if I get Tourette's syndrome and start barking and saying motherfucker to the whole world?

said you were an impostor who had stolen his identity.

DEPP: Sick. Scary. It was like the ultimate Dungeons & Dragons game, and I was the enemy.

PLAYBOY: He called the studio demanding the money he had made for *Scissorhands*. That was funny to a lot of people. Was it funny to you?

DEPP: It makes you think. I've had other threats, too, and what hits you is that these people believe they're right. They can justify their hatred of you because in their world, you are the enemy. It makes you rethink your job when you realize you can affect someone so intensely. So to me, they're not evil.

PLAYBOY: Stalkers and kooks aren't evil?

DEPP: They think their hate is justified.

PLAYBOY: How can you sleep?

DEPP: I'm cautious but not really paranoid. I carry a gun. Not today, but when there are threats I carry a gun. I grew up around them and I can shoot a little. I could never kill an animal, but I always liked target practice. Now I have a couple of Winchesters, a couple of .380s and a .38. Because basically, who wants to have a bunch of bodyguards? I don't see myself with that kind of star treatment. I'd rather bounce around on my own. But at the same time, when there's someone out there who actually wants to take your life, you should try to be ready.

PLAYBOY: Being stalked must darken your view of human nature.

DEPP: I never had the brightest view of human nature. I think humanity—society, at least—is violent. It's not getting any better. I don't think I'm cynical, but I do think maybe the world is more . . . sinful than ever before.

PLAYBOY: Does that feeling find its way into your work?

DEPP: It must. It's a sense that the world is harsh to some people. Harsh, judgmental and wrong.

PLAYBOY: Your movie misfits often fight back in funny ways. There's a story that you insisted on filming an alternate line in *Benny & Joon* at the climax of the love story.

DEPP: That's true. It's right when the music comes up and he looks into her eyes. The line is, "Joon, I love you."

PLAYBOY: And your line was——

DEPP: "Joon, I'm a bed wetter." I'm still passionate about that line. I didn't get away with it, but I think it could have gotten a laugh and been touching at the same time. You can't help laughing at the pain of this poor bastard, but he's honest. And more than that . . . it's easy to say "I love you." The audience expects it. But to say you're a bed wetter, to reveal something like that, is saying I love you. It's saying I really love you, enough to tell you my deep, dark secret.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite date movie?

DEPP: *Wuthering Heights* with Olivier is a real tearjerker. Or Mike Leigh's film *Naked*. You won't forget that one.

PLAYBOY: How does porn affect you?

DEPP: I like a porn film now and again, but I don't go out of my way to see one. I saw *Edward Penis Hands*. Tim Burton sent me a copy. It is a great film, really funny. As for most of it, I suppose it's arousing to some people, but I get a little embarrassed watching people fuck. You're sitting there watching and suddenly it seems so strange—the image changes in your mind and they're not people anymore. The guy looks like a dog, making horrible faces. I'm sure there are beautiful porn films, artistically made. I just don't want to see that guy.

PLAYBOY: How about love scenes in your own films? Are they arousing?

DEPP: I've never done a love scene that was arousing. The atmosphere is too ridiculous. You're lying there kissing some girl, professing your undying love, and you see that grip over there eating a bologna sandwich.

PLAYBOY: You've never had a boner on-screen?

DEPP: Oh, I may have had a boner, but not in a love scene.

PLAYBOY: You'd better explain.

DEPP: Who knows what goes on underneath the table, outside the frame? I may have a feather duster down my pants. It's not necessarily sexual, either. If I'm having a difficult time with a scene, getting too serious, I like to take a handheld duster or maybe a wrench, shove it down my pants and play the scene that way. Any object that doesn't belong—it takes your mind off the seriousness of the situation. Just when you're bursting into tears you realize there's a dust mop in your shorts.

PLAYBOY: So there are multiple tracks in your head. One's in character while another is sending out dust mop alerts.

DEPP: Yeah, and the other actor knows, too. That can add spice to the scene. I've used tools, fruit, a little squeegee that creates the sound of flatulence. It doesn't have to be in your pants, either. In a close shot where they cut you off at the elbows, say, I may have a banana in my hand, or some guy's shoe.

PLAYBOY: This from the man Brando wants to play Hamlet. What else can you tell us about acting?

DEPP: Sometimes you hate it. So maybe you say, Yeah, I make faces for cash, I tell a few lies. And in a way that's right. In a way it's just a gig like any other job. Except it's more unstable, maybe worse for your mental health. If you're doing what you should be doing as an actor, you won't be very emotionally stable. You are constantly manipulating your emotions, fucking with yourself, fucking with your *self*, opening drawers in your head that you don't really want to open but you have to, to maintain access to them.

PLAYBOY: What drawers?

DEPP: Family things. Childhood things. Fear and abandonment. Rage. You just feel stupid having this be a part of your job, and it fucks with you in bad ways. When you're really flopping around in there [*bitter laugh*], you feel like an idiot for doing it. For going through it. It can make you miserable for three or four months. But you do it. You feel like an idiot, but you do it because it's your fucking job.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*, a movie that struck close to home. Gilbert, your character, was trapped in a working-class family, but he had infinite longings.

DEPP: That's one I haven't seen, *Gilbert Grape*.

PLAYBOY: You still don't want to?

DEPP: No, no. That mixed-up family and him being responsible, those issues clung to me. Making that movie was a bad time. I was as deep in the soup as I could be.

PLAYBOY: According to the tabloids you were hurting because of your breakup with Winona Ryder.

DEPP: That wasn't really it. That's what was written, but we hadn't broken up yet, we were still up and down. It had more to do with me, with the difficulty of being inside my skin. I was doing what I could to numb that feeling, doing some in-depth poisoning.

PLAYBOY: What were your poisons?

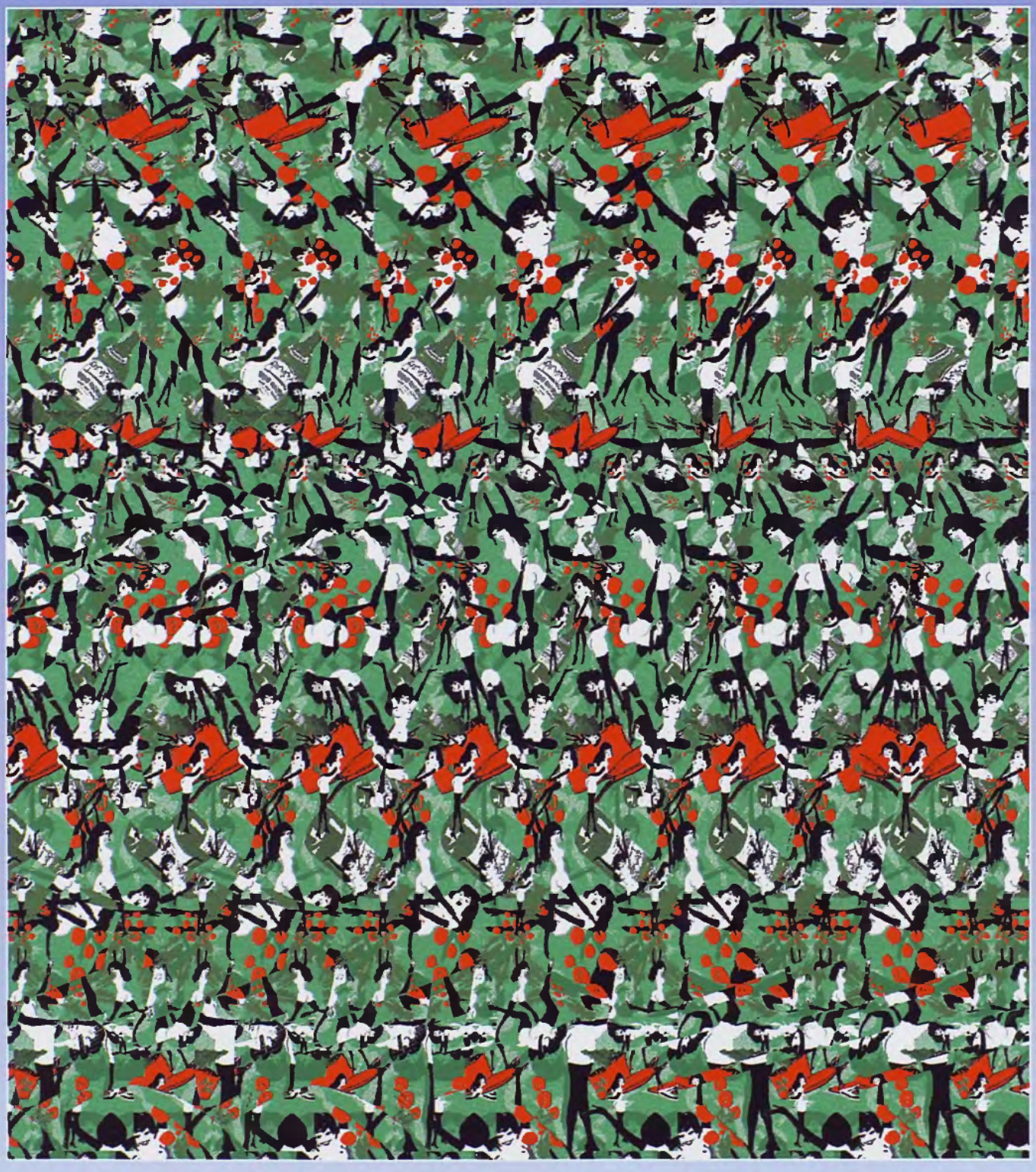
DEPP: Pretty much anything I could ingest. And I was soused, drinking heavily, really doing myself in. When it gets constant, when you're going to sleep drunk, waking up and starting to drink again, that stuff will try to kill you.

PLAYBOY: Did you think your vices would actually kill you?

(continued on page 187)

LET THE FEMLINS HELP YOU

FIND THE RABBIT



Like all good-spirited elves, the Femlins are working overtime this holiday season to bring cheer to deserving celebrants. In this case, their surprise gift is a three-dimensional image called an autostereogram, created for PLAYBOY by NVision Grafix of Irving, Texas. As the Femlins frolic among the bows, champagne and mistletoe, they're building a favorite emblem. To see it, hold the magazine page to the tip of your nose, with your eyes unfocused and looking into the middle distance, as if you were gazing into a mirror. Slowly move the magazine to a comfortable reading distance, and continue to look deeply into the design. A familiar image should pop into view, carrying the Femlins' multidimensional wishes for a hoppy new year.

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ROBIN QUIVERS

the woman who shares the mike with howard stern sounds off on her breast reduction, her boss' butt and why good ventilation is so important

It seems Robin Quivers doesn't care about equal billing with America's best known (and most fined) radio shock jock, Howard Stern. After all, she says, "Suzanne Pleshette was an integral part of 'The Bob Newhart Show.' It was just named after him."

Quivers doesn't fuss about her job description, either. She's been dubbed co-host, foil and even Stern's conscience. She balks at defending him, though. Taking the high road, she insists, "In a society where there's supposed to be free speech, there is no reason to defend anybody who exercises his right."

Quivers considers herself a rarity: She's a graduate of broadcasting school who made it. Last spring she published an autobiography (plugged relentlessly on the air by Stern) detailing her troubled youth in Baltimore, her experience with the Air Force (she was a registered nurse who left the service with the rank of captain) and stints as a radio news reporter in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania and her hometown. Those jobs led to an offer to team up with a Washington, D.C.–based jock who was pushing the bounds of taste and altering the traditional radio mix of news and music. The clincher: when she heard a tape of Stern interviewing a prostitute. "I don't know whether it was the sound of his voice or the way he was handling it. All I know is that every reservation I had about taking that job flew out the window."

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met with Quivers after a couple of her on-air shifts. He reports: "I had heard her laugh a lot on the air. She has been accused of being Stern's laugh track. But I didn't realize that the laughter would make it so difficult for us to tape our conversation."

1.

PLAYBOY: Infinity Broadcasting forked over $1.7 million to settle the Federal Communications Commission's proposed fines against the *Howard Stern Show* for "indecency." Do we now know the exact price of free speech?

QUIVERS: No. It's our right to do what we do. The fines are attempts to censor us. It's like Wal-Mart refusing to sell PLAYBOY. There's something wrong with wanting the right to tell people what they can read or look at or hear. People already have the power to limit us by not listening. The *Howard Stern Show* is being fined because it is the only genuine article of free speech. We fought, and we lost jobs for this. We were the people who paid the dues so that everyone could have freedom of speech on the radio. There's no free, freer, freest. Free is an absolute. You can't have limited free speech.

2.

PLAYBOY: Won't you give some credit to the framers of the Constitution for including the First Amendment?

QUIVERS: If Thomas Jefferson had heard us, he probably would have said, "We shouldn't have free speech." There are a lot of other things he would not appreciate about today's society. Jefferson was among a group of guys who were elite in their thinking. They dragged an entire country into a revolution. Theirs was a little cabal that decided to break away because it was economically beneficial. And when they sat around making the rules, they made them for themselves. There were no women included. Blacks weren't included. I don't think Jefferson was a great guy. But thank God the Constitution got written. I forget if he had a black woman. But there are all these black people named Jefferson.

3.

PLAYBOY: Describe your ideal candidate for a seat on the FCC.

QUIVERS: A blind man who can't hear. Maybe he would read the rules in braille and go out and check frequencies. And that would be the end of it. Making sure that one station doesn't bleed into another's signal and infringe on another's right to broadcast on that band—that's what the FCC is supposed to do. It has no right to comment on content. Unfortunately, the courts disagree with me on this point. Newt Gingrich has said there's no reason for the FCC, and I applaud that.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Howard conspire over an early-morning cup of coffee before you go on the air?

QUIVERS: Please. We don't even talk in the morning. We don't talk with each other unless we're on the air. We're doing the Regis and Kathie Lee thing—keeping it fresh. We've never planned the show. It's "I'm going to throw this at you and see what you do with it," or "I'm going to throw this back and see how you catch it." I choose what we talk about when I'm doing the news. Is it provocative and interesting? Will people be talking about this later in the day? I don't do stories just about men who have been arrested for hanging around under outhouses. We spend time talking about O.J., and if troops are being sent to Saudi Arabia, we certainly talk about that.

5.

PLAYBOY: One last time, recount the Selena controversy.

QUIVERS: I discovered on coming in after a weekend that this young woman who was called the Madonna of tejano music and who had won a Grammy had been murdered. I had never heard of her. I played a tape of her music to give people some idea of what she did. Now, when we talk about somebody in the news, we try to make it as lively and as auditorily stimulating as possible. If somebody has fallen down a flight of stairs, you'll hear a body drop. If somebody has crashed in a plane, you'll hear the sound of a plane falling and then the splat. So when I talk about somebody who has been shot, you'll hear a gunshot. I said on the air, "Here's Selena, who sang tejano music. She was the Madonna of tejano music. I don't even know what tejano is, but here's an example of what she does." We played the tape and then the soundman played a gunshot. Then Howard said, "Wait a minute, that music!" He started to listen and he played the tape again, and he said, "Ah, I don't like this. Who listens to this?" The people who never listen to our show and don't understand what we do were very offended.

6.

PLAYBOY: Tempers flared when you and Linda Ronstadt happened to appear together on *The Tonight Show* shortly after Selena's death. She complained that your defense of Stern "upset" and "distracted" her during her performance and accused you of "shilling" for Stern and letting him take advantage of you. You made no apologies. Are we correct in assuming you don't have many Ronstadt albums in your collection?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHANIE PFRIENOER

QUIVERS: None, thank goodness. I have never spent any money on that fat cow! She ripped off black people with those stupid covers of hers. Like when she sang *Tracks of My Tears*. That's a Smokey Robinson song. Linda Ronstadt didn't write that. Smokey sang it better, and Linda just did it exactly the way he did it. She didn't add anything. She recorded a couple of Smokey's songs. She does a disservice to great music with that stupid soprano of hers. I thought something might happen when I saw that she was booked on the show with me. It was right after the Selena situation and she had done a couple of Spanish albums. But I thought, What the heck, I'm on before her. I'll do my bit and that will be it. No big deal. We'll never interact with each other. But I was wrong.

7.

PLAYBOY: You're the only woman on the *Howard Stern Show*. Are you really "one of the guys"?

QUIVERS: I was the only girl in a family of boys. I have three brothers. So it seems I've been re-creating that scenario. I've always found men to be the most fascinating creatures. It really is like looking into a locker room. They don't always remember that they're in the presence of a woman and they let their guard down. I have a different relationship with each of the guys on the show. My feelings toward Howard and Fred Norris, one of the writers, are very family oriented. Jackie "the Joke Man" Martling is more of a sexual friend. He hits on me all the time. Stuttering John often sidles up to me and tries to get a good hug.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you crack the whip over Howard and Company?

QUIVERS: Oh sure. They perform for me. Men always do that peacock kind of thing. They try to be as funny for me as they can possibly be. When they do a recorded bit, they're always asking, "Robin, what do you think? Judge us now." "Robin, come look at my butt and tell me if it looks better now. Is this the kind of butt that would turn you on?" Bare butt, sometimes.

9.

PLAYBOY: Radio studios tend to be cramped and poorly ventilated. How do you deal with flatulence?

QUIVERS: That's why I have my own room. Men will fart, given space. I think it's because guys like their own smells. And they like to gross each other out. They like to share that stuff. It's a bonding thing. I can't imagine two women sitting around and one cutting a fart and saying, "Ha-ha." Certain things are guy things. There are women things too, like shopping. Guys don't get that.

10.

PLAYBOY: You presented Howard and his wife, Alison, with a vibrator. Was the gift appreciated?

QUIVERS: Absolutely. I have been thanked profusely on the air because I introduced the vibrator into their lives. A lot of thought went into it. A guy says he doesn't like foreplay, that foreplay is boring and he would like to just get to the act. But she wants foreplay. The vibrator provides it and it's fast, so they both get what they want.

11.

PLAYBOY: "By any means necessary." A fair description of your quest for high ratings?

QUIVERS: Absolutely not! We're having a good time. That's all we do when we come here in the morning. Our objective is to entertain as many people as possible. Is that crass? I never come in and say, "Now I'm going to do something that totally offends me or that I don't believe in, just for ratings." We have discussions that anyone would have anywhere else. They have just never happened on the radio before. You might have these conversations when you're at a bar with a bunch of your guy friends or when you're in a locker room. Nobody has had them on the radio before.

12.

PLAYBOY: As the show's newscaster, are you in charge of target selection?

QUIVERS: I bring up everything. We never know what's going to be controversial. We're not doing it to raise a ruckus. We're amazed at what gets a reaction. We do things and think, Oh, everybody will get crazy about this, but we're wrong. The other day we had some people bring in the bones of a close friend who had been a regular on our program. She died of a drug overdose. We found out who had her bones. So we told them to bring them in, that we wanted to see them. We were going through the bones on the air. Outrageous, but nothing happened! Nobody said a word! Then there was the guy who called from the George Washington Bridge and said he felt like jumping. We kept him on the phone until help arrived. We thought, This will get us nothing but positive press. People thought it was a stunt.

13.

PLAYBOY: Fess up. Do you screen telephone calls like every other talk radio show?

QUIVERS: Everybody else does that to make sure that the person on the phone doesn't appear better or smarter than the host, or so the host won't be put into a situation where he has to say "I don't know." We're not afraid of being in that position. We always work with a delay because there are certain words you can't put out over the airwaves—the seven dirties. I don't know all of them, because I don't use those words. Piss is one. Asshole. Motherfucker. Fucker. Goddamn. That has softened the past couple of years. They started regulating the number of times you can use these words.

14.

PLAYBOY: You express surprise and dismay when people say Robin Quivers doesn't sound black. Analyze the social and linguistic issues here.

QUIVERS: I keep asking people what black sounds like. I spoke this way when I entered broadcasting school. My mother taught me to speak this way. She refused to allow us to slip into bad habits. If you talk on the phone with someone who you think sounds black and then you discover that he or she isn't, what does that say about your definition? I am black. I can only sound black. This is what black sounds like. My point is that if you're talking about somebody who is uneducated, illiterate, has bad syntax or can't speak standard American English, it has nothing to do with the color of his skin. People always talk about how racist this country is, but when you tell me I don't sound black, that's a racist statement.

15.

PLAYBOY: Does radio—without face-to-face audience contact—foster a confessional atmosphere?

QUIVERS: Absolutely. It makes it much more intimate—not like talking with a shrink but rather with a friend, a buddy, a pal. I don't even know you're there. I'm always shocked when people say things to me on the street that somebody said on the show. Before I had my breast-reduction surgery, I was getting out of a cab and the driver said, "When's your operation again?" I thought, I don't know you. What are you doing talking to me about something like that? People wanted to call in and vote on whether I should have the surgery, and I said, "My body is not a democracy. This is not up for a vote."

16.

PLAYBOY: We acknowledge a debt to the *Howard Stern Show* when we ask, "What is your cup size?"

QUIVERS: I'm a D. Used to be a double D, somewhere in there. I never actually bought the E bra I needed. My

(concluded on page 193)

"I said, Babs and I really must be going!
Sorry to break up the party!"

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

ANOTHER election year has come, and the candidates are already lobbying for your support. But they're not kissing babies or making wild promises to win your favor. These hopefuls are relying on something far more persuasive—their unimpeachable good looks. After all, the title they seek isn't president of the United States; it's Playmate of the Year. And that calls for kinder, gentler politicking. Regardless of the outcome, the 12 nominees will all be winners. But only one of them will be chosen PMOY. Here's how to express your preference: Dial the number below, pick the one Playmate you deem most worthy of the honor, and listen to her special recorded message. (It'll definitely be the sexiest campaign speech you've ever heard.) And this primary is kind of like voting in Chicago: You can call as many times as you like at a dollar per call. Besides reigning for a year as our First Lady, the Playmate of the Year will receive a $100,000 grand prize and the chance to thank her supporters with an encore appearance in our June issue. Twelve beautiful women have thrown their hats (and everything else) into the ring. Put an end to voter apathy. Show you care about tomorrow. Dial today.

An attractive slate of candidates is eager for your support for Playmate of the Year. Julie Cialini will pass along her PMOY crown, but not until you make your choice.

HELP US CHOOSE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 1-900-737-2299

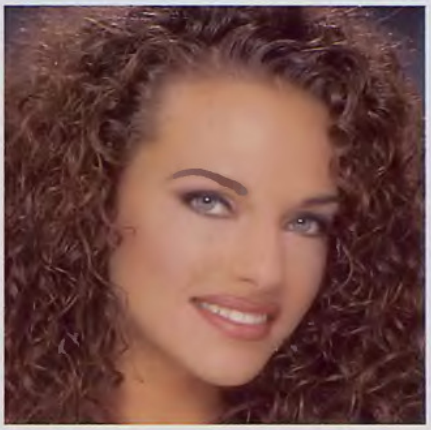
ONLY $1 PER CALL. EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD OR OLDER, PLEASE.

Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—at the number above to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. Call 1-900-737-2299 and, when instructed, tap in the appropriate personal code: **Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12.** Call now. Polling ends February 28, 1996.

A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.

MISS JANUARY—01

MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS MAY—05

MISS JUNE—06

MISS JULY—07

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS DECEMBER—12

Miss June

RHONDA ADAMS

"I'm going with the flow," explains Rhonda (left), 24, who in the past six months has modeled in Taipei, Cannes and Jamaica. "I haven't been home for more than two days straight since my issue hit the stands." Home is West Palm Beach, where she shops, uses her in-line skates and "does the lunch thing" with girlfriends. Although Rhonda may move to Los Angeles to try acting, she's spending her next vacation in Australia. It's been her dream for years.

Miss March

STACY SANCHES

Texan Stacy Sanches (right) likes men in cowboy hats and "starched Wranglers, rolled tight," but she may soon have trouble finding suitors. This month, 22-year-old Stacy is moving to Los Angeles to study acting. "It's a big challenge because I'm so close to my family. My mom says I'll have to get an 800 number, so we can talk every day." Stacy is just as tight with her sibling, Kim. See for yourself in a new video called *Playboy's Sisters*.

Miss February

LISA MARIE SCOTT

Although Lisa (above right) rarely dances ballet anymore, she still performs regularly. "I just finished shooting a movie with Eric Roberts and I've been on *High Tides* with Rick Springfield," says Miss February, who recently turned her attention to acting. But there are times when Lisa, 21, doesn't want to be recognized, like at college, where she gets straight A's. "When I want to go incognito, I don't wear makeup."

Miss September

DONNA D'ERRICO

Just a few months ago, Donna (left) drove a limousine in Las Vegas. Today, she's the one being driven around in limos, as she rides the wave of publicity from her centerfold appearance. "I've moved to Los Angeles to pursue acting," says Miss September, 27, who's already been besieged with offers. She also uses her celebrity to help raise funds for charities, particularly ones for battered women and children. "After all, we are our brothers' keepers."

Miss January

MELISSA HOLLIDAY

"Right now, I'm kicking back," says 26-year-old Melissa (below right). After working nonstop for nearly a year, she's earned it. Since Melissa's pictorial appeared, she has been on *Baywatch* as "a bikini babe," in a Rembrandts video and on a CD-ROM, playing a space-age beauty contestant. But music is Miss January's true love, and she's now putting together a demo of her songs. "My dream is to sign a record contract. Then, I'm headed for the stars."

Miss May

CINDY BROWN

Always the maverick, Cindy (left) usually does the complete opposite of what you would expect. Reared on a ranch in Boron, California, where her family raised cattle, she became a strict vegetarian as a teenager. "I'm fiercely independent and strong-willed," admits Cindy, 21. "It must be my Cherokee ancestry." True to form, right after appearing in PLAYBOY, Cindy stepped out of the spotlight. Fortunately, she had a change of heart for this issue.

Miss November

HOLLY WITT

It's probably impossible to tell, but Holly (right) was rocking to Fifties music when this photograph was taken. "We were joking around, having fun, and Buddy Holly—no, I wasn't named after him—was playing full blast," she says. Holly, 27, gets just as excited about antiques, and she's redecorated her condominium with Thirties ads for soap and pumpkin seeds. "I'm really into old pictures." We plan to keep hers around, too.

Miss October

ALICIA RICKTER

"I'm going to milk it," confesses Alicia (above left) of being chosen as our 500th Playmate. Her strategy is working. The 23-year-old California model is now in everything from *The Young and the Restless* to TV commercials in Spain to the new Frederick's of Hollywood catalog. Between gigs, Alicia studies psychology. "Being a perfectionist, I push myself and test life's limits," she says. "But my goal is to achieve inner peace."

Miss April

DANELLE FOLTA

"My schedule has been out of this world since I appeared in PLAYBOY," says Danelle (right), 26. "But, I love working 16-hour days." Between modeling, taping a TV pilot, running 10Ks and raising funds for charities, she has hardly had time to enjoy the Colonial-style home she recently bought in Pennsylvania. Of course, that kept her busy, too—it was a fixer-upper and she did much of the repair work herself. "I'm not just a pretty face," says Danelle.

Miss July

HEIDI MARK

"After my Playmate spread, I got lots of offers to do crazy stuff on film," says Heidi (below left). But with her talent, the 24-year-old Los Angeles beauty can pick almost any role she wants. One favorite is in a new video with her boyfriend, Motley Crue's Vince Neil. Despite her fame, when Miss July gets together with friends back in West Palm Beach, they don't treat her any different. "It's groovy," says our Sixties gal, "because I'm still just Heidi to them."

Miss August

RACHEL JEÁN MARTEEN

"I'm just a normal person from a small town," says Miss August (left), 26. Maybe so, but since appearing in these pages, her schedule has been anything but typical. Rachel, a certified fitness instructor, teaches aerobics, models lingerie and swimsuits, studies acting and plays golf regularly. The secret to her success is attitude. "I do well," says the ever upbeat Rachel, "because I'm down-to-earth, friendly and fun."

Miss December

SAMANTHA TORRES

After appearing in PLAYBOY, Samantha (right) took a short holiday at her parents' home on Ibiza, the island where she was raised. "It's magical," says the former Miss Spain, whose modeling career is now red-hot. Samantha loves the fast pace and admits she "can't sit still for ten minutes without dying of boredom." When not modeling, the 22-year-old focuses her attention on acting, where she sees herself in "sexy, sensual roles." No kidding.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL *(continued from page 132)*

Georgetown is another Big East contender, primarily because of Allen Iverson, a Playboy All-America.

way to the Elite Eight last year, loses a couple of outstanding players but returns Playboy All-America center Marcus Camby, forwards Dana Dingle and Donta Bright and guard Edgar Padilla. Coach John Calipari and the Minutemen may have found the outside threat they need in Carmelo Travieso, who came on strong off the bench at the end of last season. **Virginia Tech** makes its conference debut carrying the banner of last year's National Invitational Tournament championship. Coach Bill Foster returns five starters from that 25-win squad. Ace Custis and Shawn Smith are the best of the Hokies. **George Washington** coach Mike Jarvis will attempt to parlay the outside skills of Kwame Evans and the emerging talent of 7'1" Alexander Koul to get the Colonials into the NCAA tournament. **Temple** coach John Chaney will put together another competitive team even though the Owls' talent level is down a bit. Graduated team leader Rick Brunson will be missed. **St. Bonaventure** has been revitalized under third-year coach Jim Baron. Tiny guard Shandue McNeill (5'7") is a ball-handling ace. Skip Prosser inherits a tough situation at **Xavier.** The Musketeers won the MCC regular-season title under former coach Pete Gillen, but four of five starters graduated. And Xavier faces much tougher opponents in the Atlantic Ten.

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Basketball Coach of the Year is JIM HARRICK of UCLA. The Bruins won last season's national championship, their first since 1975. Harrick's first seven years at UCLA have been the most successful of any Bruins coach. (Yes, including the Wizard himself, John Wooden.) In that time, his teams have won 20 or more games each season and participated in every NCAA tournament. Before coming to UCLA, Harrick coached Pepperdine to five consecutive West Coast conference titles.

ALLEN IVERSON—Guard, 6'1", sophomore, Georgetown. UPI rookie of the year, Big East rookie and defensive player of the year. Led Big East in steals (3.6 per game) and Hoyas in scoring (20.4 points per game).

CHARLES O'BANNON—Guard, 6'6", junior, UCLA. Integral part of the Bruins' national championship team. Shot .554 from floor. Averaged 13.6 ppg.

RONNIE HENDERSON—Guard, 6'5", junior, Louisiana State. Led SEC in scoring last season with 23.3-ppg average.

KERRY KITTLES—Guard, 6'5", senior, Villanova. Big East player of the year. Big East tournament MVP. Averaged 21.4 ppg and 6.1 rebounds per game.

RAY ALLEN—Forward, 6'5", junior, Connecticut. First player in UConn history to pass 1000-point mark as a sophomore. Averaged 21.1 ppg and shot 43.2 percent from three-point line.

KEITH VAN HORN—Forward, 6'9", junior, Utah. WAC player of the year. Led Utes in scoring (21 ppg) and rebounding (8.5 rpg).

RYAN MINOR—Forward, 6'7", senior, Oklahoma. Led team in scoring (23.6 ppg), rebounding (8.4 rpg), three-point conversions (66) and free-throw shooting.

MARCUS CAMBY—Forward, 6'11", junior, Massachusetts. In his first year he was only the fifth freshman in NCAA history to block more than 100 shots. Has 208 career blocks.

ERICK DAMPIER—Center, 6'11", junior, Mississippi State. Two-time All-SEC. Averaged 9.7 rebounds and 2.6 blocked shots per game. Ranked fourth in nation in field goal percentage (64).

TIM DUNCAN—Center, 6'10", junior, Wake Forest. Named national defensive player of the year by National Association of Basketball Coaches. Led the ACC in rebounding (12.5 rpg) and blocked shots (4.2 pg). Had 259 rejections in just two seasons.

BIG EAST

The fiercely competitive Big East gets bigger as Notre Dame, West Virginia and Rutgers expand the conference to 13 teams. There's no divisional split, so the climb from the bottom of this conference is a long one, as the inductees will discover. **Notre Dame** coach John MacLeod is concerned about his team's ability to physically match up with board-crashing conference opponents. Coach Gale Catlett thinks his **West Virginia** team has already gained recruiting benefits from its new conference affiliation. Meanwhile, **Villanova** and **Connecticut** will be butting heads at the top of the conference. The Wildcats return Big East player of the year Kerry Kittles, a Playboy All-America. Kittles shoots the three, is great in transition and is an outstanding defensive player. Coach Steve Lappas also likes Villanova's inside game, where 6'11" junior center Jason Lawson is bolstered by 6'9" forward Chuck Kornegay. U Conn's go-to man is Playboy All-America Ray Allen. Israeli-born Doron Sheffer runs the Huskies offense from his guard spot for coach Jim Calhoun. **Georgetown** is another Big East contender, primarily because of superstar guard Allen Iverson, a Playboy All-America. Othella Harrington gives the Hoyas experience and talent in the paint. Coach John Thompson has high expectations for transfer Godwin Owinje, a 6'8" forward who averaged almost 25 points and 16 rebounds per game in junior college. **St. John's** had the talent but not enough experience to get over the .500 hump last year. Highly touted guard Felipe Lopez overcame inconsistent play in the early season to lead the Redstorm in scoring with a 17.8 ppg average. Coach Brian Mahoney thinks Lopez will only improve, and he's optimistic about the future of 6'11" sophomore center Zendon Hamilton. **Syracuse** is comfortably tucked in behind the front-runners in the Big East preseason derby, a position 19-year coach Jim Boeheim likes. Forward John Wallace, who opted for the NBA draft but withdrew, returns and will be Boeheim's primary scorer. But the coach expects this team to succeed on overall balance and athleticism. **Seton Hall** coach George Blaney thinks he has the horses to play the up-tempo style he prefers. "Now we have enough quality players to run some truly competitive practices," says the second-year coach, "and that's how you improve." The Pirates' point guard is Danny Hurley, younger brother of former Duke standout Bobby. Pete Gillen expects to turn **Providence** up-tempo as well with the recruitment of freshman point guard Shammgod Wells. An influx of freshmen and junior college transfers means that the team may struggle early but could coalesce by season's end. Juco transfers are the key for **Miami** as well. Kenny Davis and Clifton Clark arrive with impressive credentials. **Pittsburgh's** season hinges on the successful return of

"Wow! That was some New Year's Eve party!"

guard Jerry McCullough, out last year with a knee injury. Coach Ralph Willard likes the looks of his freshmen, provided that they will remain academically eligible. **Boston College** has terrific forward Danya Abrams (22.1 ppg), but he's not enough to lead his team out of the bottom half of the conference.

BIG EIGHT

The **Kansas** Jayhawks are poised to win another Big Eight title (they've won or shared four of the past five) and make a serious run at the national championship. The strength of this year's team lies in the backcourt, where Playboy Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Jacque Vaughn teams with hot shooter Jerod Haase. Raef LaFrentz, a 6'11" forward, returns after living up to last year's preseason hype and winning the conference freshman of the year award. With center Greg Ostertag now in the NBA, coach Roy Williams is concerned about rebounding and defensive play in the paint. "Some people took Ostertag for granted," says the coach. "We'll miss him." Six foot ten Scot Pollard will attempt to allay Williams' concerns. **Oklahoma** and Missouri will fight for second place. Sooner coach Kelvin Sampson has designed his offense around Playboy All-America Ryan Minor. Ernie Abercrombie and Dion Barnes are experienced returning players. **Missouri** coach Norm Stewart likes the Tigers' blend of size and quickness this season. Twin towers Sammie and Simeon Haley are 7'1" and 7', respectively. Julian Winfield is steady at the guard position. The Tigers get a bonus with the return of 1994 Big Eight freshman of the year Kelly Thames, who missed last season with a knee injury. **Nebraska** tries to bounce back from a disappointing season that saw the team miss the NCAA tournament. Coach Danny Nee returns four starters, including senior guards Jaron Boone and Erick Strickland. Bernard Garner, junior college player of the year last season, should provide immediate help in the frontcourt. **Oklahoma State,** last year's surprise team in the Final Four, must regroup after losing Bryant "Big Country" Reeves and Randy Rutherford to graduation. Coach Eddie Sutton has some promising talent, including guard Andre Owens, that might come together by season's end.

"You make a nice first impression yourself."

BIG TEN

Balance and youth will characterize the Big Ten again this year. And while there may not be any superstars this season, there are several in the making. Four teams have an even shot at the conference title, but we give the nod (by the thinnest of margins) to **Michigan,** based on potential alone. The Fab Five may be gone, but coach Steve Fisher's recruits could turn out to be nearly as good. Maurice Taylor (Big Ten freshman of the year), Maceo Baston and Jerod Ward are 6'9" sophomores who should benefit from a year's experience. Michigan's man in the middle will be Robert Traylor, a 6'9", 290-pound freshman with soft hands and quick feet. Freshman guard Louis Bullock could give the Wolverines the outside shooting they lacked last year. **Iowa** returns four starters, including Jess Settles and Chris Kingsbury, two talented and intense juniors. Kingsbury, who led the Hawkeyes in scoring and set school records for three-pointers made and attempted, has never met a shot he didn't like. Senior Kenyon Murray gives coach Tom Davis an experienced floor leader while 6'11" freshman Guy Rucker could fill the big-man role in the middle. **Indiana** also returns four starters, losing only Alan Henderson to graduation and the NBA. Sherron Wilkerson, who missed last season with a broken leg, rejoins the team. Brian Evans (17.4 ppg) and Andrae Patterson will be backed up by three juco transfers. The last junior

Bartenders in elf hats.

Disco Christmas carols.

Red & green clam dip.

Not tonight.

IMPORTED

KNOWN THROUGHOUT CANADA FOR ITS EXCELLENCE

CANADIAN MIST.

Canadian Whisky

The most popular whisky in the American home.

Imported and Bottled by Brown-Forman Beverages Worldwide, Canadian Whisky. A Blend. 40% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY. ©1995

college players Bob Knight recruited were Keith Smart and Dean Garrett, who helped the Hoosiers to the 1987 national championship. Although Knight has more trophies and gets more ink, there isn't a better coach in the Big Ten than **Purdue's** Gene Keady, master scowler and maximizer of talent. Keady managed to push the Boilermakers to the Big Ten title last season despite losing national player of the year Glenn Robinson to the pros. Keady's keys to success are defense and depth. Purdue regularly played ten players last season and outscored the opponent's bench in 25 of 32 games. **Illinois** may have the conference's best backcourt in Kiwane Garris (15.9 ppg) and three-point ace Richard Keene. Now the Illini need some of their talented young frontcourt players to come through. Coach Lou Henson expects sophomores Jerry Gee (6'8") and Brett Robisch (6'11") to answer the call. Freshman forward Ryan Blackwell could crack the starting lineup this year. **Michigan State** has to fill the backcourt spots vacated by graduates Shawn Respert and Eric Snow. Tom Izzo has an even bigger void to fill as he takes over as coach for retired Jud Heathcote. New **Penn State** coach Jerry Dunn expects 6'11" freshman center Calvin Booth to have an immediate impact on the defensive end of the court. Dunn replaces Bruce Parkhill, a victim of coaching burnout.

BIG WEST

The latest scandal in college basketball involves players who become eligible to play on the Division I level through the sometimes mysterious and even nefarious method of the junior college transfer. Credits by mail, open-book "practice tests," phantom test takers and circulated answer sheets all figure in the duplicity that is likely to ensnare a number of college programs which rely on recruiting the juco circuit. Few conferences will feel the effect of the scandal more than the Big West, which has long relied on juco transfer talent. Rumors abound that **New Mexico State,** already under an NCAA investigation, may be headed for severe penalties. First-year **UNLV** coach Bill Bayno has three junior college transfers penciled into his starting lineup. In fact, every team in the conference plans to supplement returning talent with juco transfers who will be long-departed from college by the time the NCAA comes to grips with the problem. In the meantime, **Utah State** will ride Eric Franson, 1994–1995 conference player of the year, to another winning season. James Cotton, who returns after sitting out on an injury redshirt, should help **Long Beach State** to another 20-win campaign. The 49ers were the Big West tourney champ and NCAA tournament entry last year. Two-guard Brian Green (15.1 ppg) and forward Faron Hand will put the teeth in the **Nevada** Wolf Pack attack this year.

COLONIAL

When Odell Hodge, 1994 conference player of the year, went down in the fourth game of the season, you would have expected **Old Dominion** to falter. Instead, the Monarchs, led by the three-point shooting of Petey Sessoms, won the conference title and beat Villanova in the NCAA tournament before being ousted by Tulsa. Sessoms has graduated, but Hodge is back. Coach Jeff Capel will send 6'6" transfer Joe Bunn and 6'10" freshman Reggie Bassette into the fray. ODU will get a strong challenge from **Virginia Commonwealth,** which moves to the Colonial from the Metro this season. VCU's frontcourt trio—Bernard Hopkins, George Byrd and John Smith—is nicknamed "the Earthmovers" because they weigh in at 250, 265 and 270, respectively. Second-year coach Jerry Wainwright will try to build on last season's 16–11 success at **North Carolina–Wilmington.** The Seahawks may start three freshmen. At **James Madison,** coach Lefty Driesell must replace graduated top scorers Louis Rowe and Kent Culuko. Joe Dooley, who replaces Eddie Payne at **East Carolina,** is the youngest coach in Division I men's basketball, at the age of 29.

CONFERENCE USA

Combining the most powerful teams from the now-defunct Metro and Great Midwest, the new Conference USA promises to be one of the best basketball leagues in the nation. Made up of 11 teams (12 next year with the addition of Houston), Conference USA could place five members in the top 25 this season. **Memphis** returns everyone except NBA-bound David Vaughn. Center Lorenzen Wright (14.8 ppg) made an immediate impact in his freshman season, showing strong skills inside and running the floor well for a big man (he's 6'11"). The Tigers guard rotation is quick and deep with point man Chris Garner, scorer Mingo Johnson and LaMarcus Golden off the bench. Forward Michael Wilson is one of the great leapers in the nation. Denny Crum will celebrate his silver anniversary season at **Louisville** with a talented roster. His fledgling Cardinals won 19 games last year even though two juniors were his oldest players. Best of the returnees is guard DeJuan Wheat (16.5 ppg), who had 84 three-pointers last year, and center-forward Samaki Walker, the Metro freshman of the year last season. The NBA pitched **Cincinnati** coach Bob Huggins hard in the off-season. Huggins considered a move, then signed a new long-term contract with the Bearcats. As usual, Huggins-coached Cincinnati will be formidable. Danny Fortson is coming off a great freshman season in which he averaged 15.1 points and 7.6 rebounds. Pivot man Art Long and guard Damon Flint, who was hobbled toward the end of last season with foot injuries, are also back. Coach Perry Clark thinks he may have the best team in his seven-year tenure at **Tulane.** Forward Jerald Honeycutt, who led the Metro in scoring (17.3 ppg) returns, along with Rayshard Allen (16.4 ppg). Tennessee transfer

(continued on page 171)

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments by the editors of PLAYBOY. The award winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend (held this year in Chicago), receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Jacque Vaughn from the University of Kansas. Last year, this 6'1" junior guard was first-team All Big Eight, third-team UPI All-American and one of 15 finalists for the John Wooden Player of the Year Award. He led the Big Eight and was fourth nationally in assists with a 7.7 per-game average. Vaughn is a three-time Jayhawk Scholar, a two-time Academic All Big Eight and has won the Big Eight Conference Classroom Champion Award. His major is business administration, and his overall GPA is 3.78.

Honorable mentions: Aljoy Foreman (Centenary), Mark Pope (Kentucky), Jess Settles (Iowa), Chris Miskel (Butler), Doug Brandt (Baylor), Bobby Kummer (North Carolina–Charlotte), Nico Harrison (Montana State), Jason Glock (Nebraska), Ralf Melis (North Carolina–Asheville), Jerod Haase (Kansas), Pat Gorrity (Notre Dame), Eric Franson (Utah State), Alex Kohnen (Navy), Frank Seckar (Vanderbilt), Jeff Jacobs (Texas Christian), Anthony Boone (Mississippi), Michael Jones (Southern Mississippi), Micah Morsh (Arkansas State), David Kutcher (Western Illinois), Quinn Harwood (Davidson), Terry Preston (Utah), Darryl Franklin (American).

"Happy New Year, you guys! Come join us in our power walk."

PLAYBOY

JAZZ & ROCK POLL

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITES

IT WAS an interesting year. Gangsta rappers faced tremendous pressure to censor themselves. Pearl Jam tried to tour without Ticketmaster. Courtney Love's every move was recorded by photographers. The media frenzy surrounding Michael Jackson's CD *HIStory* didn't add up to huge sales. A young fiddle player, Alison Krauss, revived bluegrass. Saxophonist James Carter made jazz seem young again. There was a big blues revival on CD, and good-time music from Sheryl Crow. Hootie & the Blowfish, the Dave Matthews Band and Blues Traveler jammed the airwaves and the concert stages. Death took Selena, a young phenom whose tejano music crossed into the mainstream after her murder. Head Dead Jerry Garcia died too, ending the fantasy that Sixties culture could outlast the Nineties. Musicians settled into chat rooms on the Internet, R.E.M. came out of hibernation, George Jones and Tammy Wynette reunited and Barry White's distinctive bedroom voice caressed lyrics again. Björk moved out of the clubs and onto the main stage. It was a year with less stadium hoopla and more musical intimacy. We approve.

THE BALLOT

Here is the 1996 Jazz & Rock Poll ballot. Check the box next to your favorite performer in each category (or write someone in). Put a stamp on the attached envelope and mail it in no later than January 15, 1996.

ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

- ❑ Jimmy Buffett
- ❑ Eric Clapton
- ❑ Chris Isaak
- ❑ Michael Jackson
- ❑ Elton John
- ❑ Tom Petty
- ❑ Rod Stewart
- ❑ Matthew Sweet
- ❑ Eddie Vedder
- ❑ Neil Young

INSTRUMENTALIST

- ❑ Luther Allison
- ❑ Peter Buck
- ❑ Jerry Garcia
- ❑ Stone Gossard
- ❑ Dave Grohl
- ❑ Buddy Guy
- ❑ Thurston Moore
- ❑ John Popper
- ❑ Keith Richards
- ❑ Carlos Santana

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ❑ Björk
- ❑ Sheryl Crow
- ❑ Melissa Etheridge
- ❑ PJ Harvey
- ❑ Annie Lennox
- ❑ Natalie Merchant
- ❑ Bette Midler
- ❑ Johnette Napolitano
- ❑ Sinéad O'Connor
- ❑ Selena

ALBUM

- ❑ *Cracked Rear View*, Hootie & the Blowfish
- ❑ *From the Cradle*, Eric Clapton
- ❑ *HIStory*, Michael Jackson
- ❑ *Let Your Dim Light Shine*, Soul Asylum
- ❑ *Live Through This*, Hole
- ❑ *Medusa*, Annie Lennox
- ❑ *Mirror Ball*, Neil Young
- ❑ *Monster*, R.E.M.
- ❑ *No Need to Argue*, Cranberries
- ❑ *To Bring You My Love*, PJ Harvey

GROUP

- ❑ Blues Traveler
- ❑ Cranberries
- ❑ Hole
- ❑ Hootie & the Blowfish
- ❑ Live
- ❑ Dave Matthews Band
- ❑ Offspring
- ❑ Phish
- ❑ R.E.M.
- ❑ Soul Asylum

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

- ❑ Tony Bennett
- ❑ Peabo Bryson
- ❑ Harry Connick Jr.
- ❑ Dr. John
- ❑ Guru
- ❑ Lionel Hampton
- ❑ Al Jarreau
- ❑ Najee
- ❑ Frank Sinatra
- ❑ Mel Tormé

INSTRUMENTALIST

- ❑ Geri Allen
- ❑ James Carter
- ❑ Kenny G
- ❑ Herbie Hancock
- ❑ Roy Hargrove
- ❑ Wynton Marsalis
- ❑ Kenny Rankin
- ❑ Joshua Redman
- ❑ Arturo Sandoval
- ❑ Jackie Terrason

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ❑ Anita Baker
- ❑ Rachelle Ferrell
- ❑ Ella Fitzgerald
- ❑ Nnenna Freelon
- ❑ Lena Horne
- ❑ Phyllis Hyman
- ❑ Etta James
- ❑ Abbey Lincoln
- ❑ Sade
- ❑ Cassandra Wilson

GROUP

- ❑ Béla Fleck
- ❑ Incognito
- ❑ Jazz Crusaders
- ❑ Jazz Masters
- ❑ Manhattan Transfer
- ❑ Pat Metheny Group
- ❑ Spyro Gyra
- ❑ T.J. Kirk
- ❑ World Saxophone Quartet
- ❑ Yellowjackets

ALBUM

- ❑ *Bing, Bing, Bing!*, Charlie Hunter Trio
- ❑ *Damn!*, Jimmy Smith
- ❑ *Dis Is da Drum*, Herbie Hancock
- ❑ *First Instrument*, Rachelle Ferrell
- ❑ *The Latin Train*, Arturo Sandoval
- ❑ *Mystery Lady*, Etta James
- ❑ *Pearls*, David Sanborn
- ❑ *The Real Quietstorm*, James Carter
- ❑ *Rite of Strings*, Stanley Clarke, Al Di Meola & Jean-Luc Ponty
- ❑ *Turtle's Dream*, Abbey Lincoln

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CONCERT

- ☐ Boyz II Men, TLC
- ☐ Chieftains
- ☐ Grateful Dead
- ☐ Digable Planets
- ☐ Hootie & the Blowfish
- ☐ H.O.R.D.E.
- ☐ Live, PJ Harvey
- ☐ Lollapalooza
- ☐ R.E.M.
- ☐ Mike Watt

SOUNDTRACK

- ☐ *Bad Boys*
- ☐ *Batman Forever*
- ☐ *Boys on the Side*
- ☐ *Clueless*
- ☐ *Dangerous Minds*
- ☐ *Dumb and Dumber*
- ☐ *Empire Records*
- ☐ *Friday*
- ☐ *Nine Months*
- ☐ *Pulp Fiction*

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PLACE STAMP HERE

PLAYBOY JAZZ & ROCK POLL
P.O. BOX 11236
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

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RETURN ENVELOPE

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VIDEO

- ☐ *Believe*, Elton John
- ☐ *Buddy Holly*, Weezer
- ☐ *Down by the Water*, PJ Harvey
- ☐ *I'll Be There for You/You're All I Nee*
  Method Man with Mary J. Blige
- ☐ *Lightning Crashes*, Live
- ☐ *Love Is Strong*, Rolling Stones
- ☐ *Scream*, Michael Jackson and
  Janet Jackson
- ☐ *Somebody's Crying*, Chris Isaak
- ☐ *Waterfalls*, TLC
- ☐ *You Gotta Be*, Des'ree

_____

VJ

- ☐ Bill Bellamy
- ☐ Sherry Carter
- ☐ Daisy Fuentes
- ☐ Katie Haas
- ☐ Kennedy
- ☐ Kurt Loder
- ☐ Shelley Mangrum
- ☐ Paul Porter
- ☐ Donnie Simpson
- ☐ Tabitha Soren

_____

HALL OF FA

- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ James Brown
- ☐ Johnny Cash
- ☐ Sam Cooke
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Jerry Garcia
- ☐ Marvin Gaye
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Billie Holiday
- ☐ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ☐ Charlie Parker
- ☐ ☥
- ☐ Smokey Robinson
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Hank Williams
- ☐ Jackie Wilson

_____

R&B/RAP

MALE VOCALIST

- ☐ D'Angelo
- ☐ Al Green
- ☐ Montell Jordan
- ☐ Brian McKnight
- ☐ Method Man
- ☐ Aaron Neville
- ☐ Notorious B.I.G.
- ☐ Seal
- ☐ Barry White
- ☐ Stevie Wonder

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Mary J. Blige
- ☐ Brandy
- ☐ Des'ree
- ☐ Dionne Farris
- ☐ Adina Howard
- ☐ Gladys Knight
- ☐ Monica
- ☐ Chanté Moore
- ☐ Jody Watley
- ☐ Vanessa Williams

GROUP

- ☐ All-4-One
- ☐ Beastie Boys
- ☐ Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
- ☐ Boyz II Men
- ☐ Brownstone
- ☐ Jodeci
- ☐ Naughty by Nature
- ☐ P.M. Dawn
- ☐ TLC
- ☐ Wu-Tang Clan

ALBUM

- ☐ *Brandy*, Brandy
- ☐ *Brown Sugar*, D'Angelo
- ☐ *Crazysexycool*, TLC
- ☐ *From the Bottom Up*, Brownstone
- ☐ *The Icon Is Love*, Barry White
- ☐ *Me Against the World*, Tupac
- ☐ *My Life*, Mary J. Blige
- ☐ *Tical*, Method Man
- ☐ *The Show, the After-Party, the Hotel*, Jodeci
- ☐ *This Is How We Do It*, Montell Jordan

COUNTRY

MALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Clint Black
- ☐ Garth Brooks
- ☐ Tracy Byrd
- ☐ Joe Diffie
- ☐ Alan Jackson
- ☐ George Jones
- ☐ Tim McGraw
- ☐ George Strait
- ☐ Travis Tritt
- ☐ Dwight Yoakam

FEMALE VOCALIST

- ☐ Mary Chapin Carpenter
- ☐ Faith Hill
- ☐ Patty Loveless
- ☐ Martina McBride
- ☐ Reba McEntire
- ☐ Lorrie Morgan
- ☐ Pam Tillis
- ☐ Shania Twain
- ☐ Tammy Wynette
- ☐ Trisha Yearwood

GROUP

- ☐ Alabama
- ☐ Blackhawk
- ☐ Brooks & Dunn
- ☐ Confederate Railroad
- ☐ Diamond Rio
- ☐ Little Texas
- ☐ Mavericks
- ☐ Sawyer Brown
- ☐ Shenandoah
- ☐ Tractors

ALBUM

- ☐ *Hog Wild*, Hank Williams Jr.
- ☐ *John Michael Mongomery*, John Michael Montgomery
- ☐ *Lead On*, George Strait
- ☐ *Love Lessons*, Tracy Byrd
- ☐ *Now That I've Found You*, Alison Krauss
- ☐ *One*, George Jones and Tammy Wynette
- ☐ *One Emotion*, Clint Black
- ☐ *Thinkin' About You*, Trisha Yearwood
- ☐ *The Woman in Me*, Shania Twain
- ☐ *You Have the Right to Remain Silent*, Perfect Stranger

detach here

 (continued from page 164)

Princeton coach Pete Carril at least remembers what winning the Ivy feels like. He's done it ten times.

Shun Sheffield gives the Green Wave the center it lacked last year. Newcomers Keith Harris, Patrick Lewis and Derrick Moore will strengthen Tulane's outside game and provide Clark with a nine-man rotation. **Marquette** returns everyone except guard Tony Miller from its NIT–runner-up squad. Second-year coach Mike Deane expects his team to maintain the defensive pressure (the Golden Eagles were second in the nation in field goal–percentage defense) and rain threes from an up-tempo offense. Aaron Hutchins will replace Miller at point, while Mike Bargen could break into the starting lineup as a freshman. **Alabama–Birmingham** can contend if forward Carlos Williams has recovered from a knee injury. Junior college recruits Marcus Norwood and Norman Williams strengthen the Blazers' frontline. **North Carolina–Charlotte** will miss graduated Metro player of the year Jarvis Lang. Juco transfer Alexander Kuehl (7′2″) gives coach Jeff Mullins the tallest player in the conference. **St. Louis** coach Charlie Spoonhour is scrambling to fill holes after the graduation of Erwin Claggett and three other starters. Says the undaunted Spoon: "I've found that sometimes it's easier to bring in a whole new bunch than try to blend one or two new guys with a team that is set in its ways."

IVY LEAGUE

Good news for the other guys in the Ivy: **Pennsylvania** graduated all five starters, including Jerome Allen and Matt Maloney to the NBA, offering hope that the streaking Quakers—who have won 43 straight conference games and three consecutive league titles—may finally be stopped. The bad news: Penn's subs, especially forward Ira Bowman and center Tim Krug, may be better than everyone else's starters. Three teams, however, have a shot at breaking the Penn title monopoly. **Princeton** coach Pete Carril at least remembers what winning the Ivy feels like. He's done it ten times in a career that spans 29 years and more than 500 victories. The Tigers return all five starters, but they must improve their shooting to make Carril's control offense work. **Brown** coach Frank Dobbs thinks his team will be significantly better than its .500 showing of last season. The Bears' strength is in the backcourt, with Eric Blackiston and Brian Lloyd returning for their senior seasons. **Dartmouth,** which finished a distant second to Penn last season, returns outside threat Sea Lonergan and 7′ inside threat Brian Gilpin. Freshman shooting guard Jason Neeser could be an important addition for the Big Green.

MID-AMERICAN

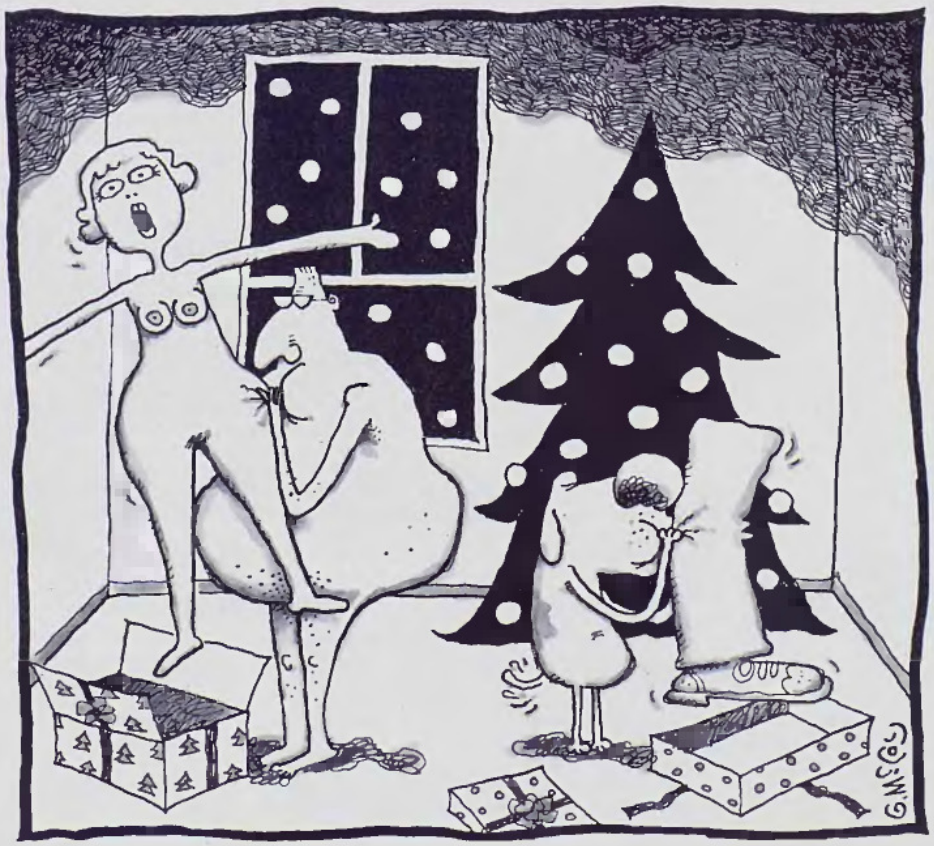
Miami is ready to build on last year's 23–7 success, which included a conference championship (16–2) and a first-round upset of Arizona in the NCAA tournament. Forward Devin Davis brings his 16.9-ppg average and dreadlocks back for his junior season. Second-year coach Herb Sendek must replace leading rebounder Jamie Mahaffey and stellar defender Derrick Cross, both lost to graduation. **Ball State** earned a trip to the NCAA tournament last year thanks largely to MAC freshman of the year Bonzi Wells (15.8 ppg). The return of fellow guard Marcus Norris gives BSU the best backcourt in the conference. The long and short of it at **Eastern Michigan** is 6′9″ center Theron Wilson, a ferocious shot blocker, and 5′5″ guard Earl Boykins, whom coach Ben Braun describes as "the real deal." **Ohio** tries to adjust to life without star center Gary Trent, who went to the NBA after his junior season.

MIDWESTERN

Xavier, last year's MCC champ, has moved to the Atlantic Ten conference. Longtime **Wisconsin–Green Bay** coach Dick Bennett has stepped up to the head coaching job at Wisconsin. Former assistant Mike Heideman replaces Bennett, who led the Phoenix to several memorable NCAA tournament appearances. Heideman inherits a solid nucleus from last season's 22-win team, including forward-center Jeff Nordgaard. Ralph Underhill may have the best team in his 17-year tenure at **Wright State.** Vitaly Potapenko (6′10″), from Ukraine, was conference newcomer of the year last season. Transfers Donyale Bush, Yann Barbitch and Derek Molis improve the outlook at **Loyola–Chicago.** Likewise, Michigan transfer Leon Derricks will bolster **Detroit** after the Titans finished a disappointing 13–15 last year. **Butler** will improve as quickly as 7′2″ center Rolf van Rijn, a Netherlands import whose basketball career began just five years ago. **Illinois–Chicago** will find the road a bit bumpy with the loss of Sherell Ford to the NBA. **Wisconsin–Milwaukee** has flashy Shannon Smith (24.5 ppg) but not much else.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Former Kansas assistant Steve Robinson takes over for Tubby Smith as head coach at **Tulsa.** He inherits the best player in the conference in 6′5″ junior guard Shea Seals (18.8 ppg), who gets our best-player-you've-never-heard-of award this



PLAYBOY'S 1996 COLLEGE

AMERICAN WEST

1. SOUTHERN UTAH STATE
2. CALIFORNIA STATE–NORTHRIDGE
3. CALIFORNIA STATE–SACRAMENTO
4. CALIFORNIA POLY–SAN LUIS OBISPO

STANDOUTS: Reggie Ingram, Daryl Christopher (Southern Utah State); Michael Dorsley (California State–Northridge); Abie Ramirez, David Victor (California State–Sacramento); Damien Levesque (California Poly–San Luis Obispo).

ATLANTIC COAST

*1. WAKE FOREST
*2. VIRGINIA
*3. MARYLAND
*4. GEORGIA TECH
*5. NORTH CAROLINA
6. DUKE
7. FLORIDA STATE
8. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
9. CLEMSON

STANDOUTS: Tim Duncan (Wake Forest); Harold Deane, Curtis Staples (Virginia); Exree Hipp, Keith Booth, Johnny Rhodes (Maryland); Drew Barry, Matt Harpring (Georgia Tech); Jeff McInnis, Dante Calabria (North Carolina); Jeff Capel, Ricky Price, Trajan Langdon (Duke); James Collins, Corey Louis (Florida State); Todd Fuller (North Carolina State).

ATLANTIC TEN

*1. MASSACHUSETTS
*2. VIRGINIA TECH
*3. GEORGE WASHINGTON
4. TEMPLE
5. ST. BONAVENTURE
6. XAVIER
7. DUQUESNE
8. ST. JOSEPH'S
9. RHODE ISLAND
10. LA SALLE
11. DAYTON
12. FORDHAM

STANDOUTS: Marcus Camby, Donta Bright, Dana Dingle (Massachusetts); Ace Custis, Shawn Smith, Shawn Good (Virginia Tech); Kwame Evans, Alexander Koul (George Washington); Johnny Miller, Jason Ivey (Temple); Shandue McNeill (St. Bonaventure); T.J. Johnson (Xavier); Tom Pipkins, Kevin Price (Duquesne); Mark Bass, Reggie Townsend (St. Joseph's); Tyson Wheeler, Cuttino Mobley (Rhode Island); Romaine Haywood (La Salle); David Mascia (Fordham).

BIG EAST

*1. VILLANOVA
*2. CONNECTICUT
*3. GEORGETOWN
*4. ST. JOHN'S
*5. SYRACUSE
6. SETON HALL
7. PROVIDENCE
8. MIAMI
9. PITTSBURGH
10. BOSTON COLLEGE
11. WEST VIRGINIA
12. NOTRE DAME
13. RUTGERS

STANDOUTS: Kerry Kittles, Jason Lawson, Eric Eberz (Villanova); Ray Allen, Doron Sheffer (Connecticut); Allen Iversen, Othella Harrington (Georgetown); Felipe Lopez, Zendon Hamilton, Charles Minlend (St. John's); John Wallace (Syracuse); Adrian Griffin, Danny Hurley (Seton Hall); Austin Croshere, Michael Brown (Providence); Steven Edwards, Steve Rich (Miami); Jerry McCullough (Pittsburgh); Danya Abrams (Boston College); Damian Owens, Seldon Jefferson (West Virginia); Pat Garrity, Ryan Hoover (Notre Dame); Albert Karner, Andrew Kolbasovsky (Rutgers).

BIG EIGHT

*1. KANSAS
*2. OKLAHOMA
*3. MISSOURI
*4. NEBRASKA
5. OKLAHOMA STATE
6. KANSAS STATE
7. IOWA STATE
8. COLORADO

STANDOUTS: Jacque Vaughn, Raef LaFrentz, Jerod Haase (Kansas); Ryan Minor, Ernie Abercrombie, Dion Barnes (Oklahoma); Julian Winfield, Kelly Thames, Sammie Haley (Missouri); Jaron Boone, Erick Strickland (Nebraska); Jerome Lambert, Andre Owens (Oklahoma State); Elliot Hatcher, Mark Young, Tyrone Davis (Kansas State); Mack Tuck, Martice Moore (Colorado).

BIG SKY

*1. MONTANA STATE
2. MONTANA
3. WEBER STATE
4. IDAHO
5. BOISE STATE
6. EASTERN WASHINGTON
7. IDAHO STATE
8. NORTHERN ARIZONA

STANDOUTS: Nico Harrison, Scott Hatler (Montana State); Shawn Samuelson, Chris Spoja (Montana); Jimmy DeGraffenried, Justyn Tebbs (Weber State); Harry Harrison, Nate Gardner (Idaho); Steve Shephard, Damon Archibald (Boise State); Melvin Lewis (Eastern Washington); Nate Green (Idaho State); Scott Taylor, Jerome Riley (Northern Arizona).

BIG SOUTH

*1. LIBERTY
2. NORTH CAROLINA–GREENSBORO
3. CHARLESTON SOUTHERN
4. RADFORD
5. NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE
6. MARYLAND–BALTIMORE COUNTY
7. WINTHROP
8. COASTAL CAROLINA

STANDOUTS: Peter Aluma (Liberty); Brett Larrick, T.L. Latson (Charleston Southern); Anthony Walker, Jason Lansdown (Radford); William Coley, Josh Kohn (North Carolina–Asheville); Tony Thompson (Maryland–Baltimore County); David McMahan (Winthrop); Maurice Ingram (Coastal Carolina).

BIG TEN

*1. MICHIGAN
*2. IOWA
*3. INDIANA
*4. PURDUE
*5. ILLINOIS
6. MICHIGAN STATE
7. PENN STATE
8. MINNESOTA
9. WISCONSIN
10. OHIO STATE
11. NORTHWESTERN

STANDOUTS: Maurice Taylor, Maceo Baston, Jerod Ward (Michigan); Jess Settles, Chris Kingsbury, Andre Woolridge (Iowa); Brian Evans, Andrae Patterson, Neil Reed, Charlie Miller (Indiana); Porter Roberts, Roy Hairston, Brandon Brantley, Justin Jennings (Purdue); Kiwane Garris, Jerry Hester, Richard Keene (Illinois); Jamie Feick, Quinton Brooks (Michigan State); Dan Earl, Glenn Sekunda (Penn State); Sam Jacobson, John Thomas (Minnesota); Rick Yudt (Ohio State); Geno Carlisle (Northwestern).

BIG WEST

*1. UTAH STATE
*2. LONG BEACH STATE
3. NEVADA
4. UNLV
5. NEW MEXICO STATE
6. CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA
7. CALIFORNIA–IRVINE
8. CALIFORNIA STATE–FULLERTON
9. SAN JOSE STATE
10. PACIFIC

STANDOUTS: Eric Franson, Silas Mills (Utah State); James Cotton, Rasul Salahuddin (Long Beach State); Brian Green, Faron Hand (Nevada); Clayton Johnson, Damian Smith (UNLV); Marquis Burns, Spelling Davis (New Mexico State); Mark Flick, Lelan McDougal (California–Santa Barbara); Raimonds Miglinieks, Kevin Simmons (California–Irvine); Chris Dade (California State–Fullerton); Olivier Saint Jean (San Jose State).

COLONIAL

*1. OLD DOMINION
2. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH
3. NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
4. JAMES MADISON
5. EAST CAROLINA
6. AMERICAN
7. GEORGE MASON
8. RICHMOND
9. WILLIAM AND MARY

STANDOUTS: Odell Hodge, Mario Mullen (Old Dominion); Bernard Hopkins, George Byrd, Sherman Hamilton (Virginia Commonwealth); Preston McGriff, Darren Moore (North Carolina–Wilmington); Darren McLinton (James Madison); Tim Basham, Tony Parham (East Carolina); Tim Fudd, Darryl Franklin (American); Nate Langley, Curtis McCants (George Mason); Eric Poole, Jarod Stevenson (Richmond); David Cully, Carl Parker (William and Mary).

CONFERENCE USA

*1. MEMPHIS
*2. LOUISVILLE
*3. CINCINNATI
*4. TULANE
*5. MARQUETTE
6. ALABAMA IN BIRMINGHAM
7. NORTH CAROLINA AT CHARLOTTE
8. ST. LOUIS
9. SOUTH FLORIDA
10. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
11. DEPAUL

STANDOUTS: Lorenzen Wright, Cedric Henderson (Memphis); DeJuan Wheat, Samaki Walker (Louisville); Danny Fortson, Art Long (Cincinnati); Jerald Honeycutt, Rayshard Allen (Tulane); Roney Eford, Aaron Hutchins (Marquette); Carlos Williams, Anthony Thomas (Alabama in Birmingham); Andre Davis, DeMarco Johnson (North Carolina at Charlotte); Jamal Johnson (St. Louis); Chucky Atkins (South Florida); Damien Smith, Kelly McCarty (Southern Mississippi); Bryant Bowden (DePaul).

IVY LEAGUE

*1. PENNSYLVANIA
2. PRINCETON
3. BROWN
4. DARTMOUTH
5. CORNELL
6. YALE
7. HARVARD
8. COLUMBIA

STANDOUTS: Ira Bowman, Tim Krug (Pennsylvania); Sydney Johnson, Chris Doyal (Princeton); Eric Blackiston, Brian Lloyd (Brown); Sea Lonergan, Brian Gilpin (Dartmouth); Eddie Samuel, DeShawn Standard (Cornell); Gabe Hunterton, Bernie Colson (Yale); Kyle Snowden (Harvard); Jim Tubridy, C.J. Thompkins (Columbia).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1. MANHATTAN
2. CANISIUS
3. ST. PETER'S
4. IONA
5. SIENA
6. LOYOLA–BALTIMORE
7. FAIRFIELD
8. NIAGARA

STANDOUTS: Heshimu Evans, Ted Ellis, Jason Hoover (Manhattan); Micheal Meeks, Darrell Barley (Canisius); Luis Arrosa, Randy Holmes (St. Peter's); Mikkel Larsen, Mindaugas Timinskas (Iona); Geoff Walker, Andy Thies (Siena); John McDonald, Mike Powell (Loyola–Baltimore); Greg Francis, Shannon Bowman (Fairfield); Chris Watson (Niagara).

MID-AMERICAN

*1. MIAMI
2. BALL STATE
3. EASTERN MICHIGAN
4. OHIO
5. BOWLING GREEN
6. TOLEDO
7. WESTERN MICHIGAN
8. KENT
9. CENTRAL MICHIGAN
10. AKRON

STANDOUTS: Devin Davis, Landon Hackim (Miami); Bonzi Wells, Marcus Norris (Ball State); Theron Wilson, Brian Tolbert (Eastern Michigan); Jason Terry, Curtis Simmons (Ohio); Antonio Daniels, Shane Komives (Bowling Green); Craig Thames, Casey Shaw (Toledo); Joel Burns, Ben Handlogten (Western Michigan); Nate Reinking, Bill Davis (Kent); Thomas Kilgore, Nate Huffman (Central Michigan).

MID-CONTINENT

*1. VALPARAISO
2. MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY
3. YOUNGSTOWN STATE
4. BUFFALO
5. WESTERN ILLINOIS
6. EASTERN ILLINOIS
7. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE
8. CHICAGO STATE
9. TROY STATE
10. NORTHEASTERN ILLINOIS

STANDOUTS: Bryce Drew, Chris Ensminger (Valparaiso); Darecko Rawlins, Chris Johnson, Rick Muller (Missouri–Kansas City); Leroy King (Youngstown State); Rasaun Young, Mike Martinho (Buffalo); Garrick Vicks (Western Illinois); Johnny Hernandez, Michael Slaughter (Eastern Illinois); Keith Closs, Bill Langheim (Central Connecticut State).

MID-EASTERN

*1. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE
2. COPPIN STATE
3. NORTH CAROLINA A&T STATE
4. BETHUNE–COOKMAN
5. FLORIDA A&M
6. MARYLAND–EASTERN SHORE
7. DELAWARE STATE
8. HOWARD
9. HAMPTON

STANDOUTS: Derrick Patterson, Miguel Burns (South Carolina State); Reggie Welch, Terquin Mott (Coppin State); Byron Coast, Scientific Mapp (Florida A&M); John Woods, Aaron McKinney (Maryland–Eastern Shore); Chris Nurse (Delaware State).

MIDWESTERN

*1. WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY
6. BUTLER
7. ILLINOIS–CHICAGO

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

2. WRIGHT STATE
3. NORTHERN ILLINOIS
4. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO
5. DETROIT
8. WISCONSIN–MILWAUKEE
9. CLEVELAND STATE

STANDOUTS: Jeff Nordgaard, Gary Grzesk (Wisconsin–Green Bay); Vitaly Potapenko, Rob Welch (Wright State); Theodis Owens, Derek Molis (Loyola of Chicago); Leon Derricks, Iyapo Montgomery (Detroit); Chris Miskel, Jon Neuhouser (Butler); Shawn Harlan, Mark Miller (Illinois–Chicago); Shannon Smith, Mark Briggs (Wisconsin–Milwaukee); Jamal Jackson, Joe Rey (Cleveland State).

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1. TULSA
*2. BRADLEY
3. ILLINOIS STATE
4. DRAKE
5. NORTHERN IOWA
6. WICHITA STATE
7. EVANSVILLE
8. CREIGHTON
9. SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE
10. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
11. INDIANA STATE

STANDOUTS: Shea Seals, Rafael Maldonado (Tulsa); Anthony Parker, Deon Jackson (Bradley); Dan Muller, Maurice Trotter (Illinois State); Lynnrick Rogers, Kevin Bennett (Drake); Brian Carpenter, Jason Daisy (Northern Iowa); Jaime Arnold (Wichita State); Chris Quinn, Brian Jackson (Evansville); Orlando Johnson (Creighton); Shane Hawkins (Southern Illinois).

NORTH ATLANTIC

*1. DREXEL
2. BOSTON UNIVERSITY
3. TOWSON STATE
4. NEW HAMPSHIRE
5. NORTHEASTERN
6. HOFSTRA
7. DELAWARE
8. MAINE
9. VERMONT
10. HARTFORD

STANDOUTS: Malik Rose, Jeff Myers (Drexel); Tunji Awojobi, Joey Beard (Boston University); Scooter Alexander, Ralph Blalock (Towson State); Matt Alosa, Doug Wilson (New Hampshire); Rah-Shun Roberts, Lonnie Harrell (Northeastern); Lawrence Thomas, Seth Meyers (Hofstra); Greg Smith, Patrick Evans (Delaware); Casey Arena, Terry Hunt (Maine); Eddie Benton (Vermont).

NORTHEAST

*1. RIDER
2. MOUNT ST. MARY
3. MONMOUTH
4. MARIST
5. FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON
6. WAGNER
7. ST. FRANCIS–NEW YORK
8. ST. FRANCIS OF PENNSYLVANIA
9. LONG ISLAND
10. ROBERT MORRIS

STANOOUTS: Charles Smith, Deon Hames (Rider); Chris McGuthrie, Riley Inge (Mount St. Mary); John Giraldo, Corey Albano (Monmouth); Alan Tomidy, Danny Basile (Marist); Rashon Turner (Fairleigh Dickinson); Tony Rice, Dan Seigle (Wagner); Danny Manning (St. Francis–New York); Terrence Martin, Rob Wooster (St. Francis of Pennsylvania); Joe Griffin, Matthew Picinic (Long Island); Bacari Alexander (Robert Morris).

OHIO VALLEY

*1. MURRAY STATE
2. TENNESSEE STATE
3. AUSTIN PEAY
4. TENNESSEE TECH
5. MOREHEAD STATE
6. TENNESSEE–MARTIN
7. MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE
8. EASTERN KENTUCKY
9. SOUTHEAST MISSOURI

STANDOUTS: Marcus Brown, Vincent Rainey (Murray State); Monty Wilson (Tennessee State); Charles Wells, Jermaine Savage (Austin Peay); Lorenzo Coleman, Greg Bibb (Tennessee Tech); Michael Hart, DeWayne Powell (Tennessee–Martin); Tim Gaither, David Washington (Middle Tennessee State); DeMarkus Doss, Curtis Fincher (Eastern Kentucky); Jerome Days, William Eley (Southeast Missouri).

PACIFIC TEN

*1. UCLA
*2. CALIFORNIA
*3. STANFORD
*4. WASHINGTON STATE
*5. ARIZONA
6. ARIZONA STATE
7. USC
8. WASHINGTON
9. OREGON
10. OREGON STATE

STANDOUTS: Charles O'Bannon, Toby Bailey, Cameron Dollar (UCLA); Tremaine Fowlkes, Jelani Gardner, Shareef Abdur-Rahim (California); Brevin Knight, Dion Cross, Andy Poppink (Stanford); Mark Hendrickson, Isaac Fontaine (Washington State); Reggie Geary, Joseph Blair, Ben Davis (Arizona); Ron Riley, Jeremy Veal (Arizona State); Jaha Wilson (USC); Bryant Boston, Mark Sanford (Washington); Kenya Wilkins, Rob Ramaker (Oregon).

PATRIOT

*1. COLGATE
2. BUCKNELL
3. ARMY
4. NAVY
5. HOLY CROSS
6. LEHIGH
7. LAFAYETTE

STANDOUTS: Adonal Foyle, Tim Bollin (Colgate); Brian Anderson, Sekou Hamer (Bucknell); Mark Leuking, Alex Morris (Army); Michael Heary, Brian Walker (Navy); Ted Bettencourt (Holy Cross); Rashawne Glenn, Ken Widmer (Lehigh); Joe Marshall (Lafayette).

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

*1. KENTUCKY
*2. GEORGIA
3. FLORIDA
4. SOUTH CAROLINA
5. TENNESSEE
6. VANDERBILT

WESTERN DIVISION

*1. ARKANSAS
*2. MISSISSIPPI STATE
*3. AUBURN
*4. LOUISIANA STATE
5. ALABAMA
6. MISSISSIPPI

STANDOUTS: Tony Delk, Walter McCarty, Antoine Walker (Kentucky); Carlos Strong, Shandon Anderson (Georgia); Dametri Hill, Greg Williams (Florida); Melvin Watson, Larry Davis (South Carolina); Steve Hamer (Tennessee); Frank Seckar, Drew Maddux (Vanderbilt); Darnell Robinson, Lee Wilson (Arkansas); Erick Dampier, Darryl Wilson (Mississippi State); Moochie Norris, Lance Weems (Auburn); Ronnie Henderson, Randy Livingston (Louisiana State); Eric Washington, Roy Rogers (Alabama); Anthony Boone, John Jackson (Mississippi).

SOUTHERN

NORTHERN DIVISION

*1. MARSHALL
2. EAST TENNESSEE STATE
3. DAVIDSON
4. APPALACHIAN STATE
5. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

SOUTHERN DIVISION

1. TENNESSEE–CHATTANOOGA
2. GEORGIA SOUTHERN
3. THE CITADEL
4. FURMAN
5. WESTERN CAROLINA

STANDOUTS: Jason Williams, Keith Veney (Marshall); Phil Powe, Titus Shelton (East Tennessee State); Brandon Williams, Quinn Harwood (Davidson); John Oliver (Tennessee–Chattanooga); Noy Castillo, Moncrief Michael (The Citadel); Chuck Vincent (Furman).

SOUTHLAND

*1. NORTHEAST LOUISIANA
2. TEXAS–SAN ANTONIO
3. TEXAS–ARLINGTON
4. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
5. NORTH TEXAS STATE
6. NICHOLLS STATE
7. MCNEESE STATE
8. SAM HOUSTON STATE
9. SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE
10. NORTHWESTERN STATE–LOUISIANA

STANDOUTS: Paul Marshall, John Stokes (Northeast Louisiana); Marlon Anderson, Cody Johnson (Texas–San Antonio); Brian Myers, Shon Johnson (Texas–Arlington); Kenderick Franklin (Nicholls State); Pointer Williams, Donald Fisher (McNeese State); Derick Preston, Mike Dillard (Sam Houston State); Delwyn Jackson, Elijah Hobley (Southwest Texas State).

SOUTHWEST

*1. TEXAS TECH
*2. TEXAS
3. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
4. HOUSTON
5. RICE
6. BAYLOR
7. TEXAS A&M
8. SOUTHERN METHODIST

STANDOUTS: Jason Sasser, Darvin Ham (Texas Tech); Reggie Freeman, Kris Clack (Texas); Juan Bragg (Texas Christian); Tim Moore, Kirk Ford (Houston); Shaun Igo, Jesse Cravens, Tommy McGhee (Rice); Brian Skinner, Ken Clyde (Baylor); Kyle Kessel (Texas A&M); Troy Mathews, Jemeil Rich (Southern Methodist).

SOUTHWESTERN

*1. TEXAS SOUTHERN
2. SOUTHERN–BATON ROUGE
3. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE
4. ALABAMA STATE
5. JACKSON STATE
6. GRAMBLING STATE
7. ALCORN STATE
8. PRAIRIE VIEW A&M

STANDOUTS: Kevin Granger, Randy Bolden (Texas Southern); Marcus Mann (Mississippi Valley State); Jimmy Lunsford (Alabama State); Trent Pulliam, Rod Taylor, Titus Hooten (Jackson State); Michael Tardy, Claude Coleman (Grambling State).

SUN BELT

*1. WESTERN KENTUCKY
2. ARKANSAS–LITTLE ROCK
3. NEW ORLEANS
4. JACKSONVILLE
5. TEXAS–PAN AMERICAN
6. LOUISIANA TECH
7. SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
8. ARKANSAS STATE
9. SOUTH ALABAMA
10. LAMAR

STANDOUTS: Chris Robinson (Western Kentucky); Malik Dixon, Derek Fisher (Arkansas–Little Rock); Tyrone Garris, Jermaine Spivey (New Orleans); Artemus McClary, Jerome Malloy (Jacksonville); Terrance Fitzpatrick (Texas–Pan American); Micah Marsh (Arkansas State).

TRANS AMERICA

*1. STETSON
2. SAMFORD
3. CHARLESTON
4. GEORGIA STATE
5. CENTENARY
6. CAMPBELL
7. SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA
8. MERCER
9. FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL
10. CENTRAL FLORIDA
11. FLORIDA ATLANTIC

STANDOUTS: Kerry Blackshear, Jason Alexander (Stetson); Joey Davenport, Jonathan Pixley (Samford); Terrence Brandon, Rodney Hamilton (Georgia State); Aljay Foreman, Anthony Stephens (Centenary); Scott Neely (Campbell); Sam Bowie, Jason Winningham (Southeastern Louisiana); Scott Farley, Ledon Green (Mercer).

WEST COAST

*1. SANTA CLARA
2. ST. MARY'S
3. LOYOLA MARYMOUNT
4. GONZAGA
5. SAN FRANCISCO
6. PORTLAND
7. SAN DIEGO
8. PEPPERDINE

STANDOUTS: Steve Nash, Marlon Garnett (Santa Clara); Jumoke Horton, A.J. Rollins, Kamran Sufi (St. Mary's); Ime Oduok, Mike O'Quinn (Loyola Marymount); Kyle Dixon, Jon Kinloch (Gonzaga); Gerald Walker, John Duggan (San Francisco); Lemont Daniels (Portland); Sean Flannery (San Diego); Gerald Brown (Pepperdine).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

*1. UTAH
2. FRESNO STATE
3. BRIGHAM YOUNG
4. COLORADO STATE
5. SAN DIEGO STATE
6. NEW MEXICO
7. TEXAS–EL PASO
8. HAWAII
9. WYOMING
10. AIR FORCE

STANOOUTS: Keith Van Horn, Brandon Jessie (Utah); Darnell McCulloch, Terrance Roberson (Fresno State); Kenneth Roberts, Bryon Ruffner (Brigham Young); David Evans, Joe Vogel (Colorado State); Kareem Anderson, Shomario Richard (San Diego State); Charles Smith, Kenny Thomas (New Mexico); Mark Ingles, Kevin Beal (Texas–El Paso); Tes Whitlock (Hawaii); LaDrell Whitehead, H.L. Coleman (Wyoming); Maurice Anderson (Air Force).

INDEPENDENTS

1. ORAL ROBERTS
2. WOFFORD

STANDOUTS: Tim Gill, Clifford Crenshaw (Oral Roberts).

*Our predictions to make the NCAA tournament.

year. Robinson will also enjoy working with 6'11" frontcourt players Rafael Maldonado and Ray Poindexter. Tulsa will get stiff competition from **Bradley**, a 20-game winner last year that has all five of its starters returning. Coach Jim Molinari likes his team's experience and balance, along with the three-point shooting of Aaron Zobrist. **Illinois State** must replace point guard David Cason, who led the conference in assists each of the past two seasons. Sophomore Jamar Smiley gets the call from second-year coach Kevin Stallings, who coaxed 20 wins from the Redbirds last year. Keep an eye on **Drake's** Lynnrick Rogers. The flashy junior guard averaged 18.1 points per game last season.

PACIFIC TEN

The Pac Ten was the nation's toughest conference last year: It produced national champ **UCLA**, put five teams into the NCAA tournament (combined 9–4 record) and beat up on top 25 nonleague competition (14–3). The Bruins may have lost too much—including national player of the year Ed O'Bannon and guard Tyus Edney to graduation and the NBA—to go back-to-back, but they are still brimming with talent. Now it's time for Ed's younger brother, Charles, a Playboy All-America, to step into the limelight. Toby Bailey, who sparkled as a freshman in the Bruins' championship drive, must now lead instead of complement. Coach Jim Harrick needs strong play from sophomore center omm'A Givens and 6'10" freshman recruit Jelani McCoy. **California** is ready to jell under third-year coach Todd Bozeman. Tremaine Fowlkes and Jelani Gardner are double-digit scorers. Bozeman scored a recruiting coup by signing 6'9" freshman forward Shareef Abdur-Rahim, rated one of the top five prospects in the nation. Two less heralded teams, **Stanford** and Washington State, could surprise. The Cardinal has one of the best backcourts in the nation in Dion Cross (16.8 ppg) and Brevin Knight (16.6 ppg). Seven foot one Tim Young will improve on a promising freshman season. Starting forwards Andy Poppink and Darren Allaway also return. **Washington State** returns all five starters. Guard Isaac Fontaine (18.5 ppg) is the Pac Ten's top returning scorer, while 6'9" Mark Hendrickson hits the boards and the three-pointer. Perennial conference power **Arizona** must settle on replacements for guard Damon Stoudamire, last season's conference scoring leader, and all-conference forward Ray Owes. Senior guard Reggie Geary and forward Ben Davis, a juco transfer who got off to a slow start last season, are key to the Wildcats' conference-title hopes. Mario Bennett bailed from **Arizona State** to try the NBA, and the improving Ron Riley attempts to fill the hole. The Sun Devils will be forced to play without a true center. Charlie Parker, who served as interim head coach at **USC** last year after George Raveling retired, has lost the "interim" in his title. Jaha Wilson, the conference's leading rebounder last year, and 6'11" Avondre Jones, who sat out a year in junior college, should make the Trojans a formidable force on the boards.

"Carol singers? Carol singers?"

SOUTHEASTERN

Eastern Division

Basketball pop quiz: What do you get when you combine a roster full of phenomenally talented players with one of the best coaches in college basketball? Answer: the **Kentucky** Wildcats, our pick for this season's national champion. Rick Pitino has the best cast of his six-year stint in Lexington, a tenure that has already yielded a 150–43 record. The talent is so deep that Pitino actually considered putting together a junior varsity team of players from the far end of his bench. The problem was finding anyone who could give them a game. To list the stars of the Wildcats, start with guard Tony Delk (16.7 ppg) and quickly add the names of guards Derek Anderson and Jeff Sheppard, forwards Antoine Walker and Walter McCarty and 6'10" center Mark Pope. As if this embarrassment of riches weren't enough, Pitino added recruits Ron Mercer, the Naismith Award winner as the top high school player in the nation last year, and 6'7" point guard Wayne Turner. One of last season's stars, Rodrick Rhodes, discovered the depth of Kentucky's talent when he attempted to return to the Wildcats after toying with the NBA draft, only to discover that his spot on the roster had been filled. Rhodes subsequently transferred to Southern

Cal. Good depth at the point, substantial talent in the paint, Pitino's full-court pressure defense and a ten-man rotation make the Wildcats this year's team to beat. You would think that an 18-win season in his 17th year as coach would be enough to keep Hugh Durham in his job at Georgia. However, the winds of change have blown Durham out and former Tulsa coach Tubby Smith in as the Georgia faithful cry for something more substantial than an NIT invitation. Smith inherits solid talent, led by 6'8" forward Carlos Strong and three other returning starters. Terrell Bell replaces Charles Claxton at center. Smith will make the Bulldogs run because that's his

REST OF THE BEST

GUARDS: Steve Nash (Santa Clara), De-Juan Wheat (Louisville), Randy Livingston (LSU), Harold Deane (Virginia), Felipe Lopez (St. John's), Shea Seals (Tulsa), Tony Delk (Kentucky), Johnny Rhodes (Maryland), Toby Bailey (UCLA), Jerod Haase (Kansas), Dion Cross (Stanford), Drew Barry (Georgia Tech), James Collins (Florida State), Ron Riley (Arizona State), Jaron Boone (Nebraska), Brandon Jessie (Utah), Chucky Atkins (South Florida), Kiwane Garris (Illinois), Marcus Brown (Murray State), Darryl Wilson (Mississippi State), Kwame Evans (George Washington), Kerry Blackshear (Stetson), Chris Kingsbury (Iowa), Isaac Fontaine (Washington State), Anthony Parker (Bradley), Moochie Norris (Auburn).

FORWARDS: Raef LaFrentz (Kansas), Walter McCarty (Kentucky), Othella Harrington (Georgetown), Tremaine Fowlkes (California), Danny Fortson (Cincinnati), Jess Settles (Iowa), Mark Hendrickson (Washington State), Exree Hipp (Maryland), John Wallace (Syracuse), Samaki Walker (Louisville), Danya Abrams (Boston College), Jerald Honeycutt (Tulane), Jason Sasser (Texas Tech), Jeff Nordgaard (Wisconsin–Green Bay), Ace Custis (Virginia Tech), Tim Moore (Houston), Brian Evans (Indiana), Maurice Taylor (Michigan), Tunji Awojobi (Boston U.), Eric Franson (Utah State).

CENTERS: Lorenzen Wright (Memphis), Jason Lawson (Villanova), Travis Knight (Connecticut), Adonal Foyle (Colgate), Amal McCaskill (Marquette), Todd Fuller (North Carolina State), Vitaly Potapenko (Wright State), Brian Skinner (Baylor), Odell Hodge (Old Dominion), Mikkel Larsen (Iona), Keith Closs (Central Connecticut State), Steve Hamer (Tennessee), Zendon Hamilton (St. John's), Alexander Kaul (George Washington).

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style and because he needs to cover Georgia's lack of strength inside. We predicted that **Florida** would have a difficult time putting Cinderella seasons back-to-back, and in this instance, at least, we were right. The Gators stumbled to 17–13 and a first-round NCAA loss to Iowa State after their Final Four appearance in 1994. Coach Lon Kruger still has Dametri "Da Meat Hook" Hill inside, but team leaders Dan Cross and Andrew DeClercq have graduated. Freshman point guard Eddie Shannon must fulfill his promise quickly if the Gators hope to contend. At **South Carolina,** coach Eddie Fogler also needs quick results from guard B.J. McKie and 6'10" center Leonard Johnson, both highly touted recruits. Coach Kevin O'Neill calls his **Tennessee** team a work in progress as he enters his second season. Seven freshmen join four returning starters, the best of whom is center Steve Hamer (15 ppg). **Vanderbilt** rebuilds after the graduation of its leading scorer (Ronnie McMahan), rebounder (Bryan Milburn) and shot blocker (Chris Woods). Guard Frank Seckar is the Commodores' best player.

Western Division

The most surprising thing about **Arkansas** last year was not that the Razorbacks failed to repeat as national champs after returning the bulk of the 1994 team. It was that they got to that final game in Seattle at all. Despite Corliss Williamson, Scotty Thurman, Corey Beck and a fine supporting cast, despite 32 wins and despite a run in the tournament that got the Hogs to another championship game, Arkansas never quite got in synch, losing to teams it shouldn't have lost to, sometimes on its home floor. Now all the familiar names are gone—Thurman and Williamson a year early—and coach Nolan Richardson has to rebuild. But he won't be without tools. Back are Darnell Robinson and Lee Wilson, who contributed regularly off the bench last year. Richardson has a stellar recruiting class that includes junior college talents Jesse Pate and Antwon Hail, and he will replace his departed marquee talent with hard work and plenty of pressure defense. **Mississippi State** hopes to repeat last year's success. The Bulldogs finished in a Western Division tie with Arkansas at 12–4 and got to the third round of the Big Dance before losing to eventual champ UCLA. Three starters from that team are gone, but Playboy All-America Erick Dampier, one of the most physically impressive and rapidly improving players in the nation, returns along with sharpshooting guard Darryl Wilson. Coach Richard Williams thinks juco transfer Dontaé Jones has NBA potential. Coach Cliff Ellis managed to change **Auburn's** hoops atmosphere for the better in his first season. The Tigers finished a surprising 16–13 and return all five starters. The addition of freshman Derek Caldwell, cousin of Chuck and Wesley Person, and Enoch Davis, the second leading junior college scorer last year (32.1 ppg), can't hurt. **Louisiana State** coach Dale Brown has the best pair of guards in college ball if he can get them on the floor at the same time. For the second year in a row, Randy Livingston, one of the country's great backcourt talents, suffered a season-ending injury. Livingston should return this year. Whether he can regain top form is still a question. There is an answer at the other guard spot in Playboy All-America Ronnie Henderson, the SEC's leading scorer last season (23.3 ppg). Big Misha Mutardzic (6'11") plays the post, but Brown's Tigers don't appear to have enough talent up front. With Antonio McDyess' departure to the NBA after his sophomore season and the graduation of the remainder of its skilled inside players, traditionally muscle-bound **Alabama** will shift the emphasis to running and perimeter shooting.

COLE'S ALL-NAME TEAM

Players

Scientific Mapp
Florida A&M

Shammgod Wells
Providence

Boubacar Aw
Georgetown

Duany Duany
Wisconsin

Velvious Goodloe
Middle Tennessee State

Coach

Dickey Nutt
Arkansas State

SOUTHWEST

This conference is headed for the scrap heap next season, but the member teams won't go without a fight. **Texas Tech,** which lost the conference tourney championship in O.T. to Texas, is the most improved. Forward Jason Sasser (20.1 ppg) returns along with two other starters, and coach James Dickey has landed Texas high school player of the year Stanley Bonewitz. **Texas** coach Tom Penders may have lost four starters from last season's 23-win team, but he thinks his recruiting class is the best in his seven years in Austin: "This class will enable us to go into the Big Twelve running." Freshman guards Kris Clack and Titus Warmsley have a chance to start. Billy Tubbs turned things around in his first year as coach at **Texas Christian.** The Horned Frogs, 7–20 the previous

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season, led the nation in scoring (93.7 ppg) and finished a respectable 16–11. Tubbs loses Southwest player of the year Kurt Thomas but gets back shooting guard Juan Bragg (15.6 ppg). **Houston** can challenge if junior college transfer Lonzell Gowdy does the job at point. Tim Moore (20.1 ppg) is coach Alvin Brooks' go-to man. **Rice** returns four starters, three of whom are underclassmen. Watch out for the Owls next season when transfers Bobby Crawford (Michigan) and Jarvis Kelly (Arizona) become eligible.

WEST COAST

The train came off the tracks for **Santa Clara** last season after a sparkling 21–4 start that had the Broncos on the verge of cracking the top 25. They lost their final regular-season conference game and then were unceremoniously dumped by eighth-seed Loyola Marymount in the WCC tournament. The Broncos still managed a ticket to the Big Dance but couldn't get by Mississippi State in the first round. Coach Dick Davey's team has a chance to learn from its mistakes as all five starters return, including guard Steve Nash (20.9 ppg). Santa Clara will win the WCC and be a more formidable threat in the NCAA tournament this time around. **Saint Mary's** returns four starters from last season's 18-win squad. The Gaels lack a superstar but can rely on team balance and strong rebounding. **Loyola Marymount** center Ime Oduok, a 6'8" 250-pounder from Nigeria who has played basketball for only five years, is getting a long look from pro scouts. **Gonzaga**, which came from nowhere to win the conference tournament last year, will have to do without deadeye shooting guard John Rillie, who graduated. With the loss of its two leading scorers and rebounders, **Portland** has to rebuild after enjoying its first winning season in 13 years.

COLE'S ALL-NICKNAME TEAM

Players

Raymond "Circus" King
San Diego State

Dametri "Da Meat Hook" Hill
Florida

Tim "Elmer" Fudd
American

Roderick "Moo Moo" Blakney
South Carolina State

Robert "Tractor" Traylor
Michigan

Tunde "Thunder" Abdul Owolya
Nicholls State

Coach

Ron "Fang" Mitchell
Coppin State

WESTERN ATHLETIC

Utah's Rick Majerus lost no time in molding a gawky bunch of sophomores into a winning team last season. The Utes opened with a Maui Invitational win over Indiana and never looked back during a 28-win season that brought both the WAC regular-season and tournament crowns. Led by Majerus, Playboy All-America Keith Van Horn and 6'5" guard Brandon Jessie, Utah looks like a lock to repeat. Controversial Jerry Tarkanian makes his return to college basketball at alma mater **Fresno State.** Chewing his way through towels, the opposition and battles with the NCAA, Tarkanian promises to install the same run-and-gun style that brought UNLV fame, fortune and an NCAA championship. The announcement of Tarkanian's hiring sent college coaches scurrying to make certain they hadn't lost their high-profile recruits. Tarkanian is a legendary recruiter, especially on the playgrounds. He scored a late-arrival coup by signing 6'8" Terrance Roberson and juco transfer Kendric Brooks. Tarkanian will have the Bulldogs running faster and jumping higher than ever before. **Colorado State** returns all five starters, including agile guard David Evans and 6'10" center Joe Vogel. **San Diego State** second-year coach Frank Trenkle landed a strong recruiting class led by guards Shomario Richard and Raymond "Circus" King. Two of **BYU's** frontline players, 6'10" Bret Jepsen and point guard Robbie Reid, shipped out on two-year Mormon missions. Coach Roger Reid has another son, Randy, to plug in at point but no big man to fill in for Jepsen.

OTHERS

Here's a fast-break look at the remainder of the conferences. AMERICAN WEST: **Southern Utah** will be likely to repeat in this diminutive conference because of guard Reggie Ingram. The Thunderbirds were the top three-point–shooting team in Division IA last season. BIG SKY: **Montana State, Montana** and **Weber State,** all 21-game winners last season, should again battle for the conference crown this year. Give the nod to Montana State because of four returning starters, good team balance and the addition of a couple of strong junior college players. BIG SOUTH: **Liberty, North Carolina–Greensboro** and **Charleston Southern** are the teams to beat. Liberty may have the inside edge because of returning center Peter Aluma (15.7 ppg) and the fact that it hosts the conference tournament. METRO ATLANTIC: **Manhattan** would love to repeat last season's success, when it won 26 games, gained the first at-large bid for the conference and knocked off Oklahoma in the first round of the NCAA tournament. Coach Fran Fraschilla returns four starters, including emerging star Heshimu Evans. MID-CONTINENT: **Valparaiso** is a likely repeat champion with 6'10" Chris Ensminger, a force on the boards, and three-point ace Bryce Drew returning from last season. **Missouri–Kansas City** suffered so many injuries last season that coach Lee Hunt threatened to take an ambulance on the road. Rick Muller and Travis Salmon, both medical redshirts, return, as does leading scorer Darecko Rawlins. **Youngstown State,** which had its first winning season in nine years, is strong enough to stay on the right side of .500. MID-EASTERN: **South Carolina State** is ready for a turn at the top of the MEAC. The Bulldogs return all five starters and add Roderick Blakney, who was a Proposition 48 casualty last year. **Coppin State** and **North Carolina A&T** will provide the stiffest competition. NORTH ATLANTIC: Two-time conference champion **Drexel** returns four starters, including conference player of the year Malik Rose. The Dragons will be challenged by **Boston University,** which adds Duke transfer Joey Beard to a quartet of returning starters that includes 6'7" junior forward Tunji Awojobi (19.8 ppg). NORTHEAST: The return of forward-guard combo Charles Smith (19.8 ppg) and Deon Hames (16.7 ppg) figures to give **Rider** enough firepower to unseat **Mount St. Mary,** last season's conference tourney champ. OHIO VALLEY: **Murray State** will edge **Tennessee State** behind the point production of guard Marcus Brown (22.4 ppg) and forward Vincent Rainey (18.8 ppg). **Austin Peay's** Charles "Bubba" Wells, who enjoyed a sensational sophomore season last year (19.3 ppg), is reportedly healthy

TOP TEN FRESHMEN

Guards

Stephon Marbury
Georgia Tech

Wayne Turner
Kentucky

Vince Carter
North Carolina

Shommgod Wells
Providence

Forwards

Shareef Abdur-Rahim
California

Ron Mercer
Kentucky

Poul Pierce
Kansas

Som Okey
Wisconsin

Centers

Jelani McCoy
UCLA

Robert Traylor
Michigan

after suffering a stress fracture in his right leg in the OVC championship game. PATRIOT: It will be a battle between budding superstar (**Colgate's** Adonal Foyle) and team balance (**Bucknell's** five returning starters). Foyle played up to expectations in his rookie season last year by averaging 17 points per game, leading the league in rebounding (12.4 rpg) and recording an amazing 147 blocked shots. Only Shawn Bradley and Alonzo Mourning blocked more shots as freshmen. SOUTHERN: **Tennessee–Chattanooga** will be gunning for its fourth consecutive bid to the NCAA tournament, but coach Mack McCarthy will have to find replacements for all-conference forwards Brandon Born and Mario Hanson. **Marshall** coach Billy Donovan (the same Billy Donovan who hit all those three-pointers at Providence for Rick Pitino) will put a strong team on the floor despite losing five starters from his debut-season squad of last year. **Georgia Southern** brought over former Alabama assistant Gregg Polinsky as head coach when Frank Kerns resigned after charges of academic fraud were brought in November 1994. SOUTHLAND: Two junior college transfers, John Stokes and Anthony Cook, should boost **Northeast Louisiana** to the top of the Southland standings. **Texas–San Antonio** returns four starters and welcomes new coach Tim Carter. The most improved team in the Southland conference may be **Texas–Arlington.** The Mavericks, who won only ten games last season, added four strong juco players, including Shon Johnson, who averaged 27.3 points per game. SOUTHWESTERN: **Texas Southern** will use the outside scoring touch of guard Kevin Granger (19.7 ppg) and the size of sophomore center Thomas Dodd (6'10") to successfully defend its conference championship against challengers **Mississippi Valley State** and **Alabama State.** The addition of Trent Pulliam, who averaged 25 points and 17 rebounds per game in high school, should pull **Jackson State** into contention as well. SUN BELT: **Western Kentucky** will attempt to repeat as champ but will be challenged by a revived **Arkansas–Little Rock** under second-year coach Wimp Sanderson. At **New Orleans,** Tic Price posted the best record (20–11) of any first-year Division I coach. The one-two punch of Artemus McClary (20.5 ppg) and Jerome Malloy (14.3 ppg) should give **Jacksonville** an opportunity to challenge as well. TRANS AMERICA: **Samford** and **Stetson** may manage to interfere with **Charleston's** plans to chew up the TAAC again this season. Guard Joey Davenport is the most important cog in Samford's wheel of hoops fortune. Stetson's Kerry Blackshear will break his school's all-time scoring record. Charleston's biggest gun is Thaddeous Delaney.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE

Page 22: "Getting Down": **Vests: By** *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 212-606-2100. By *Nautica*, at Nautica, 212-496-0933. By *Killy Excel*, 800-407-2350. By *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. By *Austyn Zung*, 800-866-6989. "Getting Fleeced": **Pullovers:** By *Columbia Sportswear*, 800-622-6953. By *M.N.W. Wardrobe*, 212-302-1414. By *Verso*, at American Rag, Los Angeles, 213-935-3154, and San Francisco, 415-441-0537. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Bloomingdale's, 212-705-2000, Lord & Taylor, 212-391-3344 and Macy's, 212-695-4400. By *New Boxer*, at Detour, 212-979-6315. "Palm Springs": **Events:** *Chamber of Commerce*, 619-325-1577. *Dillon's*, 619-317-6449. *Sports Fever*, 619-340-0252. *Estate Sale*, 619-321-7628. *Spectacular Shades*, 619-568-4500. "Clothes Line": **Fragrances** by *Jil Sander*, at Marshall Field's, Dayton's and Hudson's. "The Boost": **Shampoo:** *Phytovolume*, 800-648-0349. *Nexxus*, 800-444-6399. *Nexxus Diametress, Garden Botanika*, 800-968-7842. *Vivagen*, 800-733-5368. *Charles Booth*, at LaCoupe Salon, 212-371-9230.

WIRED

Page 20: **PC controller** by *The Other 90% Technologies*, 415-332-0433. **VCRs** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. **TVs: By** *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. By *Hitachi*, 800-448-2244. By *RCA*, 800-336-1900. By *Sony*, 800-222-7669. **Speakers** by *Labtec*, 360-896-2000. **PC** by *Compaq*, 800-231-0900. **Audio: By** *Kenwood*, 800-536-9663. By *Nakamichi*, 800-421-2313. By *Nureality*, 800-501-8086. **Computer** by *Packard Bell*, 800-733-5858. **Radar detectors: By** *Escort*, 800-433-3487. By *Cobra*, 800-262-7222. By *Bel-Tronics*, 905-828-1002. By *Whistler*, 800-531-0004. By *Uniden*, 800-297-1023. By *Sanyo Tecnica*, 800-528-0116. **Remote** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. **CD** by *TDK*, 800-835-8273. **Calculator** by *Seiko*, 800-873-4508.

THE PLAYBOY LOOK

Pages 86–87: **Suit, shirt** and **tie** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, 212-606-2100. **Oxfords** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren Footwear*, at select Polo Ralph Lauren stores. **Pocket square** by *Tino Cosma*, at Tino Cosma, 212-246-4005. **Briefcase** by *Dunhill*, 800-776-4053. **Suit** by *Canali*, at Bloomingdale's and Barneys New York. **Shirt** and **tie** by *Sulka*, at Sulka. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Nordstrom. **Suit and shirt** by *Richard Tyler*, at Neiman Marcus. Page 88: **Tie** by *Sulka*, at Sulka. **Suit and vest** by *Armani*, at Neiman Marcus. **Shirt, tie and pocket square** by *Robert Talbott*, 212-751-1200. **Oxfords** by *J.M. Weston*, at J.M. Weston, 212-308-5655. Page 89: **Suit** by *Richard Tyler*, at Neiman Marcus. **Shirt** by *Dunhill*, 800-776-4053. **Tie** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, NYC, 212-606-2100, and Beverly Hills, 310-281-7200. **Glasses** by *Paul Smith*, at Oliver Peoples Opticians, 310-657-2553. Page 90: **Suit** by *Armani*, at Neiman Marcus. **Shirt** by *Canali*, at Bloomingdale's and Barneys New York. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott Best of Class*, at Nordstrom. Page 91: **Suit** by *Sulka*, at Sulka. **Shirt** by *Dunhill*, 800-776-4053. **Tie** by *Best of Class by Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott, 212-751-1200. **Shoes** by *J.M. Weston*, at J.M. Weston, 212-308-5655. **Topcoat** by *Canali*, at Bloomingdale's and Barneys New York.

ALICE

Page 120: **Book:** *White Stains* from Delectus Books, London, 011-44-181-963-0979.

ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

Page 123: **Driver** by *Wilson*, 800-469-4576. **Personal stereo** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. **Hiking boots** by *Salomon*, 800-225-6850. Page 124: **Camcorder** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. **Digital video camera** by *Connectix*, 800-950-5880. Page 125: **TV** by *Goldstar*, 800-243-0000. **Coach bag** from *J. Peterman Co.*, 800-231-7341. Shown in the pocket of the bag is a **passport and credit card case** by *Louis Vuitton*, at Louis Vuitton. **Boom box** from Hammacher Schlemmer, 800-543-3366.

ON THE SCENE

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BAYWATCH WORLD *(continued from page 81)*

The "Baywatch" song may be the world's best-known piece of music. What is this global anthem telling us?

which is taken from the *Baywatch Official Writers' Bible*.

- ***beat-off***: an untrustworthy lifeguard
- ***bud***: one of the guys
- ***buffasorus***: one who is in shape and looking good
- ***cruiser***: a pickup artist, usually male
- ***dirt bag***: bum
- ***fluff and buff***: to shave, shower and get ready
- ***towelside manner***: the attitude and rapport that a male lifeguard has with the public in general, but especially with women bathers
- ***workout***: a psychophysical break from the stressfulness of watching the water

The *Baywatch* Song

The opening song of *Baywatch*, *I'm Always Here*, by Joe Henry and Jim Jamison, is probably one of the best-known pieces of music in the world. So we felt it was time to find its hidden meanings. What is this global anthem telling us? The answers may surprise you.

Some people stand in the darkness
Afraid to step into the light.[1]
Some people need to help somebody
When the edge of surrender is in sight.[2]
Don't you[3] *worry, it's going to be all right.*

'Cause I'm[4] *always there,*
I won't let you out of my sight.[5]
I'll be there[6]*—never you fear*
I'll be there—forever and always[7]
I'm always here.[8]

'Cause I'm always there,
I won't let you out of my sight.
I'll be there—never you fear
I'll be there—forever and always
I'm always here.[9]

1. Note the initial dualism of "darkness" and "light," which are also the final words of each line in the couplet. Because "darkness" closes on a nonemphasized syllable (the female ending) and "light" causes the second line to end on a hard syllable (the male ending), we read this as a journey made by a child from his mother to his father. Also note that people "stand" in the darkness rather than "lie down," "stretch," "squat" or "run like hell."
2. With "some people need to help somebody," the lyrics may suggest a reflective process in which self-discovery is accomplished only when we recognize that we are both victim and savior, both giver and taker. This life-affirming thought is followed by the ominous "edge of surrender," with its image of bladed weapons. Because surrender has this edge, this cutting element, a sense of dread may pervade the casual listener, who, on making this connection, may despair prematurely.
3. In their shift from "somebody" to "you," the authors change course with decisive power. They have lured us into their trap, lulling us with a false promise that the song will be about hypothetical people, when in fact they speak directly to us, to our deepest inner fears, promising that "it's going to be all right." "It" probably refers to the sharpened edge of surrender, as discussed previously.
4. This first use of the first-person singular "I" is revealing. The authors have progressed from "somebody" to "you" to "I," weaving their way from the alien to the self. They indicate the wholeness of their vision, the acceptance of the universe, indeed, of "somebody."
5. The authors return to "sight," reforming it with new meaning. In line four, we "sight" the edge of surrender, and the vision is horrifying, while in line seven the "sight" is comforting, saving and loving. The singer will not let us out of his sight, and this suggests parental protection. Because "sight" forms a male ending, we assume it to refer to a father figure.
6. This may be deliberately vague. Where is "there"? What sort of promise is the singer making? But here we discover the underlying beauty of the song. By refusing to specify location, by simply promising to be "there," we receive the most all-encompassing, unconditional love any being can provide.
7. Now the promise is expanded to "forever and always," and we begin to see the true meaning of the song. Only one entity can be there forever. The song, which seemed at the beginning to be an innocuous ditty about lifeguards, is clearly about God.
8. At this point the singer pauses, and the song digresses into a poor man's Bruce Hornsby piano solo.
9. This shift from "there" to "here" is analogous to the change from "somebody" to "you" in the opening stanza. Instead of picturing a far-off place where our savior will be, he is right "here," probably in our hearts and minds. For a seemingly nonreligious show, this is a powerful piece of proselytizing with which to open every episode.

"Well, hi there! Aren't we auld acquaintances?"

Dennis Rodman (continued from page 102)

Dressing in drag, hanging out in gay bars, he discovered that while sex sells, unorthodox sex sells better.

and nose ring glistening.

"Maybe I ought to go out with this guy," Stacy said to herself.

Now they have the ideal relationship: a few weeks together, a few weeks apart, free to go their own ways, with only one ironclad restriction.

"Aw, yeah, long as we don't go out and fuck somebody else," says Rodman.

In a world of star-chasing women, Dennis Rodman practices monogamy.

"We can actually do it, but the deal is, it's gotta be a mind-fuck–type deal," he says. "Other than that, you can't get it on, brother. No physical——"

"No physical connection with anyone else," Stacy interrupts. Rodman holds out his palms, such faithful road companions he's named them Monique and Judy. "Pocket pool only, bro," he says. "That's the truth."

"So," I ask, "are you mind-fucking America with your transvestite thing?"

He pounces on the question like a ball in free fall. "I'm gonna do the transvestite thing, bro!"

"He has a book deal," Stacy points out. According to Delacorte Press, the book will be a compilation of interviews and autobiographical sketches. Photos will be interspersed throughout. (A Delacorte spokesperson says, "We're very excited about it. It will be called *As Bad As I Want to Be* and will be Dennis' take on various subjects. It'll be out in time for the playoffs.")

Rodman can visualize it. "You know Madonna's book, *Sex*?" he asks. "It's gonna be more extreme. Like nothing you have ever seen an athlete do."

Rodman hasn't given much thought to the text, but he's clear about the photos."I'm gonna dress like a woman," he says. "I'm gonna walk down the main street of Las Vegas. Right in front of the Mirage."

•

Fresh tattoos stinging his flesh, spaghetti dinner filling his belly, Dennis Rodman steps into the night. Loping toward the lights, the action, the hive, he enters a gay club. Not one head turns. Not one fan rushes over. In the halflight, surrounded by cross-legged faux cowboys and perfectly painted drag queens, Dennis Rodman, whose life is lit by flashbulbs, looks downright ordinary. With Stacy on his lap, he drinks Coors Light and screams answers to a *Jeopardy*-style video game at the circular bar.

"Do you see how comfortable he is right now?" asks Ron Lightsey, a frontrunner in the 1995 Miss Gay Texas pageant. "Gay people don't even know who Dennis Rodman is. He goes to straight bars and they start picking on him because he's with his Caucasian girlfriend. Nobody bugs him in here."

There is plenty of time for attention in the long season ahead, when Dennis Rodman, the entertainer, tries to deal with the possibility of tense contract renegotiations and his move toward Hollywood, a company town that eats its young with such a ferocity it makes the NBA look like the Welcome Wagon. Tonight, he is content to be exactly what he is: a working stiff looking for solace from deeply rooted pain.

Two husky-voiced drag queens sashay over to his barstool and whisper in his ear: "Are you into domination or S&M? We heard you are."

Dennis shakes his head no. "Not tonight, bro," he says. "Not tonight."

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DICK CLINIC

(continued from page 128)

the slightest bit coochy. Our Protestant work ethic insists that an erection should be organic and sincere, not drug-made. One couple dropped out of prostaglandin therapy because that little vial in their refrigerator made the children worry. It's a wonder we can breed at all.

The dropout rate has been between 30 percent and 40 percent. (Most often for reasons not particularly attributable to prostaglandin itself.) Says Goldstein: "Even after an injection, she—the wife—doesn't look like Marilyn Monroe. Passion flags. It isn't the romantic thing they thought it would be. Men don't like making the discreet trip to the bathroom beforehand. Most of our patients are between the ages of 40 to 60. Over that age, we find, men tend to lose interest. But the women aged 40 to 60 are also likely to have gone through menopause. So the wife may not be able to lubricate. Especially after a long layoff, she may experience enough pain to temper her enthusiasm. Also, it's relatively expensive. At the price Upjohn charges, an erection will cost around $20."

Side effects, according to Padma-Nathan, occur infrequently and are associated with substantial use—though 30 percent report "mild to moderate aching" (I did not). In some cases (three percent, or 7.8 percent, according to which survey you favor) scar tissue may form, giving the gladius some degree of dogleg right or left. Padma-Nathan explains: "Like putting Scotch tape on a deflated balloon. When you blow it up, it pulls to one side. Many of these go away of their own accord." In some men surgical repair may be needed. Then there is priapism. Through several thousand cases, Padma-Nathan has seen only one instance of priapism occurring with a home injection.

Me.

But we'll get to that later.

I'd bet there is a potency clinic advertisement next to the racetrack analysis in the sports section of your local paper. Avoid these. Not that prostaglandin treatment is particularly problematic. Despite the bizarre personal experience related here, your prostaglandin regime should be as safe and as easy as treating a bee sting. But, if something were to go wrong, you would want a surgeon who specializes in urology. Unfortunately, as Goldstein says: "There aren't enough urologists to go around." Follow-up is critical, especially in the rare instances of scar tissue formation. Responsible behavior is also crucial—that means no more than one injection per day, no more than four or five times a week. "I hope prostaglandin therapy doesn't lead to a stupid caricature of supersexuality," Padma-Nathan reflects. You can see a

new male clothing fashion. Not codpieces. Entire cods.

•

"Would you like to hear the blood in your penis, Mr. Mano?"

"Uh, well now. . . ."

Sound system up. Ka-chunk, ka-chunk. The inside of my glad sounds like the inside of a submarine, with Richard Widmark as captain.

"Prepare to fire starboard tube."

"Yes, sir."

Wooshu! Not only do I sound like a submarine, I look like one, too, lying flat, with periscope up. Like a scuttled submarine. I'm sore and, yes, somewhat cranky. But the ultrasound test I'm taking now is no problemo. For me, it requires only three needles in the glad. Just three.

One to make you go up. Two to make you go down. Is this Alice's secret potion?

Roberta Poppiti, ace vascular technician, has handled more gladii than a 108-year-old mohel. You know those airport cafeteria checkout counters? Roberta is the cashier. I'm a tray of food. She waves this wand thing over me—as if my glad had a universal bar code on it. Ring up the sale.

"Look at the TV monitor, Mr. Mano. This is a cross-section of your penis." What in God's name am I seeing here? Could it be the weather? Is that blue stuff a cold front over the Delaware Valley? I have no idea. Why am I a tray of food to this attractive woman? I lean forward. My glad disappears from the screen.

"Oops."

"Move just your upper body when you look."

"Uh. Showers over Fort Lee."

"You staying at the Ritz-Carlton?"

"No, why?"

"They have special discount rates for USC patients. And a bus drops you at the hospital."

"Ah." (Shall I reserve the penile suite, sir?) "You must get many celebrities here."

"Mmm. For one famous actor we had to move this 700-pound machine all the way across the plaza to Dr. Padma-Nathan's office. I guess if that part of your anatomy doesn't work, it really changes your life, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I'm just doing an article."

Padma-Nathan and I are crossing the plaza. I have to get detumesced (a shot of Neo-Synephrine, nose drops, will do it).

"Uh, Mr. Mano," he says, "pull your attaché case up over your——"

"Not on your life."

He shrugs.

Proposed to Mildred this evening.

•

Thursday, March 16

Padma-Nathan and I are thumbing through my sexual SAT scores. Somehow it doesn't look as if I'll get accepted by a good school, so to speak. First of all, the test that felt worse than flaming kerosene shows I have bladder dysergia: lack of muscle coordination resulting from defective nerve conduction. (In plain English: For me the last drop is never the last drop.) Parkinson's has probably caused this and Hytrin can give relief—at least enough to keep all my zippers from rusting.

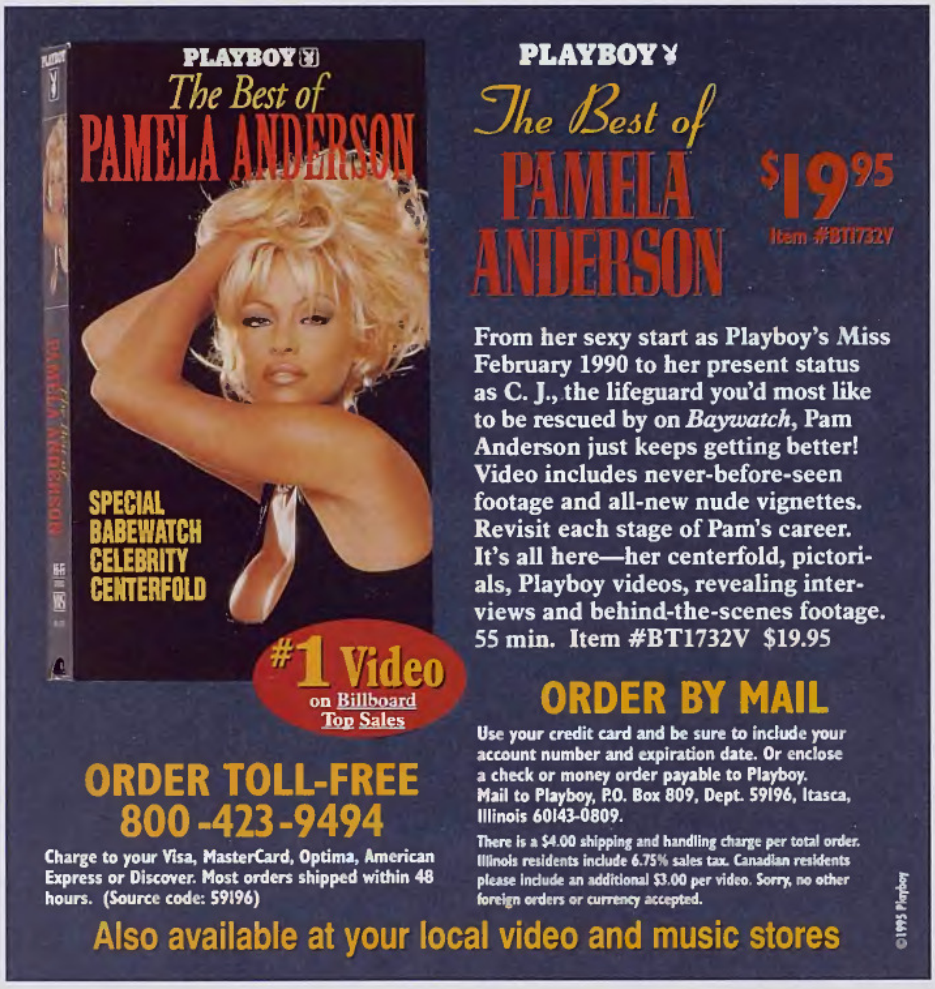
The DICC and ultrasound show a certain amount of vascular deterioration, most evident in my right cavernosal artery—which at age 53 I'm "entitled to," said Padma-Nathan. (A 364 cholesterol level doesn't help either.) But, generally speaking, the old bathtub faucet and stopper mechanism is functional. My flat tires are rather neurogenic and/or psychogenic in origin. That is: (a) the signal from my brain to produce prostaglandin isn't getting through often or forcefully enough, perhaps because I have nerve damage from Parkinson's, and (b) my spiteful mind is producing an overdose of the shriveler noradrenaline. To use athletic terminology, I choke in the clutch.

How does Padma-Nathan know all this? Mildred, that bitch, went and told him. So let me reveal something you weren't aware of. The average bloke—me, your priest, Newt Gingrich—will get four or five firm erections while asleep, with each erection lasting as long as a half hour or more. Imagine. You're probably hard for about two hours every night. Compute it out: That is more than five years over a normal lifetime. And not once did she bother to wake you up.

There is a physiological reason for all this night work. "Most of us after puberty," said Padma-Nathan, "have more erections when we are asleep than when we're awake. And those erections really recharge the battery, keep that muscle intact, reoxygenate it. When they stop, transforming growth factors increase, toxic substances increase and prostaglandins are no longer produced. The smooth muscle dies. You lose it."

Nightsticks, then, are positive signs. (Even with Mildred and a strange hotel bed I had one or two that stood out on the Rigiscan seismograph.) "If you get really huge, rigid erections at night that are long in duration—and you're having some problems and you're with a new partner and you've just had a death in the family and you're going through a financial crisis, then I can tell you that it's a situational dysfunction that will get better. It also tells me that your nerves are intact from here to here." From brain to groin, he means.

But there is much more at stake, I suspect, than just muscle and oxygen. The whole of male creativity may depend on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our nighttime erections. This theory, understand, is based on no scientific data whatever—though Padma-Nathan found it not implausible.

Let me take you back a few decades. Around 1974 I wrote a piece on biofeedback. People then were trying to self-induce "creative" brain-wave rhythms—most often alpha, the sort of high-frequency pattern that was scientifically associated with artistic and religious insight.

So I sat in a chair while a nice lady stuck electrodes on my cranium and told me to make alpha. Relax, concentrate, yawn. The biofeedback machine was silent—no beep to announce the proper set of electric cycles in my skull.

The nice lady, perhaps sensing my distress, leaned over. "Try sexual images," she said.

Beep!

That always intrigued me. Why would sexual musings trigger brain-wave action similar to the rhythms inspired by creative work? Does arousal initiate, sustain or just coincide with a heightened imagination? Erections occur during the most crucial period of subconscious enterprise—rapid-eye-movement sleep. Simplistically, a preorgasmic state of carnal excitement evidently parallels REM in its "primitive consciousness." Your erection acts both as antenna and as transmitter—jamming the diurnal brain-wave pattern, permitting free association. Creativity, it seems, is as related to sexuality as it is to intellect. I presuppose, of course, some analogous but less manifest brain-groin circuit in women.

•

I have tower clearance from Padma-Nathan. Time to take off. The injection is quick and simple, nothing you'd need a lobster bib for. And close to painless. The glad base—where you prick yourself—has very few pain receptors. Just swab, suck a small amount of clear liquid from ampule to syringe (as they do on *ER*) and, plip, insert. The needle—hardly half an inch long—is disposable and not much thicker than an acupuncturist's. It's the same type of needle diabetics use for insulin injections. It was in before I knew it. Press plunger and out. Contact.

Padma-Nathan has allowed me to absorb 0.1 cc of his prostaglandin and phentolamine formulation. This is a minuscule amount, yet it is often more than sufficient. Padma-Nathan, you see, doesn't want me to look like a human diving board. If 100 percent is a 15-year-old's glad-on, Padma-Nathan would like his clientele at about 75 percent—where the flesh tusk will be full, nonbuckling and confident, but still human. It is more natural (and more sensuous) to generate that last 25 percent through love, romance and situational raunch—while knowing that one cannot fail.

"Well, things seem to be happening. Let me leave you alone for a while. See if you're comfortable. See how it feels."

It feels just fine. Somewhat like being the sexual equivalent of a ventriloquist's dummy, but fine, thank you. Just fine. I mean, why put my brain through all that trouble? Who needs concentration, fantasy-making?

Uh-oh.

Who needs me? Is that what you're saying, buster?

No, Brain. Gosh, no, never.

Went and bought yourself an erection, did you? In California, no less. Went over my head to some doctor.

Brain, it isn't what you think.

An erection without guilt? Without effort? There is no such thing for you.

No, please. Not the noradrenaline, no!

"Well, Mr. Mano, how's it going? Oh, that's excellent. Very good."

"Well, but it hasn't gotten any bigger, it's still 75 percent."

"Hey, don't worry. It's great. This is just where I wanted you to be. You're leaving in a few hours and there's no way I can monitor you. This is perfect for now. When you get home to a familiar, relaxed atmosphere. . . ."

"I need another shot. Give me another shot."

"But suppose you have a priapism on the plane?"

"I won't, I won't, I won't."

"Hmm. Well, we have three hours—why is it so important to you?"

"Because there's a loud, deep voice in my head, and it's saying, 'No.' We need a show of force now, we need a preemptive strike."

"Oh. Gotcha."

To his credit, Padma-Nathan knew instantly what I was talking about and just how critical it could be: psychogenic self-sabotage, I mean. Since Monday he had been putting up with my batty, obsessive imagination. (I once wrote a 555-page novel, numbered 555 to zero, about this guy who lost his senses one after another, until he went mad or found God or both.) But, sympathetic as Padma-Nathan may be, he can't ignore prudent medical practice. ("In case you become priapic, please wait for the flight attendant to assist you.") Still, after ten minutes he gave me a stingy 0.15 cc booster shot. Nothing much happened. I feared I was in trouble.

"Have a good flight home, Mr. Mano." We shook hands. "Call me any time. Here's my home number. We have time. Your wife's out of town for another three weeks. By the time her show closes, I promise you'll be having dependable, persistent, firm erections. I'll talk you through it. I promise."

Padma-Nathan smiles. I smile. We

both know he is trying to overwhelm my brain by the force of his medical authority. Now he is in trouble, too. I see my head do a 360-degree turn: And green puke hoses down Padma-Nathan.

The City of the Angels drops below me. Once again, to my amazement, I got through immigration, and am now heading for New York. A thermos is on my lap. In it sits one ampule containing 50 chilled erections. I am full of maleness. After all, Dr. Harin Padma-Nathan—an expert in erectile dysfunction—has promised me.

And then this voice speaks out of the clouds:

A few diplomas? You're impressed by a few diplomas? Since when?

•

PROSTAGLANDIN DIARY

March 18, Saturday: I'm not worried. With Dr. P-N listening from his home 3000 miles away, I shot myself up with 0.2 cc of prostaglandin and phentolamine. The injection part was a cinch.

Then I lay down and started reading *The Wall Street Journal*, as I had planned. I have to be scientific about this. Can't let subjective factors distort the data. My reaction is supposed to be chemical, period. It works or it doesn't. There is no placebo effect in this therapy.

It didn't work.

March 22, Wednesday: I'm not worried. P-N not worried. Shot up 0.3 cc this afternoon. Nothing.

March 25, Saturday: I'm not worried. I'm panicked. Shot up 0.4 cc. Then, in about ten minutes, when I just knew it wasn't going to work, I shot up another 0.2 cc, then another 0.2 cc. A total of 0.8 cc. Didn't even feel the needles.

Nothing happened.

Padma-Nathan is air-freighting me some trimix with papaverine. Papaverine is surefire stuff (though there is more scarring with it). Papaverine got me up for the DICC. It's pretty much irresistible. I tell myself that.

P-N just called. That's six times since Wednesday. He remains confident and encouraging. Has a great transcontinental bedside manner. Says it's lucky I had all those tests, because otherwise I'd have to get the ultrasound, etc., in New York now, just to be sure there were no physical problems.

This way he knows for certain I'm OK physically.

March 28, Tuesday: Give me a break, will you?

Took 0.2 cc of trimix and zilcho, balloon juice, nothing.

I know what's up. I know. Brain has decided to go one-on-one with Padma-Nathan. Oh, yes. Brain is going to override the bad prostaglandin that might give us—God forbid—a little pleasure. Brain is going to prove itself more macho by failing. By being less macho. Oh, good idea, Mr. Brain. That'll be a satisfactory win.

And for this kind of thinking we evolved from *Australopithecus*?

March 29, Wednesday: It worked! And it's like Beethoven's *Eroica*. Magnificent. Sculptural. There.

Hit myself with 0.5 cc of trimix (as instructed) and lay down on my back to read. Eight minutes later I heard this tap-tapping on *The Wall Street Journal*. Polite like.

"May I come in?"

Well, hello there.

Lasted more than an hour. Told Padma-Nathan to have a drink on me. We are both relieved.

April 4, Tuesday: Another Ballantine blast! It's outta here! More than two hours hard at 0.5 cc trimix. We have broken Mr. Brain's will. The doctor says soon I can use a lower dosage—but later, later.

L arrives home on April 17. Think I'll try one more shakedown cruise.

Look what I got you, dear.

Oh, you shouldn't have.

April 11, Tuesday: Landed myself in the emergency room of Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital tonight.

Can you believe this?

Administered 0.5 cc trimix at seven P.M. At around ten P.M. I knew I had gone priapic. It ached. I couldn't get comfortable in any position. A tub of cold water didn't dent it. And I had to urinate at the ceiling.

Thank God P-N was home. "Mr. Mano, I swear, you are the first patient of mine ever to develop priapism. But don't worry. You'll be all right. There's no harm to the tissue until eight or ten hours. We'll wait until 11:30. Meanwhile, I'll alert Dr. Ridwan Shabsigh in New York. He's a good friend and a top specialist in erectile dysfunction. You'll be all right and maybe it'll go down of its own accord." It didn't.

I left the apartment like a cranky, bent old woman with osteoporosis. Try getting your priapism into a taxi seat—might as well squeeze in through the cash drawer.

Dr. Shabsigh was great: efficient, calm, and understanding. Still, it isn't painless—nor pleasant—to watch gobs of dark blood come out of your glad like cheap red bordeaux through a Sip-n-See straw. Still it didn't go down. Shabsigh had to drain nose drops in. And, of course, everybody stopped by to watch.

But Shabsigh concurs with P-N: Priapism is extremely rare.

Hooray for Mr. Brain—he suckered me into his trap. And I fell for it.

Attacked by the overconfident forces of trimix, Brain began retreating—like the Russian army before Napoléon—until I had overdosed myself. At 0.5 cc trimix the only thing keeping me from

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priapism was Brain's resistance, all that noradrenaline. When the resistance was withdrawn, I was overcommitted.

Winter fell on Moscow. There were bloody footprints in the snow.

April 18, Tuesday: At P-N's insistence (he has to be a little gun-shy) L and I use only 0.4 cc of the regular formula. Nothing. I have no faith.

L says: "Oh you. Compete, compete, compete. That poor doctor."

Good to have her home. Tomorrow we go with 0.1 cc of trimix. We're all nervous. Though I had no discomfort after today's dose, I don't want to go to Columbia-Presbyterian again.

What if P-N hadn't been home when I called that night?

April 19, Wednesday: Tonight I was Wagnerian. Tonight I was a character out of DC Comics—kapow! Take that! A 0.1 cc dose of trimix is perfect. For 85 exquisite minutes. L is quite amazed and pleased. The rest is none of your business.

April 23, Sunday: Damn tactical mistake. P-N told me to try lowering the dose (afraid of another priapism, I guess). So I hit up with 0.05 cc trimix.

Nothing. I should have reinforced myself at 0.1 cc first.

In my head I hear: *Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.*

L beginning to roll her eyes.

April 26, Wednesday: Fail at 0.07 cc trimix. L puts her bare foot down: no chemical sex for at least two weeks. I start making love the normal way, not like a self-conscious lab animal. We have to reestablish the strong sexuality we had before I went to California. "This is like making love at a press conference," L says.

She's right. She's right.

May 10, Wednesday: trimix at 0.1 cc. Kapow!

Thank God.

•

And so Odysseus, having beaten the one-eyed monster, having slid (with some K-Y) between Scylla and Charybdis, settles down beside Penelope at 0.1 cc of trimix. There let him rest.

This has not been an easy article to write. The ironic stance I've taken is, as you may have guessed, defensive in large part. I still possess some male pride. And I certainly wish my experience with prostaglandin had been less like an *SNL* episode with "Mr. Bill." But that was not to be.

I believe in prostaglandin treatment for erectile dysfunction—as I believe in anything that might heal the chafing between male and female (or male and male). Prostaglandin may not be for you. Or, rather: Prostaglandin may not be for you now. But it is there whenever you want to try it. The injections are trivial. And you will almost surely not have to go through what—out of journalistic pigheadedness—I went through: high dosages, invasive tests, priapism and a long period of fine-tuning. Anyway, you have now heard the worst.

•

Padma-Nathan is writing one of those "all you wanted to know" books about prostaglandin therapy. It should sell: There is a large enough target audience. To offset my harrowing narrative, I asked Padma-Nathan if I could speak anonymously with some of his more representative clients. These excerpts convey, fairly I think, their gratefulness and enthusiasm:

A.Z., 56, marketing executive: "I had been impotent and uninterested for five years or so, when a friend mentioned Padma-Nathan. I shrugged and filed it away, but that same week I met the love of my life. I would never, never have dared to call her in my demoralized sexual frame of mind. But I went over to USC—the prostaglandin gave me confidence. We're engaged now and I've never been happier in my life."

R.H., 59, set designer: "I was diagnosed as bipolar three years ago. Prozac gave me a lot of relief. Unfortunately, it also left me pretty limp where it counts. With prostaglandin, thank God, I can be both sane and sexually active."

A.R., 48, airline consultant: "I had great results with the therapy, so I mentioned it to my buddies at our monthly poker night. Half of them went clammy and pale, like, 'How did he know? Did my wife tell his wife?' Believe me, at some age all men start worrying about it. Four of the guys called me. Three of them have had success with prostaglandin. We go out, and they pick up the tab."

T.R., 65, lawyer: "I was a womanizer all my life—especially young ladies. Then, around ten years ago, I lost faith in my staying power. I was miserable, even suicidal. There was no reason to live. Now women tell me I perform better than their 21-year-old boyfriends and I have the experience of 65 years."

B.L., 57, real-estate broker: "I wasn't impotent per se. Yet I needed novelty, which got me into a lot of trouble. But, with the therapy, I felt validated in my own bed. The wife did, too. It saved our marriage."

D.K.M., 53, PLAYBOY contributing editor: "L and I use it when we feel the need. Most often just knowing there's an ampule in the refrigerator is enough. And I don't worry about the eventual effect of Parkinson's medication. You ask if I'd go through it again? My answer is yes—priapism and all."

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JOHNNY DEPP

(continued from page 142)

DEPP: At one point I was living on coffee and cigarettes, no food, no sleep. I was sitting around with some pals when my heart started running at 200 beats a minute. That's scary. You're mentally trying to slow down your heart, but you can't. It's like being on a plane when the bottom drops out—you drop a couple thousand feet and one second turns into eternity. You really do get all those family pictures in your head. And you feel so totally fucking alone. I was thinking of my grandfather on my mom's side, a great man I worshiped. His heart just exploded one day. When my heart started racing I hoped it was an anxiety attack, but when it went on for 45 minutes I knew it wasn't anxiety, it was all the shit I'd done to my body. My friends got me to the hospital, where I got a shot—boom, a shot that basically stops your heart for a second. I could feel myself curling up, going fetal. Then it was over. I got to go home. Now, there's an experience that'll scare you into shape.

PLAYBOY: Did you swear off drugs and alcohol?

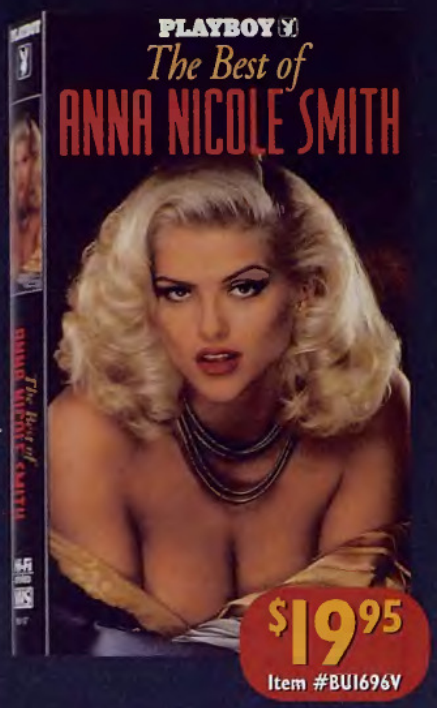
DEPP: Well, I'm a little thick so it took a while. I eventually curbed my drinking. A few beers or a couple glasses of wine, that's not abuse.

PLAYBOY: Is drug use always harmful?

DEPP: It depends on the drug and the person. Some kids escape into sports. Some people go to the movies. Some escape with drugs. There's one school of thought that drugs are recreational; there's another school of thought that they can be therapeutic, a way to deal with problems. I think they're usually a crutch, a way to avoid problems. I have never known a junkie who got away, never seen one that heroin didn't get. But it always depends on the drug, doesn't it? Reefer, obviously, is fine. I have never seen a guy smoke a joint and get so stoned he had to beat the shit out of someone.

PLAYBOY: What about sex crimes? What did you think when you heard about Hugh Grant's misdemeanor near Sunset Boulevard?

DEPP: I felt bad for the guy and terrible for Elizabeth Hurley, for their global embarrassment. But I could see how it happened, too. To be honest, what he was busted for—isn't that what most men want? Whether it's with your wife, your girlfriend or any female, don't we think of that? Ninety-seven percent of men around the world probably do, or want to do, the same thing. But they don't get caught, or if they do it's not a worldwide affair. As for the way he went about it, I have to say I don't know where his mind was, but was it worth the attention it got? If something that bizarre had happened



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to me, I think I would have laughed and laughed.

PLAYBOY: You had a Hollywood Babylon moment of your own in *Don Juan* when you played a scene with 250 naked women. Is it possible to appreciate 250 nude women at once?

DEPP: Your brain won't acknowledge it. It's too much. You can't process the fact that these women are real and three-dimensional. It's like a huge painting—you can't appreciate all the details at the same time.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's a perceptual limit to the number of nude women a guy can process?

DEPP: The trouble for me is that I have one bad eye, so there go 125 right there. You might do better. I'd say I can deal with something in the 30s, 30 to 39.

PLAYBOY: How is a screen kiss different from a real kiss? Do you try different ones the way actors work through various line readings?

DEPP: I don't work that way. I think it's awful when people plan how to say something. That's the wrong approach because it's never real. The same applies to kissing. I try to kiss normally. But there are times when the other person isn't comfortable or you aren't, so you fake it [*miming a near-miss kiss*] with a movie kiss. Maybe we should always do that; it's not wise to run around kissing people. It's not hygienically sound. You don't know where they were the night before and they sure don't know where you were. But a movie kiss is never like a real kiss, where there's love involved. It takes emotion to turn a kiss into something wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Is sex more demanding for a movie Romeo? Have you ever been accused of being less than stellar in bed?

DEPP: [*Laughing*] Never. Of course, I've never been called stellar, either.

PLAYBOY: If you were forced to star in a TV show, which one would you choose?

DEPP: There's an English show I love called *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* It's all improvisation. Brilliant, quick, clever comics—spontaneity with both barrels. I wish I could do that show.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you call them?

DEPP: No, no. I respect that show far too much to be on it. I wish I were together enough to do what they do, but it's not going to happen, not in this life.

PLAYBOY: We've talked about your past exposure to fire-and-brimstone religion. Do you have a faith now?

DEPP: Nothing with a name. I haven't found that, but I hope there's something else out there. I hope that when we leave this world we go on a little trip. Why not? Countless people have had near-death experiences and have come back to say they saw interesting things. Nobody returns from the dead and says, "Hey, there's nothing else." And while there's no organized religion I agree with, I think the Bible is a very good book. Probably a novel.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever pray?

DEPP: I pray on airplanes. I get instant religion during takeoff, then when we're safely in the air I sit there thinking about the fact that any little thing that goes wrong could send us crashing to the ground.

PLAYBOY: Pop quiz: Other than Kate, Brando and all of your other famous friends, who have you learned from in Hollywood?

DEPP: Craft services.

PLAYBOY: The people who do the catering on movie sets?

DEPP: Those people are pros. I have learned a lot from craft services. How to make dips. Tricks for keeping things fresh. It's not just Tupperware—you can put vegetables out on a platter, fine, but they'll last a lot longer on a bed of crushed ice. I recently learned to make a fine seviche. I can cook, too.

PLAYBOY: What do you cook?

DEPP: I've made some pretty good beef stew in my day. I'm good at French toast. But most of all, I cook pork like a magician. You're looking at a guy who cooks a fine plate of bacon.

PLAYBOY: What's the secret with bacon?

DEPP: Frequent flipping. You have to even it out on both sides. And don't use a high flame. Take your time. You need patience with bacon. You have to maintain a calm attitude with pork.

PLAYBOY: Cooking for Kate Moss—that in itself would be a high-profile job.

DEPP: I cook for a supermodel. And contrary to what's been written about Kate, she has a healthy appetite. That girl can put away a plate of bacon.

PLAYBOY: Not the most healthful diet.

DEPP: I'm not sure I could give up pork. Steak, OK. Maybe hamburgers. But nothing in the world can make me stop eating swine. I mean, I had a great-grandmother, Mimmy, who ate the greasiest food you ever saw and chewed tobacco till the day she died, and she lived to be 102.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from her?

DEPP: I learned that I never want to see a spittoon again as long as I live. I have vivid memories of fetching Mimmy's spittoon, and it was nasty in there. Not only tobacco juice but toenails too. She'd put her toenail clippings in there and they looked just like cashews. To this day I can't eat cashews.

PLAYBOY: You've played Ed Wood and Don Juan. Any other notable characters you want to play?

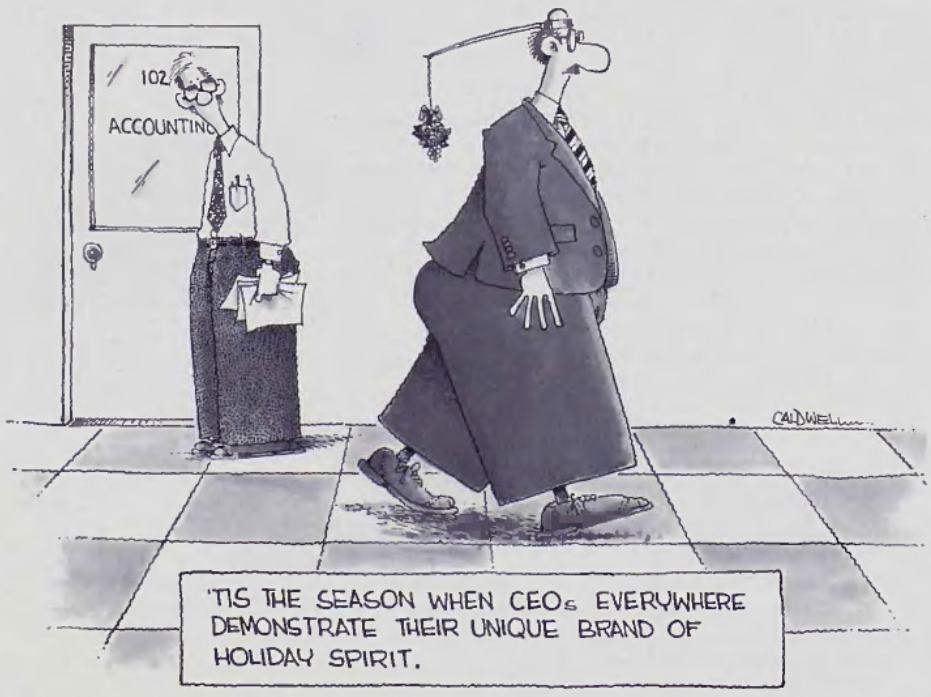
DEPP: Le Petomane.

PLAYBOY: You speak, of course, of the noted Parisian cabaret performer of the turn of the century, the *fartiste* who tooted grand opera from his anus—the original classical gas?

DEPP: You have to admire anyone with such great control of his . . . instrument. I'd love to play him. I'm sure there were tragic moments in his life. It's tragic that he left no successors. But what a hysterical scene when he discovers his gift. That's a role I'd do in a minute.

PLAYBOY: Forgetting your "quote-unquote career" for a moment, do you ever think about your legacy? Film stock lasts; people will still be seeing you 100 years from now.

DEPP: Yeah, they'll say, "Whatever happened to Johnny Dope? Jimmy Dip? You know, the Scissorhands guy. . . ."



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THE STALLION

(continued from page 82)

climb on top. That way I can take you in deepest, and I'm gonna have you up to my belly button. After that, I'm gonna suck you dry, until you can't come again, and you beg for mercy—even if you come 14 times. You're gonna remember Roberta as the best piece of ass you ever had. And I've got a notion I'm not the only woman named Hardeman you've ever had."

•

"I'm going to take the fuckin' company away from him, Betsy," Angelo said simply when he returned to the States.

"I'll help you," she said. "But you must never trust my father. More important, you must not trust Roberta. My father would rather destroy the company than let you take it from him. What he really wants is to destroy you."

They had just ordered dinner from room service. Betsy was as she liked to be when she was with him: naked except for a pair of sheer white crotchless panties. He wore blue slingshots, nothing more.

"Will you give me an honest answer to an honest question?" Betsy asked.

"Sure."

"Have you ever fucked Roberta?"

He frowned and shook his head. "Are you kidding?" he asked.

She reached for his hand. "Number One kept concealed video cameras in some of the bedrooms in his house in Palm Beach. He had tapes made of the shenanigans that took place in those rooms. The night he died I gathered up the tapes, took them out to the beach and put the cartridges on a picnic fire. After that I threw the melted remains in the ocean. One of those tapes was of you and me."

"How do you know?"

"How do you think? Didn't you ever get it through your head how evil that old man was? He showed me the tape of you and me."

"And?"

"Maybe looking at it again, with the live me sitting there, is what caused his coronary—that is, if God didn't cause it, to do justice at long last."

"Are you sure you got all the tapes?"

"All that were in his room. I doubt there were any others."

"What's all this got to do with Roberta? That's the subject you——"

"Angelo, I didn't have time to look at his collection, but if there was a tape of you and Roberta, it's very likely he showed it to my father. That would have been like him, to sow a deeper hatred. Angelo, the old man was wicked."

"There was no tape of me and Roberta," said Angelo.

"All right. She's got the same mentality my great-grandfather had. If you ever did it anywhere, you better wonder if she taped you. The woman is capable of——"

"I don't know much about Roberta," said Angelo. "I don't want to know anything more than I know already."

"Another question," said Betsy. "Number One couldn't have made those tapes. So who did? And when will we hear from them? We've got blackmail in our future, my love."

"There are only two ways to deal with blackmailers. One, you pay them. Two, you kill them."

"I like that. Which is why I count on you to make sure my son inherits what he is entitled to."

"I'm not sure I have any influence over that," said Angelo.

"You will," said Betsy. "Soon."

•

"I bought you something while you were away on business," Betsy said after they finished their meal.

He had noticed a small wrapped package on the coffee table and expected that sooner or later she would open it. She handed it to him. He took off the paper and found a small wooden box with a lid that slid back. Inside the box, on a pink silk lining, lay three leather straps with buckles and a dozen rubber rings, plus instructions in Japanese, German, French and English:

The world-famous "Arabian Strap"
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For the more pleasing fuck

Betsy helped him follow the instructions. The straps were made of soft black leather about half an inch wide and were fitted with steel buckles. Betsy read the instructions and laughed, but she watched intently as he did what the instructions said. He slipped out of his slingshots. First he passed the longest strap through the loops on the ends of the two shorter ones. Then he looped the long strap under his scrotum and over the root of his hard-on, pulled it tight and buckled it.

"I like the way it squeezes up your balls," said Betsy. "This is good already."

The rubber rings came in three sizes. Angelo rolled one of the middle-sized ones down his shaft. He stretched the ring to roll it over the two short straps, one on each side. Finally, as the instructions said, he tightened and buckled the two straps. His cock, already erect, stiffened even more and grew slightly larger. It stood high and turned a little red.

"Does it hurt?" asked Betsy.

Angelo laughed. "Hell, no."

"The instructions say that if you don't pull it too tight, you can walk around all

day with it on, giving you a very showy bulge."

"Like a woman in a pointy bra," he said.

"Put on your underpants. I want to see what you'll look like."

"I'm not sure I can get them on."

He tried and succeeded, stretching the slingshots out in a great pointed bulge. He walked to a mirror and looked at himself. He pulled the underpants off and stared at the mirror.

Betsy pointed at his freakish engorgement. "I want that," she said, pulling off her panties.

She shrieked as he entered her. For two minutes she moaned and grimaced. The strap caused premature ejaculation. But it kept him hugely erect, and he did not pull out. He continued until he had come three times and she had come two or three times.

Betsy hurried to the bathroom to wash herself. When she came back out, she poured two scotches. "You like your present?" she purred.

Angelo grinned. "That was the best I ever had."

"Let me help you take it off. I don't want it to damage you."

She worked the buckles and loosened the straps. "It's your present," she said, "but it stays with me. I don't want you using it with other women."

He kissed her. "I don't want you letting any other man put it on."

"I don't know another man who would be willing to try it," she said. "Maybe you don't know another woman who would be willing to have you with it on. We're a pair, Angelo, like I've always told you."

•

Alicia Grinwold Hardeman was Loren's first wife and Betsy's mother. As part of her divorce settlement, she had received half his stock in Bethlehem Motors. This left her a minority stockholder, but a stockholder nonetheless.

Since Alicia was a stockholder and she and Angelo had developed a personal friendship, it was to his benefit to keep her informed of what was going on in Detroit.

On a Saturday afternoon in August, on his way home from a visit to a barbershop, Angelo stopped by the house on Round Hill Road to show her a set of photographs of the Stallion prototype.

Alicia welcomed him into the house. She had been sitting beside her pool and was wearing a short white terrycloth beach coat. He surmised there was a bikini under the coat. She offered him a drink. He asked for a scotch.

"It seems to me," she said as they walked through the house, "that you used to be an aficionado of dry martinis. When did you switch to scotch?"

"I didn't. Decent scotch is easier to come by than well-mixed martinis."

"Try me?" she asked as she walked into the kitchen.

"Sure."

She had Beefeater gin. She cracked ice cubes in the palm of her hand, under the impact of an odd little hammer with a flat spring for a handle. Into a tall, thin glass pitcher she put ice, gin and a touch of vermouth. She stirred with a glass rod. Expertly, she cut a curl of lemon peel, then twisted it into a long-stemmed glass. She poured.

He sipped.

"A dry martini with a twist, well mixed," said Alicia.

"Well mixed," he agreed, saluting her with his glass.

She cut and twisted another bit of lemon peel and poured one for herself. "When you can't make automobiles or launch great stock issues or run for Congress, you cultivate the small, civilized skills, like making a good martini."

Once again Angelo lifted his glass in salute. "The roads are crowded with cars," he said, "most of them junk. But good martinis are rare."

"Angelo, have you seen the painting of me?"

"No. I understand it's——"

"Yes, of course. I'm stark naked. And it's beautiful. Someday, after I'm gone, it will hang in a museum. Come. I'll show you. I keep it upstairs. I don't show it to everyone."

He followed her up the stairs and along the hall to her bedroom, where the painting dominated one wall and, in fact, the whole room. He had guessed what Alicia Grinwold Hardeman looked like nude, but the naked woman looking lazily out of the painting was more realistically Alicia than Alicia herself.

She was sitting on a graceful Victorian chair upholstered with black horsehair. Like Manet's *Olympia*, she wore a cameo on a black ribbon around her neck. Her dark-brown hair was tied back. She wore a faint smile, perhaps defiant.

She sat with her legs crossed at the ankles and relaxed at an angle to the left. The pose did not display her crotch, only her belly down to the edge of her pubic hair.

Alicia was 48 years old, and the artist had made no attempt to portray her as younger. Her breasts were pendulous and soft. She was slender, but she had a full little belly. The artist had not failed to depict her stretch marks.

"Not bad for an old girl, huh?"

"You're beautiful, Alicia," said Angelo.

She sighed. "I wanted that picture done before I have to kid myself," she said. "I've had Bill take Polaroids of me. When I'm a really old woman, I want to have evidence that I wasn't always an old woman. *Capisce*?"

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Angelo nodded. "*Capisce*."

She crossed the room to the window, parted the sheer curtains and looked out. "As the years go by you know that you haven't lived all you could have lived. You think about chances you didn't take."

"I know."

"Not you," she said. "Race-car driver, all the rest of it. You're still at it. You don't miss anything, do you? Do you have any idea how many people envy you?"

"Alicia——"

"If only—can you guess what I want right now?"

"Alicia——"

"I want you to put me down on that bed and make love to me, Angelo. It may be the last chance I'll ever have, to——"

"It could be a big mistake," he said.

She smiled and shook her head. "Don't spoil the romantic, dashing image of Angelo Perino. Don't turn into Mr. Caution. Right now it's perfect. No one can possibly know. Maybe another time will come. Maybe not. I'm not a hysterical woman, Angelo. I know there's no future for us. But by God there's now! This one time, and maybe never again. Angelo. . . ."

She *was* wearing a bikini under the beach coat. A skimpy yellow one. She jerked it off and stood for a moment with her hands on her hips, to let him look at her naked body. Then she offered herself in the missionary position and murmured and groaned the whole time he was inside her.

It was an odd experience for Angelo. Alicia was not a sexpot like her daughter, not a woman of uncommon appetites like Roberta; she was just a woman who enjoyed straightforward copulation, who was happy just feeling a big hard cock driving deep into her. Only when he came did she throw her legs around him to prevent him from withdrawing.

She held him inside her for a long time, as she slowly came down.

"Sometime again, Angelo," she whispered. "When it's absolutely safe. Don't worry. I won't embarrass you. No risks. Just . . . when we can."

Driving home he had an unworthy thought, unworthy, that is, of the fine woman he had just been with. He had now fucked both of Loren's wives and his daughter.

•

"This meeting of the board of directors of Bethlehem Motors, Inc. will come to order," Loren said sonorously.

He had obviously given some thought to the arrangement of the room. The directors sat around a table. Angelo sat in a chair behind them, against the wall, where the corporate counsel also sat. The stenographer who would transcribe the meeting sat beside Angelo.

"You have been given copies of the minutes of the last meeting of the board," said Loren. "Without objection, they will be received as written. You have copies of the treasurer's report. Without objection, it will be received as submitted. This is the first meeting of the directors since the death of my grandfather, and we have major decisions to make. Unless someone wishes to bring up something else, I would first like to take up the report of our consultant and vice president, Mr. Angelo Perino, who proposes that this company build a new automobile. No objection? Mr. Perino."

Angelo stood. He spoke without notes. "Along with the minutes and treasurer's report, you have copies of my report and recommendations. Before his death, Mr. Hardeman the First somewhat reluctantly concluded that this company could not survive in the automobile business if it continued to build what we may call the traditional American car. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that the American automobile industry as we have known it cannot survive if it continues to build what has come to be regarded as the traditional American car."

Myron Goldman, the banker, raised his hand. "Can the company afford this thing, Mr. Perino?"

"The financing is in place, sir," said Angelo. "Some money from New York, some from London."

The directors smiled and nodded. There were no more questions.

"Do we have, then, a unanimous vote?" asked Loren.

He had it.

Loren nodded dramatically. It was almost a bow. "So," he said. "Our company is off on a new venture."

He went on. "I have hired consultants who specialize in product and corporate names. They've been damned successful, also in creating logos. They've got an idea that X is an intriguing letter. Exxon. Xerox. And so on. So, ladies and gentlemen, here is what they've come up with——"

The corporate lawyer pulled the cover off a sheet standing on an easel.

XB STALLION

Loren shone with pleasure. "The new corporate name, ladies and gentlemen: XB Corporation, and the new name for our new car."

The board drank champagne before it disbanded. "Well," Loren said to Angelo, "we bet the store. All I can say to you is don't plan on my going down and your surviving. If I go down, you come with me."

"And vice versa," said Angelo. "Loren, I wouldn't have it any other way."

ROBIN QUIVERS *(continued from page 146)*

I get into expensive luxuries, too. Diamonds are fun. I hate when men give women practical gifts.

breasts are lovely now. I think my doctor is an artist.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've said you would marry a man who is like a cat. Are you attracted to Siamese, Persian or tabby?

QUIVERS: It has nothing to do with the breed of cat. It's the cat's attitude. Cats are independent, self-sufficient and very cool. Low-maintenance. When I walk into the house, my cats aren't chomping at the bit because they missed me. They tell me when they want affection, and when they don't they let me know. It doesn't mean they're angry or that they don't love me. When I don't want to be bothered with them, I can do the same thing and they don't hold a grudge. I have two oriental shorthairs and a Heinz 57 garden variety, and I have one who is mostly Maine coon. He's a huge cat. He is my first cat and the one who made me fall in love with cats. He is the kind who goes, "It's all right for me to just be in the same room with you. I don't have to be lying on you. I don't have to be licking you. You don't have to acknowledge my presence. But I'm here for you if you need me." Every once in a while, he'll walk up and say, "I want a rub now."

18.

PLAYBOY: Howard recently said on the air that your love life resembles a Vulcan's—sex once every seven years. Your response was: "Because of listening to you guys, I haven't had sex in a long time." Do you maintain a no-date policy among co-workers and guests?

QUIVERS: If you're looking among this group, you can find a number of reasons not to bother. I'll date guys if I like them. I don't care where they come from. I told Clarence Clemons of the E Street Band that I don't date guests because I was trying to get out of dating him and I wanted to be nice.

19.

PLAYBOY: Do you really want to thank Oprah Winfrey for teaching you how to treat yourself well?

QUIVERS: I'm sure that Oprah has many things to teach. She was one of the first people I've heard talk about doing good things for yourself. She mentioned bubble baths by candlelight, and I thought, Why didn't I think of that? That became a nightly routine. I would end my evening with candlelight and a bubble bath, listening to beautiful music. That was my time of the day, and it was very healing, refreshing, restorative. I do get into the more expensive luxuries, too. Diamonds are awfully fun. I don't think guys understand. I don't understand everything about men, so why should they have to understand everything about women? I hate when men give women practical gifts. You don't want to give a woman a vacuum cleaner and tell her it's a present.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is dead air the worst nightmare of any broadcaster?

QUIVERS: There's plenty of dead air. Kato Kaelin was hired by our Los Angeles station to do an air shift. Howard and I talked with him, and at one point we were just sitting there thinking, and Kato started to talk. I said, "It's all right, Kato. Don't go by the rule that there's no such thing as good dead air." Too many stupid things are said because everybody is trying to avoid dead air.

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ALICE

(continued from page 122)

"Bill's bigger," confided Alice in a whisper, "but he hasn't your finesse, Peter darling."

were embracing and holding him while he moved with vigorous thrusts of his hips. "Peter!" cooed Alice, and "Alice!" I cooed back—and somehow her weight was upon me, her legs spread far apart, and she took me into herself.

In the course of time we sat up again and looked about. The other two were sitting up, smiling at us. We were discovered! In our excitement we had moved so that our former shelter no longer concealed us. Strange to say, Alice did not seem concerned. Either she was accustomed to intimate acts of love with others—which I really do not believe—or else she saw at once that we must make the best of the situation and, perhaps, improve it. At any rate, she laughed quite gaily and stood up, shaking her skirt down to where it belonged. I stood up, too, but not so easily, as my trousers needed attention.

The other man called out, "What luck?" "Fine," I said, "a bull's-eye!" Alice laughed again. "Same here," he answered, stepping nearer. "My name's Bill." "Mine's Pete." And we shook hands. I presented Alice. She shook hands. "Gladys," said Bill, "here's Pete and Alice. Come and get acquainted." So, all introduced, we sat down, Bill and Gladys on either side of me, and Alice on the other side of Bill. We talked a bit, about anything but the events of the past hour. But after a time, conversation waned. Bill was whispering to Alice, so I began to whisper to Gladys. What I said was of no importance to the other two, but it made Gladys laugh, with her eyes shining. Furthermore, she put out her hand to see if what I had told her was true. Finding that it was, she seemed satisfied and lay back, smiling enticingly. Somehow I found that I was embracing her naked legs. Bill did not seem to care—he was doing the same to Alice!

"Wait a minute! Didn't I break my New Year's resolutions with you last year?"

It was most interesting, to play this way with another man's sweetheart while the other man played with mine. There lay Alice, who had just given me a delicious half hour, doing the same for Bill, and believe me, I knew that Bill was lucky! And here lay Gladys, who had given herself to Bill not long before—and believe me, I soon knew that both Bill and I were lucky, twice!

Gladys was not so voluptuously formed as Alice, but she knew her part and made every movement have the meaning that it should. Her little breasts were just as satisfactory to my hands and lips as Alice's fuller ones, and she responded just as delightfully to the skillful touch of my fingers. She was all woman, and she ended by giving me a most glorious moment as I scored another bull's-eye. Unless all signs failed, Gladys received as much pleasure from my success as I did. Bill scored his second center shot at almost the same time. Both girls were flushed and radiant.

"Bill's bigger," confided Alice in a whisper as she nestled up against me, "but he hasn't your finesse, Peter darling. But it was wonderful to get that twice—oo-oo-oh!" Gladys was whispering to Bill, and I heard his heavier voice whisper back, "I'm glad you liked it, honey," so I guessed that Gladys told him she had been pleased.

Bill produced some liquid refreshment. I don't drink much, but it was awfully good whiskey, and the glass went around among the four of us several times. The girls got just a little drunk, and I began to get interested again. There is something about taking a girl who is just a bit intoxicated that is most fascinating. Even the ardent ones become just a bit more so, and the movements of a girl on the way to becoming drunk are most wanton.

It wasn't so very long before all of us, stimulated a bit, were huddled in a most intimate group. The girls lay all over us two men and kissed us with wet lips. We fondled them and kissed them, on the lips and on the nipples of their breasts, which they had left bare. The whiskey and these caresses soon had their effect. "Pete, what's that?" Alice exclaimed, and made her eyes round with mocking amazement. For there it was again, as large as ever. "Gladys, see what I found,

see what I found!" Alice called as she unfastened my trousers and held her discovery in her hand. Gladys, without a word, unbuttoned Bill and took out what she found. No doubt about it, Bill's was bigger. But the girls were each satisfied—I know we all four laughed at the picture: two very pretty girls, somewhat flushed with whiskey, their breasts bare, each sitting beside a recumbent man and holding in her hand something she never could claim as her own except when a man gave it to her. We all took another drink.

Alice was getting very gay and her kisses more and more amorous. She handled me lovingly and called me, or that part of me which her hand held, all sorts of amusing names. But I was surprised when, with a sudden change of position, she put her head down and began to kiss it. Gladys immediately did the same to Bill. We two men lay there awhile, too contented to speak, and watched our sweethearts kiss and suck us. Alice knew how to use her mouth! I have often wondered and have never found out where and how she learned it.

Neither man nor woman could stand that for long. Gladys curled around and got her leg over Bill, and Alice imitated. I soon felt her, after a bit of rubbing, slide down upon me, hot and moist. The girls rode us so and rubbed upon us as we bounced them with our knees and hips. They laughed and exclaimed and crooned and cooed, each holding the other's hand as they jounced about, side by side on their willing mounts. They must have given each other some signal, for both sat erect at almost the same moment with that look of wondering delight that lovers love to see on their sweethearts' faces, and then collapsed together, gasping, as Bill and I rang up our third bull's-eyes!

It was now getting pretty late. We all promised to meet again and went our ways. On the road home, sitting with her head against my shoulder as I drove, Alice made the most extraordinary remark I had ever heard from her lips: "Pete, I'm fucked to a frazzle!" Perhaps she was then, but after a couple of cocktails and dinner at her house (her husband being away), she invited me to her room, and there, on her own bed, and both of us all naked this time, at her own request I—well, the lady used the word first—fucked her again!

And as she lay there, stretched out so beautifully and happily naked when I kissed her goodnight and goodbye, she murmured tenderly, "Four times in one day, each time a wonder, but, Peter darling, the last was the best!" And as I recall her naked body in my arms, every fiber leaping with passionate desire, I still think it was the best.

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PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED

OVER THE WIRE

PRICELESS

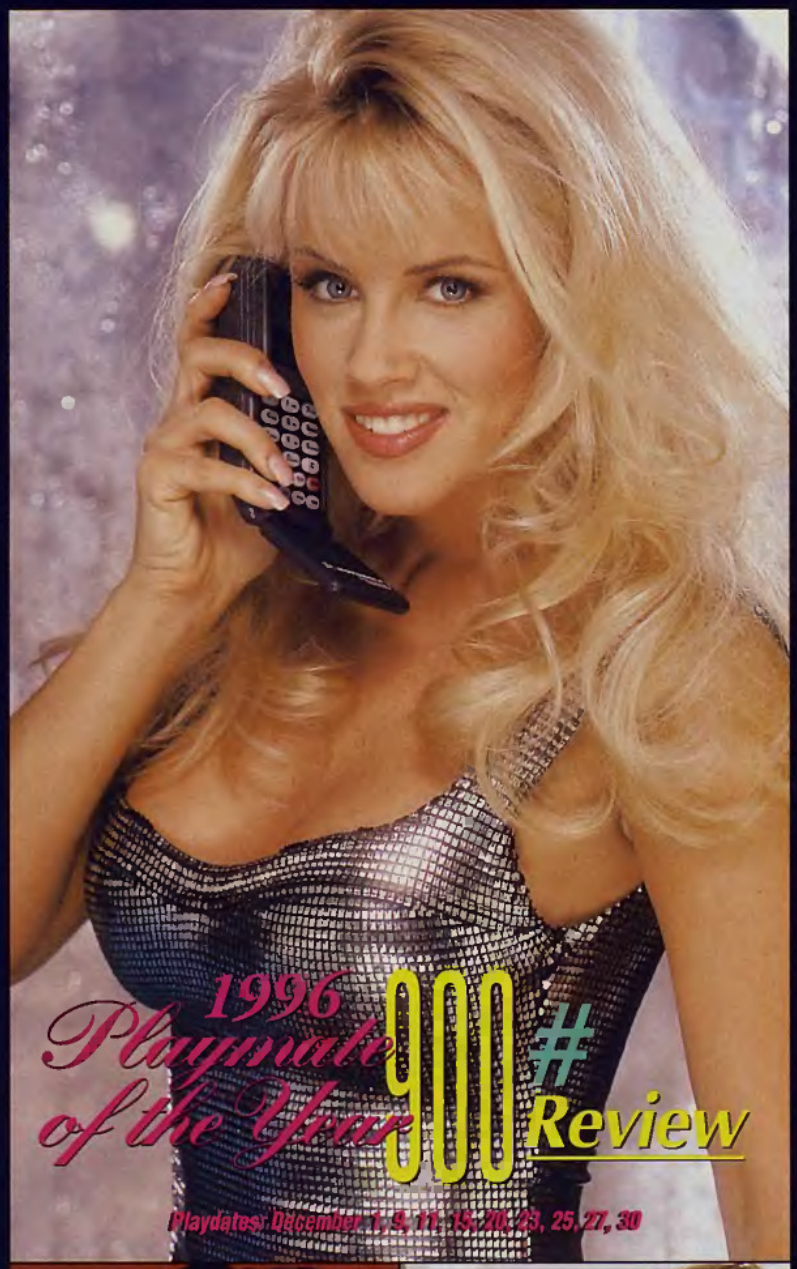
BAD GIRLS 5: MAXIMUM BABES

HEARTBREAK

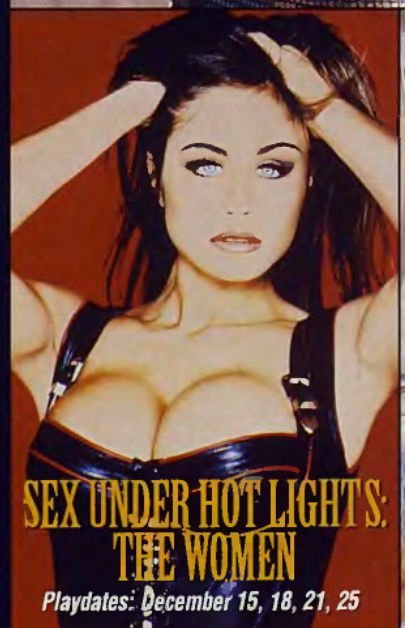
MICHAEL ZEN'S BLUE MOVIE

WALNUT CREEK

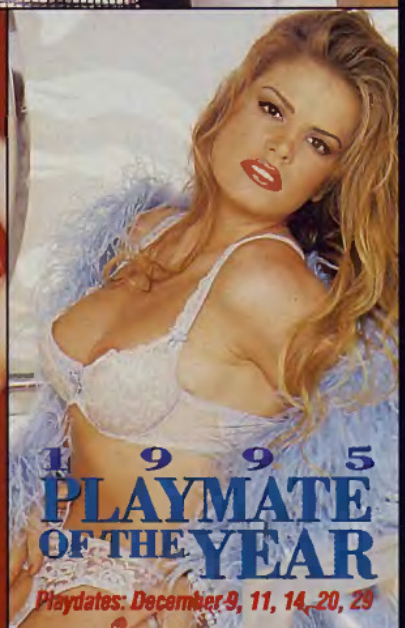
THE TRICK


1996 Playmate of the Year 900# Review

Playdates: December 1, 4, 11, 15, 20, 23, 25, 27, 30


SEX UNDER HOT LIGHTS: THE WOMEN

Playdates: December 15, 18, 21, 25


1995 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Playdates: December 9, 11, 14, 20, 29

Your Playmate Hosts for December

Samantha Torres
Miss December

Victoria Fuller
Miss January

Celebrate the pleasures of the season with Playboy TV's dazzling December debuts. Get in the spirit and cast your vote in our *1996 Playmate of the Year 900# Review.* Unwrap *1995 Playmate of the Year Julie Cialini's Video Centerfold.* Enjoy Made-for-Playboy World Premiere Movies *Walnut Creek (where a mysterious beauty spins a dangerous web of deceit)* and *Over the Wire* (where a telephone repairman gets connected in a murder scheme between two sexy sisters). Playboy TV makes your holidays merry and bright - 24 hours day and night.

PLAYBOY TV

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV or PrimeStar dealer.

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

AUTOMATICS FOR THE PEOPLE

Opting for the convenience of an automatic camera once meant sacrificing creativity—but not anymore. New 35mm point-and-shooters now combine the quick-and-easy functions you expect from an automatic (no-fuss focus, electronic exposure, instant rewind, etc.) with innovations that expand your photo opportunities. Variable lens systems, for example, let you switch views from superwide to panoramic. For greater range, Samsung's ECX 1 (pictured below) offers the longest zoom lens available at 38 to 140 millimeters. And for photo buffs who prefer high-quality 120 or 220 film (the stuff the pros use), Fuji introduces the first auto-focus medium-format point-and-shoot camera—a no-brainer that comes with a pop-up flash.

Clockwise from top left: Samsung's ECX 1 camera features a 38mm to 140mm zoom lens, a panoramic function, a liquid crystal display and sleek styling by Porsche Design, $500. Nikon's titanium-bodied 28Ti has a 28mm wide-angle f/2.8 Nikkor lens, a digital viewfinder and an analog display on the top of the camera, $1380. The groundbreaking Fuji GA645 Professional includes a 60mm f/4 lens and both automatic and manual exposure modes, $1819. Ricoh's pocket-size R1 camera features a dual-lens system for taking photos in superwide angle, panoramic and standard perspectives, $300.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 179.

Lora-Lyn Cues Us In

LORA-LYN PETERSON was in *Demolition Man* and *Mobsters* at the movies, on TV's *Baywatch Nights* and in a couple of videos on MTV. Now she's taking her best shot.

© BARRY ROSEN

Overalls Over Asia

The lovely ASIA is a model who's been on the cover of *America Rodder* magazine (this past June), in *Men's Sports* 1994 winter edition and in an Italian magazine. Get the *Cuestick* calendar for 1996—Asia is Miss April Pool Girl. But first she's *Grapevine*'s.

© GUY ARCHAMBAULT LTD.

Live and in Person

LIVE's CD *Throwing Copper* has sold more than 5 million copies and reached number one on the charts. Headlining a sold-out summer tour, they performed new, unrecorded songs. While you wait for the next album, live it up.

You Gotta Have Friends

JENNIFER ANISTON, who plays Rachel on the hot NBC-TV show *Friends*, will surely make some new friends with this photograph. Men do make passes at girls who wear glasses. Jennifer knows.

© LISA O'CONNOR/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Waterworld

TINA WILSON can be found in bathing suit calendars and *Easyrider* magazine, but you can also see her in the video *Bust & Buns* and on the CD-ROM *Surfin' Sam*. Tina's in the swim.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

© OLIVAROCHURETNA LTD.

Spiderman

Is JOHN LEGUIZAMO funny? Did you see his one-man show, *Spic-O-Rama*? How about his drag turn with Wesley Snipes and Patrick Swayze in *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*? Look for him next in Steven Seagal's *Executive Decision*. It's a change of pace.

© JIM SMEAL/GALELLA LTD.

Smokin'

Two kings of comedy, BILLY CRYSTAL and MILTON BERLE, met at a benefit. Billy's been in Europe promoting *Forget Paris*, and Milton's made an Emmy-nominated guest appearance on *Beverly Hills 90210*. Sometimes, a cigar is just a cigar.

SOUTH WITH THE PARROTHEADS

Travel By Design, a company in Miami that "caters to the adventurous, free-spirited traveler," is teaming up with Jimmy Buffett to create Parrothead travel packages. A tour tracing Buffett's adventures in Key West is now available. Forthcoming excursions include a weekend in Los Angeles, a jaunt around remote Caribbean islands and a "Changes in Latitude/Changes in Attitude" three-night cruise from Miami to the Keys. Cheeseburgers and margaritas are on the bill of fare. All tours include airfare and hotel accommodations. Call 800-358-7125.

CARLOS KILLIAN

TEA PARTY

When tea is poured at the Ritz-Carlton and Four Seasons hotels, it's probably Harney & Sons' Darjeelings, oolongs and Assams that are in the cups. In fact, the Harney family of Salisbury, Connecticut has embarked on a crusade to "sell great tea at a price that would make it an everyday luxury." Harney's most expensive sip is Ceylon Vintage Silver Tips, which is made from tea buds that are picked just before they become leaves. Price: $20 for two ounces. A catalog costs $2 from 800-TEA-TIME.

CHRISTOPHER TUSCAN

GLOVE ME TENDER

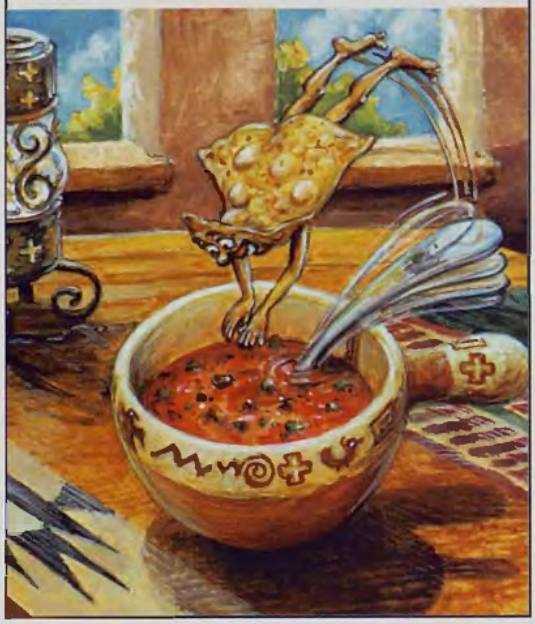
The expression "laying on of hands" takes on a new meaning when you're wearing the Tsubo Glove, a massager that electronically transmits vibrations to the user's fingertips. Of course, you can rub yourself or someone else the right way wearing a Tsubo, soothing soreness, aches and tension. But massages can be as fun to give as they are to get, and a Tsubo Glove doubles the orgasmic possibilities. Dual oscillating motors coupled to two variable-speed control pods vibrate your right hand. Yes, it's OK to use the Tsubo with lotions, because it's made of wet-suit material. Price: $50, from Well Spring Products at 800-444-9811.

FOODIE FOR ALL AGES

Auguste Escoffier cooked for the Prince of Wales, created Peach Melba for Dame Nellie Melba and catered to the culinary whims of Lillie Langtry. And when he died at the age of 88 in 1935 he was the world's most famous chef. His life and scandalous times are described in Timothy Shaw's illustrated biography *The World of Escoffier* (Vendome Press). The book does include some of Escoffier's recipes. Price: $35. Call 800-288-2131 to order.

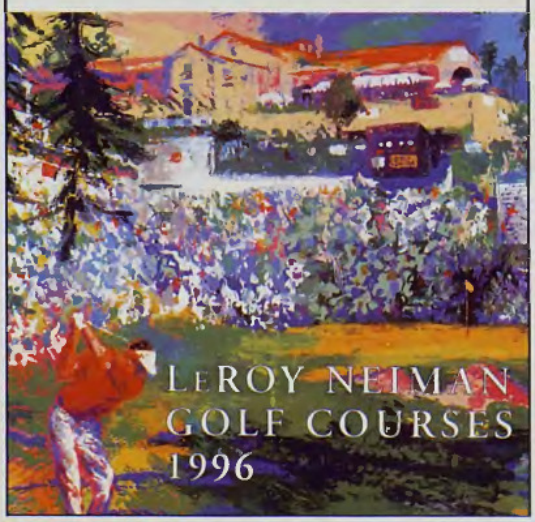
SALSA AND CHIPS—TO GO

We've featured clubs for chili peppers and hot sauces in *Potpourri*. This month we give equal time to heat seekers who want to toast their taste buds before dinner. The Salsa n' Chips of the Month Club will ship a different salsa and bag of chips to your door for about $150 a year or $80 for six months. You also get a newsletter, *Salsas From Around the World*, as part of the deal. Call 800-468-7377.



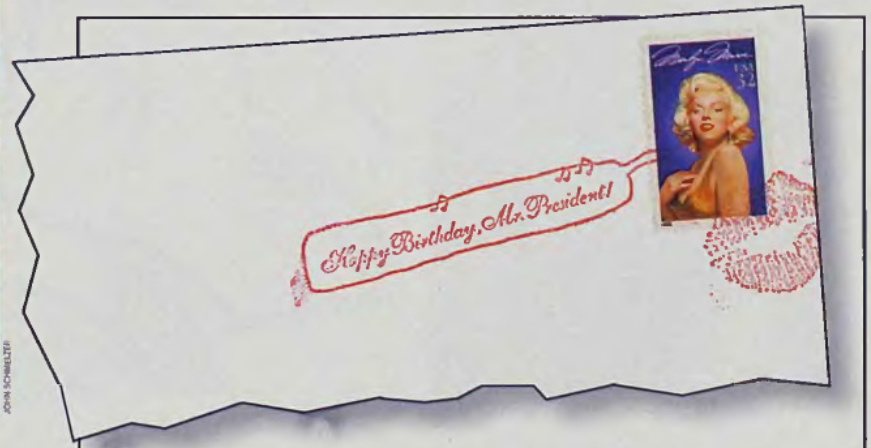
NEIMAN ON THE GREENS

For years LeRoy Neiman has been PLAYBOY's quintessential sports artist, capturing with pen and paint the romance of competition from France to Australia. Last year, Neiman hit the links for Universe Publishing to create the *LeRoy Neiman Golf Courses 1996* wall calendar. It is a 12-month look at famous golf clubs, including St. Andrews in Scotland. Price: $11.95. Call 800-288-2131.



LITERARY LEYENDECKER

J.C. Leyendecker was Norman Rockwell's idol. But while Rockwell illustrated down-home America, Leyendecker was uptown. His men were handsome and well groomed, his women gorgeous and coiffed. Check out Leyendecker's work in *American Illustrators Poster Book: The J.C. Leyendecker Collection*, a 48-page 14″x10″ softcover by Collectors Press. It's a look at some of his most dramatic work ("Tally-ho" is pictured here), along with a biographical text and photos of the artist. Price: $29 from 503-684-3030. A limited-edition $80 hardcover is also available.



MARILYN'S STAMP OF APPROVAL

Marilyn Monroe stamps are pretty hot. But you can zing up Marilyn-franked letters even more with rubber stamps of "Happy Birthday, Mr. President" and Monroe-type lips. They are available for $10 each from the Pennsylvania Stamp Co. at P.O. Box 314, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17608. If Nixon is your man, an "I Am Not a Crook" rubber stamp is also available for the same price. A poster illustrating these and other stamps costs $3.

WOLFF AT YOUR DOOR

From 1941 to 1965, Francis Wolff photographed the jazz greats who recorded for Blue Note. While some of his work appeared on Blue Note's LP covers, thousands of shots have never been published. To correct that situation, Rizzoli International has come out with *The Blue Note Years: The Jazz Photography of Francis Wolff*, a $65 coffee-table book containing more than 200 photos of Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Hank Mobley (pictured here in negative) and other masters of jazz. Plus, there's text that tells the history of the photos and Blue Note and a foreword by Herbie Hancock. Call 800-522-6657.

NEXT MONTH

ZAPPED

THE WEIRD ONE

DEATH IN THE ANDES

NAKED NIELSEN

NAKED NIELSEN—VENTURE WITH WACKY ACTOR **LESLIE NIELSEN** INTO NEW REALMS OF INSANITY—NUDE! WITH WONDERFUL WOMEN! A VALENTINE EXTRAVAGANZA

MEMO TO MICHAEL JACKSON—THE MARRIAGE TO LISA MARIE, THE DOUBLE ALBUM—HEY, MIKEY, NOTHING'S WORKING HERE, BABE. WE LEAK THE NEW PR CAMPAIGN TO SALVAGE THE WEIRD ONE'S IMAGE—HUMOR BY **JOE QUEENAN**

THE WOMEN WHO WOULD BE HILLARY—IT'S ANOTHER ELECTION YEAR AND WITH IT COMES THE PROSPECT OF—GASP—A NEW HILLARY. **ERIC KONIGSBERG** HANDICAPS THE HOPEFULS

BRUCE WILLIS—HOLLYWOOD'S FUNKIEST FAMILY MAN IS RIDING A WAVE OF BOX OFFICE HITS AND REVELING IN THE GOOD LIFE—WITH A VENGEANCE. HE DEFENDS ON-SCREEN VIOLENCE, TALKS ABOUT POLITICS AND LIFE AT HOME WITH DEMI AND THE KIDS IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

ONLY THE BRAVE—THERE ISN'T A MORE FEARSOME SPORT THAN CANYONEERING, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S COLD AND DARK AND THE CANYON IS FLOODING—HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE BY **MARK JENKINS**

COURTNEY LOVE—SHE IS THE BIGGEST, MOST NOTORIOUS FEMALE ROCKER SINCE PATTI SMITH, BUT CAN THIS ONE-WOMAN MOSH PIT SURVIVE? A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **NEAL KARLEN**

HARRY WU—THE OUTSPOKEN ACTIVIST WHO SPENT ALMOST 20 YEARS IN CHINESE LABOR CAMPS POURS FORTH ON OPPRESSION, FOREIGN TRADE AS A GOVERNMENT TOOL AND THE FUTURE OF FRAGILE CHINESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS—A COMPELLING 20 QUESTIONS BY **MORGAN STRONG**

DEATH IN THE ANDES—SENORA D'HARCOURT IS AN APOLITICAL ENVIRONMENTALIST CONVINCED THAT THE TERRORISTS WILL SHOW HER MERCY—FICTION BY THE GREAT PERUVIAN AUTHOR **MARIO VARGAS LLOSA**

COMPUTER PRIVACY—WHO'S GETTING INTO YOUR FILES AND HOW? JUST HOW SAFE ARE YOUR SECRETS IN CYBERSPACE? AN INTERVIEW WITH COMPUTER EXPERT **ANDRÉ BACARD.** ALSO: HOW TO PROTECT YOUR PRIVACY IN THE DIGITAL AGE

PLUS: CYBERFASHION: GOODBYE TO GRUNGE, CARS THAT PACK AFTER-MARKET THUNDER, CHAIRS YOU CAN'T AFFORD AND AMERICA'S SEXIEST GLADIATOR, **ZAP**

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